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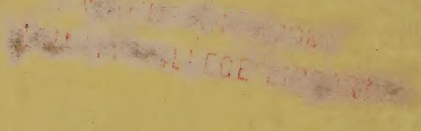

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# THE POETICAL WORKS OF

# GEORGE SANDYS.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

THE REV. RICHARD HOOPER, M.A.

VICAR OF UPTON AND ASTON UPTHORPE, BERKS,

AND EDITOR OF CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

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# INTRODUCTION.

SUCH has been the growing taste for Sacred Poetry during the past forty years that little apology is needed for re-introducing to the public the works of George Sandys. The name of John Keble and his "Christian Year" are household words; and the impulse given by that beautiful work has doubtless awakened an interest in many a forgotten writer on divine themes. The revival, too, of more earnest religious thought has, perhaps, contributed towards the appreciation of such poetry. Let us compare the hymnology of our Church at the present day with what it was fifty years ago. Who does not remember even at a more recent date the coldness of our musical services, the jejune words of praise, consisting chiefly of a meagre selection from Sternhold and Hopkins or Tate and Brady, or, may be, some few hymns from which was care-

fully eliminated all that was warm and spiritual? Contrast this with the almost universal use of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the zeal and energy displayed even in our remotest villages in forming choirs, and giving that due prominence to praise in God's service to which it is so justly entitled. Nor is this revival confined to public worship. In the closet, too, will be found multiplied editions of our best sacred poets, or selections intended to awaken and foster devotion. Significant, also, is it to notice the acknowledged leader of the bar of England[1] finding time amidst his pressing avocations to give to the public a "Book of Praise," or selection of the best hymns in the language. George Sandys then presents himself anew at a period when, I think, he will be appreciated, and contribute much to devotional enjoyment. He has been singularly neglected, as I am not aware of any edition of his poems for nearly two centuries, the last being dated 1676. And yet Sandys was much admired in his own day; and has received the tribute of praise for his harmonious versification, and refined purity of thought and expression, from many a lover of true poetry.

Joseph Warton, commenting on Pope's verses in his "Essay on Criticism,"

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[1] Sir Roundell Palmer.

"the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join,"

observes that sufficient justice is not done to Sandys, who did more *to polish and tune the English language* by his Paraphrases on the Psalms and Job than either of those two writers. Pope has certainly overlooked this, though in his notes to the Iliad he has acknowledged that to the translations of Sandys English poetry owes much of its beauty. Dryden, too (Preface to Fables), calls him "the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name, which was the former part of this concluding century." Carew and Waller have expressed their opinions in the commendatory verses prefixed to these Paraphrases. The following extract from Richard Baxter's preface to his "Poetical Fragments" (London, 1681), may interest the reader, as the criticism is probably comparatively unknown: "But I must confess after all that next the Scripture poems, there are none so savoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's and Mr. George Sandys's. I know that Cowley and others far exceed Herbert in wit and accurate composure; but (as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words feelingly and seriously like a man that is past jest, so) Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God.

Heart-work and heaven-work make up his books. And Du Bartas is seriously divine, and George Sandys

> ‘ Omne tulit punctum dum miscuit utile dulci.’

His Scripture poems are an elegant and excellent Paraphrase: but especially his Job, whom he hath restored to his original glory. O that he had turned the Psalms into metre fitted to the usual tunes! It did me good when Mrs. Wyat invited me to see Boxley Abbey in Kent, to see upon the old stone wall in the garden a summer-house with this inscription in great golden letters, that in that place Mr. G. Sandys after his travels over the world, retired himself for his poetry and contemplations, and none are fitter to retire to God than such as are tired with seeing all the vanities on earth.” One may smile at the lament over Sandys’s Psalms being not “ fitted to the usual tunes.” It is not improbable, however, that this may have been one of the causes of their not being generally adopted in divine service. They were intended for private devotion, and as such the book was an especial favourite with the Martyr-king Charles in his imprisonment at Carisbrooke Castle, but they never seem to have taken any hold in public worship, since we find as early as in 1644 a learned preacher regretting “ that while in reverence to antiquity the

singing Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins were used, those of Sandys should lie by."[1] The late Archdeacon Todd, the admirable editor of Spenser and Milton, who was a great admirer of Sandys, and published a "Selection from the Metrical Paraphrases," in 1839, says, "Perhaps by no writer of sacred poetry, either of that or succeeding times, has Sandys been surpassed in the stanza of seven or eight syllables. The eighth, ninety-first, one hundred and twenty-first, and one hundred and forty-eighth Psalms are fine examples in point as to the spirit and richness of both these measures." He is also much struck with the energy and beauty of his heroic couplets in Job. To me, I confess, many of the metres invented or adopted by Sandys are peculiarly pleasing. The tunes for the Psalms were composed by Henry Lawes, a musician who enjoyed the intimate friendship of the best poets of the time, and whose fame admitted him to the highest society. Waller and Herrick are loud in his praises; and we must not forget that Milton, himself an expert musician, has immortalized his friend by a sincere and well-deserved eulogium. Lawes wrote the music to "Comus," in which he also acted the part of Thyrsis, and the poet's

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[1] Whitby's Sermon at Oxford, 1644, quoted by Archdeacon Todd.

allusion to the musician is well-known (Comus, 494):

> "Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
> The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
> And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale."

To him, too, Milton addressed the sonnet

> "Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
> First taught our English music how to span
> Words with just note and accent."

This sonnet first appeared in the publication of "Choice Psalms put into Music by Henry and William Lawes, brothers, and Servants to His Majesty," 1648, all the Psalms being selected from the translation by Sandys. Though to me Lawes seems to have been somewhat overrated, yet there are not wanting critics who assign him a very high place, and style him "a composer to whom English music is much more indebted than its two historians (Hawkins and Burney) seem inclined to admit."[1]

That Sandys's poetry and Lawes's music conjoined should have failed to obtain popularity is remarkable, but it may possibly be attributed to that prejudice in favour of long usage which is so difficult to remove. We have seen the Oxford preacher ascribing the failure to "reverence to antiquity" in the use of Sternhold and Hopkins.

[1] English Cyclopædia. Art. "Lawes."

But the change of the metre and the "usual tunes" had something to do with it. Henry King (one of the writers of commendatory verses attached to these Paraphrases) a relation of Sandys, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester, himself a poet, and the author of a metrical version of the Psalms, mentions this. "This prelate had retired, during the Great Rebellion, to Langley Park near Colnbrook, whence he wrote to Archbishop Usher, October 30, 1651, informing his grace that he was then employed in translating the Psalms into metre; 'discouraged,' however, 'knowing that Mr. George Sandys, and lately one of our pretended reformers, had failed in two different extremes; the first too elegant for the vulgar use, *changing both the metre and tunes wherewith they had been long acquainted;* the other as flat and poor, as lamely worded and unhandsomely rhymed, as the old which with much confidence he undertook to amend.'"[1] Bishop King wished to pursue a middle course, but failed in his enterprise, as, though otherwise a fair poet, his version is very poor and, with the exception of a few passages, has sunk into merited oblivion. It

[1] Quoted by Archdeacon Todd. The Archdeacon thinks the "pretended reformer" was either William Barton, whose version was praised by Cromwell, or Francis Rouse, whose translation was recommended by the Assembly of Divines.

is hardly necessary to multiply testimonies in favour of Sandys's Psalms. Dr. Charles Burney, the historian of music, says they "are put into better verse than they ever appeared in before or since." The poet James Montgomery also styles them "incomparably the most poetic in the English language, and yet they are comparatively unknown!" Another poet, William Lisle Bowles (Pope's "Works," iii. p. 359) speaking of Sandys's various versions of Scripture, declares them to be "so infinitely superior to any other both for fidelity, music, and strength of versification." And Mr. Marsh in his deservedly well-known "Lectures on the English Language" (edit. 1860, p. 600), describes the author as "Sandys, whose admirable Scripture Paraphrases ought to be better known than they are." Archdeacon Todd, too, in his "Selections" (to which I am much indebted), says, "In addition to what Antony Wood, the careful biographer of Oxford writers, has related of this religious poet and admirable scholar, I have gleaned other particulars, which, with the few selections from his Paraphrases, I am led to publish, under the hope of reviving general attention to his many labours, so remarkable for purity of language, sweetness of verse, and a truly devotional spirit." I think, then, I may confidently appeal to the reader's own judgment. That there are quaintnesses common to the

age in which Sandys lived I will not deny: and I am free to confess that he is somewhat unequal; but taken upon the whole I am certain that to those to whom he has hitherto been unknown he will come with an agreeable surprise. His Paraphrase of Job is a very fine poem. The versions of Ecclesiastes and The Lamentations contain many beautiful passages; and so do the Songs from the Old and New Testaments. Some of the Psalms are sublime; and, if I may so speak, the Song of Solomon has an Oriental perfume about it, such as the traveller George Sandys alone could bring. The tragedy of "Christ's Passion," translated from Grotius, has been given, not merely to render the edition of Sandys's works complete, but as it was thought it would be interesting at a time when so much attention has been turned to the Ammergau Passion-Play, and when Mr. Longfellow has given us his latest effusion in a similar form. It is said that Grotius expressed himself much pleased with Sandys's translation.

George Sandys, the seventh and youngest son of Edwin Sandys,[1] Archbishop of York, by Cicely his wife, was born at Bishopthorpe Palace. We

[1] The Archbishop spelt his name Sandes.

are able to give the precise day and hour of his birth, as Collins in his Peerage (3rd Edit., 1756) tells us, "Before a great Bible, printed by Richard Jugge, Queen's Printer, 1574, in the Archbishop's own hand are the names and birthdays of his children, which he had by his said wife Cicely." From this list we read "George Sandes, born the 2nd day of March, at six of the clock in the morning, in 1577; his godfathers, George Earl of Cumberland,[1] William Lord Ewer; his godmother, Catherine Countess of Huntingdon." Of the antiquity of the Archbishop's family and his own personal history little need be said. In Nash's "History of Worcestershire," and in most of the old Peerages will be found his pedigree; and the story of his life may be gathered from Chalmers' or other biographical dictionaries, as his zeal for the Reformation is well known. He appears, from the accounts of all his biographers to have been a man of unamiable disposition, but a discovery in the present century of a letter from him to the Lord Treasurer Burghley has thrown a light upon his character which may startle some of his ad-

[1] George Clifford, 3rd Earl of Cumberland. It is remarkable that he was a great traveller. See an interesting account of his voyages, &c. in Burke's Dormant and Extinct Peerage. He died in the Savoy, October 30th, 1605, aged 47.

mirers. It would appear that he has "the singular honour of having first suggested the great crime (of the murder of Mary Queen of Scots) as an expedient for 'the safety of our Queene and Realme.'"[1] The Archbishop had been one of the promoters of the claim of the Lady Jane Grey to the throne, and this may have been one of the reasons for the Countess of Huntingdon standing as godmother to his son George. Lady Huntingdon was daughter to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and sister to Lady Jane Grey's husband. On the death of the Archbishop in 1588, the guardianship of his three youngest sons Thomas, Henry, and George, was committed to his wife; she was to have "the custody and bringing up of those three children so long as she continued a widow, and all that time to have in her hands as well their annuities granted out of the Manor of Ombersley, as all other patents, leases, legacies, profits, and commodities which they shall have until they shall come to their full age, and be fit to receive the same themselves; and if it shall fortune that she marry before that time, then the several profits and bequests to be committed to the hands of his sons Samuel and Edwin, upon sufficient bonds by

[1] See the Review of Ellis's "Original Letters, 2nd Series," in the *Edinburgh Review*, June, 1827.

them to be given for security of the same to their three brethren." Edwin Sandys, who was then named as guardian of his brothers in the event of his mother marrying again (which, however, she did not) was the Archbishop's second son, and born probably at Ombersley in Worcestershire about 1561. He was admitted at Corpus College, Oxford, at the age of sixteen, under the celebrated Hooker as tutor. There is a pleasant notice of him in Walton's "Life of Hooker." After taking his degree, he was admitted a probationer-fellow in 1579. He appears to have travelled much, and when at Paris he drew up a tract under the title of "*Europæ Speculum*, or a view or survey of the state of religion in the Western parts of the world, wherein the Roman religion and the pregnant policies of the Church of Rome to support the same are notably displayed, &c., &c." This he finished in 1599. An imperfect copy was published without his consent in 1605, and soon followed by another impression. He published a corrected edition just before his death in 1629. Sir Edwin Sandys was Treasurer of Virginia. Bishop King a relation of the Sandys family in his lines prefixed to our author's Paraphrases thus mentions the two brothers:—

> "I shall profess much of the love I owe
> Doth from the root of our extraction grow.

To which though I can little contribute,
Yet, with a natural joy, I must impute
To our tribe's honour what by you is done,
Worthy the title of a prelate's son.
And scarcely have two brothers farther borne
A father's name, or with more value worn
Their own, than two of you; whose pens and feet
Have made the distant points of heaven to meet:
He by exact discoveries of the West,
Yourself by painful travels in the East."

Sir Edwin was much esteemed for his learning and virtue.[1]

On the 5th of December, 1589, Henry and George Sandys were both matriculated at Oxford as of St. Mary Hall. The present keeper of the Archives[2] kindly informs me that Henry, in subscribing the Articles, wrote his name *Sandes*. Of George there is no subscription, probably because he was too young. Wood thinks that the brothers afterwards removed to Corpus, where Edwin had been educated under Hooker, but of this there is no proof. We may, perhaps, be surprised at the extreme youth of George on entering the University, but it was a not infrequent custom in those days for boys to commence their University career at an age when now they would

[1] The life of Sir Edwin Sandys will be found in most biographical dictionaries.

[2] The Rev. John Griffiths, Warden of Wadham.

hardly have entered a public school. How long Sandys remained at Oxford it is impossible to discover, and it does not appear that he took a degree. Nor have we any trace of his life or occupation till 1610, when he set out on his travels to the East. In that year his mother died. Her maiden name was Cicely Wilford, sister to Sir Thomas Wilford. She had survived her husband, the Archbishop, twenty-two years, and I presume had lived at Ombersley Court, the family seat in Worcestershire. Whether Sandys had left England previous to her death, or that event was the cause of his departure, is not clear. He tells us, "I began my journey through France hard upon the time when that execrable murther was committed upon the person of *Henry* the fourth [1] by an obscure varlet: even in the streets of his principall City by day, and then when royally attended; to shew that there is none so contemptible, that contemneth his own life, but is the master of another man's. Triumphs were interrupted by funerals; and mens minds did labour with fearefull expectations. The Princes of the Bloud discontented, the Noblesse factious: those of the Religion daily threatned, and nightly fearing a massacre. Meanwhile a number of souldiers are drawne by small

[1] By Ravaillac.

numbers into the City to confront all out-rages. *France* I forbeare to speake of, and the lesse remote parts of *Italy*: daily survaide and exactly related. At *Venice* I will begin my Iournall. From whence we departed on the 20 of August, 1610, in the Little Defence of *London*." He seems to have spent about twelve months in travelling through the Turkish Empire, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and then returned to Venice. When he arrived in England he does not mention. Antony Wood says it was in 1612 "or after." He published, however, an account of his travels in 1615 with a dedication to Charles I., then Prince of Wales. To Charles he was sincerely attached, and all his works are dedicated to him. Sandys's Travels attained great popularity in his own day, and are justly esteemed as being "learned without pedantry, and circumstantial without being tedious; and valuable for the picture they give of the East in his time, particularly of Jerusalem." Maundrell and Gibbon, with others, have praised their fidelity; and they may still be read with interest. Fuller (*Worthies*, vol. iii. p. 434, ed. Nuttall, 1840) says of Sandys:—"He proved a most accomplished gentleman, and an observant traveller, who went as far as the Sepulchre at Jerusalem; and hath spared other men pains in going thither by bringing the Holy Land home to them; so lively is his

description thereof, with his passage thither, and return thence." His visit to the Holy Sepulchre is vividly described, and inspired his Muse with the following beautiful lines, which deserve to be recorded here, not only as one of the very few specimens of his original composition, but also as having suggested ideas to Milton in his Ode on the Passion (Stanza VII.). "He (Milton) seems to have been struck with reading Sandys's description of the Holy Sepulchre, and to have caught sympathetically Sandys's sudden impulse to break forth into a devout song at the awful and inspiring spectacle." [1] . "It is a frozen zeal that will not be warmed with the sight thereof. And O that I could retain the effects that it wrought, with an unfainting perseverance! who then did dictate this hymn to my Redeemer:

'Saviour of mankind, Man, Emanuel:
Who sinless died for sin, Who vanquish'd hell:
The first-fruits of the grave. Whose life did give
Light to our darkness: in Whose death we live.
O strengthen Thou my faith, correct my will
That mine may Thine obey: protect me still.
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with Thy seal. So in the hour
When Thou, whose Body sanctified this Tomb,
Unjustly judg'd, a glorious Judge shalt come

[1] Thomas Warton.

To judge the world with justice; by that sign
I may be known, and entertain'd for Thine.'" [1]

Archdeacon Todd has printed Sandys's Dedication to the Prince, and given several extracts from the travels, but it does not seem necessary to do so in the present memoir, as the book is so well known and so easily accessible.[2] On his return from his Eastern travels, Wood says:—"Being in several respects improved by his large journey, he became an accomplished gentleman, as being master of several languages, and of a fluent and ready discourse and excellent deportment. He had also naturally a poetical fancy and a zealous inclination to all human learning, which made his company desired and acceptable to most virtuous men and scholars of his time." We have no information as to his occupation for the next few years. He was, however, but a short time at home. In 1606 a charter of incorporation had been granted to Adventurers of London to begin their first plantation and seat in any place upon the Colony of Virginia. Of this Corporation Sir Edwin Sandys was the Treasurer. In Stith's "*History of Virginia*" (Williamsburg, 1747) will

[1] "Sandys's Travels," p. 167. Fourth edition. London. 1637.

[2] See, however, Appendix to this Introduction.

be found a full account of the transactions of the Society. In 1621, Stith informs us, the Earl of Southampton (Shakespeare's patron) at a meeting of the Corporation recommended "Sir Francis Wyat, a young gentleman every way sufficient and equal to the place, and highly esteemed on account of his birth, education, integrity of life, and fair fortune" as Governor of the Colony. He went, with many marks of honour, at the end of August 1621, with the treasurer, secretary, physician-general, and surveyor, in company with nine sail of ships, all which arrived safe in Virginia about October. Sir Francis entered upon his government on the 18th of November. He was the nephew of George Sandys, having married Margaret, daughter of Sir Samuel Sandys. It seems most probable that the poet accompanied the new Governor in the capacity of Treasurer of the Company, for in the Appendix to Stith's History (pp. 32-3) is "an Ordinance and Constitution of the Treasurer, Council, and Company in England for a Council of State and General Assembly." It is dated July 24, 1621, and in it Sir Francis is mentioned as Governor of Virginia, and *George Sandys as Treasurer*. Here then we have a proof that he went to Virginia at least in 1621, and I think it may be fairly assumed that he was the Treasurer who sailed with Sir Francis Wyat. This

is very interesting as it enables us to affix with some certainty the date to a portion at least of his translation of "*Ovid's Metamorphoses.*" The Colony was in a most unsettled state, and under the year 1623, Stith informs us (p. 303), "in the midst of these tumults and alarms the Muses were not silent. For at this time Mr. George Sandys, the Company's Treasurer of Virginia, made his translation of '*Ovid's Metamorphoses.*'" And Holmes says, "one of the earliest literary productions of the English Colonists in America of which we have any notice is a translation of '*Ovid's Metamorphoses*' made this year (1623) by George Sandys, Treasurer of the Virginia Company."[1] It should be mentioned, however, that Holmes quotes Stith. I am not aware upon what authority Stith fixes this *exact* year (1623) as the date. Drayton has an elegy[2] (or rather an epistle) to his friend George Sandys, "Treasurer of the Colony of Virginia," in which he asks for news from Virginia and Sir Francis Wyat. He recommends his friend to finish in Virginia the translation of Ovid, five books of which already had appeared. This poem will be found in a small folio edition of some of Drayton's

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[1] "Annals of America," by Abiel Holmes, D.D., Cambridge (U. S.), 1829. Vol. I. p. 184.

[2] See Appendix to this Introduction.

poems, 1627.[1] It would seem from this that Sandys had probably published the earlier portion of his Ovid before he went to Virginia. But whether this be so or no, the fact that the greater part of the work was composed under great difficulties when in the Colony, and that it is the first considerable book written in America, will always be interesting. I shall give the dedication as it at present stands.

"To the Most High and Mighty Prince Charles, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

"Sir,

"Your gracious acceptance of the first fruits of my travels, when you were our hope, as now our happiness, hath actuated both will and power to the finishing of this piece, being limned by that imperfect light which was snatcht from the hours of night and repose. For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the service of your great father and yourself: which had it proved as fortunate as faithful in me, and others more worthy, we had hoped, ere many years had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and well-peopled kingdom; from whence now, with myself, I only bring this composure:—

[1] Of course this will not give us the date when Drayton wrote to Sandys.

"Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere laurus."

It needeth more than a single denization, being a double stranger: sprung from the stock of the ancient Romans, but bred in the New-World, of the rudeness of which it cannot but participate; especially having wars and tumults to bring it to light, instead of the Muses. But however imperfect, your favour is able to supply, and to make it worthy of life, if you judge it not unworthy of your royal patronage. To this have I added, as the mind to the body, the history and philosophical sense of the Fables (with the shadow of either in picture) which I humbly offer at the same altar, that they may, as the rest of my labours, receive their estimation from so great an Authority. Long may you live to be, as you are, the delight and glory of your people: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortal diadem for an immortal. So wishes

"Your Majesty's most humble servant,

"George Sandys."

There are some expressions in this dedication which may need a little consideration. When the poet says, "the day was not mine, but dedicated to the service of your great father and yourself," it might be assumed that he was in the Colony not only in James's reign, but after the accession of

Charles (1625). Though I have conjectured that he was the Treasurer who sailed with his nephew Sir Francis Wyat, the Governor, in 1621, it is not impossible that he might have gone out earlier.[1] I have been unable to ascertain when he returned from Virginia. Owing to the disturbed state of the Colony, the Corporation of Adventurers was dissolved in June, 1624, and Charles, greatly concerned at the distractions, in 1626 reduced the country and government into his own immediate direction. I am inclined to think that the poet came home on the dissolution of the Corporation, possibly at the end of 1625, or in 1626. There is some little difficulty about the date of his translation of Ovid. We have seen that Stith fixes it in 1623, and that it appears from the dedication to the King to have been written in Virginia amidst much distraction. But now comes the question, when was it first published, and was it all written in Virginia? In Brydges' "*Censura Literaria*" (vi. 132), Mr. Haslewood gives an account of an edition (and this I suspect has been merely copied by Lowndes and

[1] Bancroft (Hist. of United States, vol. I., p. 173, Ed. 1834) says Sir Edwin Sandys resigned the Treasurership of Virginia, May 17th, 1620, and Lord Southampton succeeded. But this may refer to the post at home. I do not find that Sir Edwin ever went out to the Colony.

others). "*The first five books of 'Ovid's Metamorphoses,' &c., by G. S., &c., second edition. Imprinted for W. B.*, 1621, 16*mo.*, *pp.* 141, *besides introduction.* The title is engraved by F. Delaram, and a head of Ovid in an oval with verses beneath, is prefixed." Now, certainly this description is very circumstantial, but after the most diligent search I cannot discover the existence of any copy of such an edition.[1] It is neither in the British Museum nor in the Bodleian. Admitting, however, the existence of the book (provided there is no error in the date), and this being styled the *second edition*, it is probable that Sandys published it before he went to Virginia, and that Stith's date of 1623 can only refer to the finishing of the translation. Although Drayton speaks of the first five books, they may have been only shown to friends in MS., and the poet took the work with him to Virginia and finished it there. This seems countenanced by an expression in the dedication—"hath actuated both will and power to the finishing of this piece." I presume that Sandys brought the complete work home with him in 1626, as he says, "from whence, now, with myself, I only bring this composure." The first edition that I have ever met with is

[1] Haslewood says he had never seen any other copy, and asks when the *first* edition was published.

"*Ovid's Metamorphoses, Englished by G. S. Imprinted at London*, 1626." There is an engraved title by T. Cecill. At the back of the dedication to the King is a fine engraving with Ovid's head in an oval, by William Marshall, with these lines—

> "The sweet-tong'd Ovid's counterfeit behold,
> Which noblest Romans wore in rings of gold.
> Or would you that which his own pensil drew,
> The Poet in his deathless Poems view."

This is a small folio, and the colophon has "*London. Printed by William Stansby.*" In 1628 was published in a small 8vo. "*Ovid's Metamorphosis Englished by G. S. London. Printed by Robert Young, are to be sold by J. Grismond*, 1628." This has Cecil's engraved title in a reduced form. I would wish the reader to particularly notice these volumes. The smaller one is merely a reprint of that of 1626. They both have the dedication to the king, no notes, but an index explanatory. Copies of both are in the British Museum. I consider the small folio to be the *First Edition* of Sandys's *complete* Ovid—admitting the existence of that of the first five Books, mentioned above. The Dedication quoted above is from the well-known folio edition printed at Oxford in 1632, with plates and commentaries, the full title of which is "*Ovid's Metamorphosis Englished, Mythologized, and Represented in Figures. An Essay to the*

*Translation of Virgil's Æneis. By G. S. Imprinted at Oxford, by Iohn Lichfield. An. Dom.* MDCXXXII." After the dedication to King Charles (which is the same as that in the folio of 1626) and the verses to the King and Queen, is an address to the reader: "Since it should be the principall end in publishing of Bookes, to informe the understanding, direct the will, and temper the affections; in this *Second Edition* of my Translation, I have attempted (with what successe I submit to the Reader) to collect out of sundrie Authors the Philosophicall sense of these fables of Ovid, &c." And again subsequently, "To the Translation I have given what perfection my Pen could bestow; by polishing, altering, or restoring, the harsh, improper, or mistaken, with a nicer exactnesse than perhaps is required in so long a labour." This fine folio with engraved frontispiece and title, and plates to every book, is the one usually known. The copy in the Bodleian has Sandys's arms impressed on the sides, and the inscription "*Ex dono Georgii Sandys, Armigeri, Translatoris, Aº Domini* 1636." Here then we find Sandys describing the volume as the *Second* Edition, and this I think can be satisfactorily explained. The first edition was the folio of 1626, and contained the text as he had translated it in Virginia. On his return, in his leisure he corrected and polished it (as he mentions in the

above-quoted preface) and added the Commentaries and Plates, and thus gave a *Second Edition* of the work, although there had been two impressions of the text as originally written. This is what Lord Falkland means in the Commendatory verses prefixed to the Paraphrase of the Psalms (1636):

"Next Ovid calls me; which though I admire
For equalling the Author's quick'ning fire,
And his pure phrase; yet more, rememb'ring it
Was by a mind so much distracted writ:
Business and war, ill midwives to produce
The happy offspring of so sweet a muse:
Whilst ev'ry unknown face did danger threat
For ev'ry native there was twice a Gete.
More; *when, return'd, thy work review'd*, expos'd
What pith before the hiding bark enclos'd:
And with it that Essay, which lets us see
Well by the foot what Hercules would be."

The Essay is the Translation of the First Book of Virgil's Æneid, affixed to this edition of Ovid for the first time. We will take the first four lines of the Ovid to illustrate the difference between the two *Editions*. In the folio of 1626 they read thus:

"Of formes, to other bodies chang'd, I sing.
Assist, you Gods (from you these wonders spring).
And, from the world's first fabrick to these times,
Deduce my never-discontinued rymes."

On revising his work, Sandys writes:

"Of bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.
Assist, you Gods (from you these changes spring)
And from the world's first fabrick to these times
Deduce my never-discontinued rymes."

In a hasty glance over the next few pages I do not discover much alteration in the *Second* Edition, but doubtless in the course of so large a work there is much improvement. In the British Museum is a small edition, "*Ovid's Metamorphosis Englished by Geo. Sandys. The fourth edition. London. Printed for A. Roper at the Sun against S. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street.* 1656." This is a little 12mo. volume, and at the end is printed "Let this book, with the figures in the margent referring to every fifth line in the Metamorphosis in Latin, be printed according to the refined copy which came forth with the Commentary and Pictures. Sa. Baker, May 26, 1638."[1] From this it would appear that the folio of 1632, "the refined copy," is the standard edition. I have met with a folio edition of 1640. "*London, printed by J. L. for Andrew Hebb, and are to be sold at the signe of the Bell in St. Paul's Churchyard.*" This edition is printed in double columns and small type, within double margin lines.

[1] The Museum copy of this little volume belonged to my friend the late Rev. John Mitford of Benhall, who long meditated an edition of Sandys's poetical works.

It has the plates of 1632. It is a thin folio, and has an index to Ovid, and another to the Commentaries. Though not so handsome a volume as the folio of 1632, it seems a preferable book. Some apology is due for detaining the reader over the details of editions of the version of Ovid, but I wished to show that translated in Virginia, it was first issued in 1626, and revised in 1632. Whether Sandys was in England or not in 1626 (and it would appear that he was) shortly after his return he was made a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King Charles. As such (if he did not know him before) he would be thrown into the society of Lucius Carey, the second and great Viscount Falkland. Falkland "much about the time of his father's death (1633)" says Antony Wood, "became one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's Privy Chamber, and had frequent retirement to Great Tew, and sometimes to Oxon (as he had done very frequently before his marriage) for the company of and conversation with learned and witty men. Among whom were Will. Chillingworth, of Trinity Coll. John Earle and Hugh Cressy, of Merton Coll. George Aglionby, of Ch. Ch., Charles Gataker, of Pembroke Coll., son of Thom. Gataker of Redriff (or Ridrith) near London, who I think was afterwards his Chaplain. Thomas Triplet, a very witty man of Ch. Ch., and others. He had also intimate acquaintance with

George Sandys the poet, who usually lived at Caswell, near Whitney,[1] in the house of Sir Francis Wenman, who married his sister,[2] whose company was usually frequented when Lucius retired to his house at Burford." Who is not familiar with Lord Clarendon's exquisite portrait of Falkland, and the description of his retirement and devotion to literary pursuits at his country residence; or the pleasure he took in the society of the learned and good in London? We must refer the reader to Clarendon's volumes if he would picture to his mind the friends that assembled under Falkland's roof, when Sandys and he were in the country together. Whether their friendship originated from their official intercourse, or from the fact of their being such near neighbours in Oxfordshire, it is clear that henceforth it was very close and sincere. There was a great disparity in their ages, as Falkland was upwards of thirty years younger than Sandys. But he seems to have held the poet in great esteem. In the present volumes will be found no less than four copies of verses on Sandys's Paraphrases and Tragedy of Christ's Passion.

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[1] Carswell, near Witney.

[2] Wood is wrong. Sir Francis Wenman married Anne daughter of Sir Samuel Sandys, of Ombersley, George's eldest brother.

At the date of the Oxford Edition of the Ovid (1632) Sandys was at home, living sometimes with his niece Lady Wenman, and sometimes, probably, with her sister Lady Wyat at Boxley Abbey in Kent; now occupied with his duties at Court, and now devoting his leisure to the cultivation of poetry.[1] Dryden, in the Dedication to Lord Radcliffe of his Third Miscellany, speaking of too close and literal translation, says, "And no better has Ovid been served by the so-much admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I have not read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry, in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated: but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse nor loved it! They were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants.

[1] Sandys kept up his connection with Virginia to the last, if we believe Bancroft (*ut suprà*, p. 220) who says, under March, 1642, "George Sandys, *an agent of the Colony*, and an opponent to the Royal party in England, presented a petition to the Commons, praying for the restoration of the ancient patents, &c." I should have doubted whether Sandys was an opponent to the Royal party.

And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English."[1] We may notice that Dryden styles him "the so-much admired Sandys," and mentions "the praises which their fathers gave him." This tribute to Sandys's fame (and it *is* a proof of the very high estimation in which he stood) may appear eclipsed by the criticism that Ovid's poetry is evaporated in Sandys's hands from a too close adherence to the original; but in the Preface to his Fables, he says, in speaking of the beauties of Ovid, "There occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured story of Baucis and Philemon, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age." It is evident that Dryden had once more read Sandys's Ovid for his last work, the Fables, as a comparison of the two versions will show how he has copied many

[1] The verdict of the present age would reverse this decision. Who would not prefer Chapman's Homer and Fairfax's Tasso to the versions by Pope and Hoole? Sandys' Ovid is more really Ovid than Dryden's own translations from that poet.

of the expressions and rhymes, and even adopted whole lines of Sandys. From an attentive perusal of the translation I do not admit the truth of Dryden's earlier criticism. Sandys deserves the admiration bestowed upon him by his contemporaries. His Ovid is a very fine work, and contains some magnificent lines, though, perhaps, the versification is not so smooth and harmonious as in some of his later poetry. It is moreover not disfigured by that licentiousness which is so characteristic of all Dryden's versions from the classics, but is remarkably pure and free from objectionable expressions. I have sometimes wondered that such a noble early effort of the Muse in the New World has not been reprinted in America. Fuller says of Sandys,[1] "He most elegantly translated '*Ovid's Metamorphoses*' into English verse; so that, as the soul of Aristotle was said to have transmigrated into Thomas Aquinas (because rendering his sense so naturally) Ovid's genius may seem to have passed into Master Sandys. He was a servant, but no slave, to his subject; well knowing that a translator is a person in *free custody; custody*, being bound to give the true sense of the author he translated; *free*, left at liberty to clothe it in his own expression. Nor can that in any degree be applied to Master Sandys,

[1] "Worthies" ut suprà.

which one rather bitterly than falsely charged on an author, whose name I leave to the reader's conjecture:—

> 'We know thou dost well
> As a translator,
> But when things require
> A genius and fire,
> Not kindled before others' pains,
> As often thou hast wanted brains.'

Indeed some men are better nurses than mothers of a poem; good only to feed and foster the fancies of others; whereas Master Sandys was altogether as dexterous at inventing as translating; and his own poems as spriteful, vigorous, and masculine."

Pope was a great admirer of Sandys's Ovid; and its popularity was such that it had reached an *Eighth* Edition in 1690. To me the book has an additional interest from the discovery in its perusal that Sandys must have thoroughly read and appreciated Chapman's Homer, as many of the epithets, with much of the language, are adapted from that great work. An expression, too, in Sandys's Dedication of his Psalms to the King shows that he must have often had Chapman in his mind, and adopted his views of "paraphrastic" translation.

Chapman, in his noble poem "to the Reader"

prefixed to his Iliad,[1] says of the various translators of Homer—

> "They fail'd to search his deep and treasurous heart.
> The cause was, since they wanted the fit key
> Of Nature, in their down-right strength of Art,
> With Poesy to open Poesy."

So Sandys, speaking of the work of the "graver Muse" in the paraphrasing of the "celestial lays" of the "Sweet Singer," says:—

> "And since no narrow verse such mysteries
> Deep sense, and high expressions, could comprise,
> Her labouring wings a larger compass fly,
> And poesy resolves with poesy."

Prefixed to the translation is a Life of Ovid, of which Dryden says, "The Life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his Metamorphoses, I will not presume so far upon myself to think that I can add anything to Mr. Sandys his undertaking." The notes are most interesting and full of curious and varied learning. The reader may be amused by the following extract from those on the seventh book (p. 259) which shews that *petroleum* and *infernal*

[1] The late Professor Conington told me that he was much struck with the beauty of the translation of the lines from Silius Italicus, which commence this poem. He thought they surpassed the original.

*machines* are not such modern words and inventions as one might think. "This is a kinde of slymie chalke ingendred among the rocks: *Petreol* being the liquid *Naptha*, and almost of like operation. Whereof Mathiolus relates a wonderful story, told him by a Hungarian Earle; who had a well in his grounds into which the *Petreol* distilled through the crannies of the earth together with the water. This well being ruinous in the bottome, a mason was hired to repaire it; who not able to see without a light, carried a lanthorne and candle downe with him, shut as close as possible could be: when the *Petreol* suddenly attracting the flame, threw up the workman, blowing the cover of the well into the ayre, and burning whatsoever was about it. But the Italians are no lesse supersubtil in mischiefe than was our Medea: who have invented certaine hollow balls of mettle inclosing artificiall fire, and planted about with little pistoll barrells. These shut in a box with a superscription and direction unto those to whom they intend the mischiefe, as soone as opened the traine takes fire, and the pistolls suddenly discharge: mortall not seldome unto the standers by, as well as to him that receaveth the present. This divelish device hath beene put in practice at Florence, Millain, and Venice; where, in the Arsenall they keep a Box which was presented to one of their Dukes by a seeming peti-

tioner; who in the delivery thereof, by pulling a trig with his finger, discharged foure pistolls at once in his bosome." The version of the *First Book of Virgil's Æneis* is a portion of an intended translation of the whole, "but finding it too heavy a burthen (my mind also being diverted from these studies) I gave it over, even in the first entrance. Yet I have published this assay, in tender of my obedience to Sovereign command; although with all my own inability: having fair hopes that so great an Authority attended by my free acknowledgment, will excuse my presumption, and mitigate the severity of censure." Dryden declared that, had Sandys completed a version of Virgil, he would not have attempted his.

Whether written at Carswell or Boxley, the "*Paraphrase of the Psalms*" was first published in a small 8vo., London, 1636, dedicated to the king and queen, and with commendatory verses by Lord Falkland (commencing, "*Had I no blushes left,*" &c.), and Sandys' kinsman Dudley Digges (commencing, "*O, breathe again.*") In the Calendar of State Papers," under the year 1635, is a docquet, "*Dec.* 2. *Grant of Privilege for* 14 *years to George Sandys for selling a Paraphrase by him written on the Psalms and other Hymns dispersed thro' the Old and New Testament, provided the same be first licensed.*" In 1638 (the colophon, however, is

*London, printed by John Legatt,* 1637) appeared the whole of Sandys's Paraphrases, with the exception of the "*Song of Solomon,*" which was not printed till 1641. This is a fine folio, and is the standard edition of Sandys's Poems; in it the Psalms are set to music by Henry Lawes. It is dedicated to the "Best of Men and most excellent of Princes, Charles," &c., and has also dedicatory verses to the Queen and Prince. Prefixed are the many commendatory verses which will be found in the following pages. The volume concludes with the noble poem, "*Deo Opt. Max.*" which Dr. Bliss admired so much that he has inserted it in his edition of Wood's Athenæ, with the observation "I make no apology for giving one of the best poems in the language, whether for sense, or sentiment, or expression. And be it remembered that Pope read our author confessedly with delight, and that Dryden pronounced him the best versifier of the age."

In 1640, Sandys published "*Christ's Passion, a Tragedie, with Annotations.*" Though there appears to have been only one impression, "printed by John Legatt," I have met with copies in which the license was varied. In some the license is "*September* 17, 1639. *Imprimatur Tho: Wykes,*" while in others the imprimatur of *Johannes Hansley* is dated "*Sep:* 27, 1639." In his dedication to the King, Sandys says—"Thus, in the shadow of

your absence, dismissed from arms by an act of time, have I, in what I was able, continued to serve you." This may possibly allude to his inability from age to join in the army against the Scots. A second edition of "*Christ's Passion*," adorned with sculptures, was printed at London, 1687. Dr. Bliss is mistaken in saying the engravings are by Faithorne. They are very poor, and the production of an inferior artist named Elder. I have seen a copy of this edition with a fresh title of a later date. As the tragedy, which is a translation from the elegant Latin of Grotius, is to be found in our present edition (the original edition of 1640 being very scarce) the reader can form his own judgment. In 1641, appeared the Paraphrase on "*The Song of Solomon;*" this was the last of his works, and in the Dedication to the King he says, "Sir, let me find your pardon for thus long continuing to make my alloy current by the impression of your name. Directed by your propitious aspect, have I safely steered between so many rocks, and now, arrived at my last labour, have broken up my ruinous vessel." Though published in 1641,[1] I suspect that the work had been circulated in MS. Amongst the Lans-

[1] There is another edition with the date 1642, but it is full of typographical errors, and seems of a far later date. It appears to me to be a spurious edition.

downe MSS. (British Museum), No. 489, is a copy, and at the end is "*ye judgement of Sidney Godolphin on ye former worke not printed.*" These are Godolphin's lines, prefixed to the folio edition of the Paraphrases, 1638, commencing, "*Not in that ardent course,*" &c., and it will be noticed that there is a marginal note, "*Canticles not printed,*" though it is evident that Godolphin had seen them. I have met with another MS. copy inserted on the fly leaves of the folio of 1638 in the possession of Mr. F. S. Ellis, the well-known bookseller of King-street, Covent Garden. The "breaking up of his ruinous vessel," as he terms the completion of his last work, was a swan-like dirge. Fuller says,[1] "He lived to be a very aged man, whom I saw in the Savoy anno 1641, having a youthful soul in a decayed body; and I believe he died soon after." It would seem that he had latterly passed much of his time at the residence of his niece Margaret, daughter of Sir Samuel Sandys and widow of Sir Francis Wyat, (formerly Governor of Virginia)[2] grandson of Sir Thomas Wyat, who was beheaded in Queen Mary's time. Lady Wyat's residence was Boxley Abbey, near Maidstone. It is interesting to notice the

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[1] "Worthies," ut suprà.

[2] Sir Francis must have died shortly after 1639, as I find him re-appointed governor in that year.

faithful adherence of the Sandys family to the traditions of Lady Jane Grey. The archbishop had been one of her most earnest supporters. Sir Samuel Sandys, the archbishop's eldest son, married his daughter to the grandson of Sir Thomas Wyat who was beheaded for his rising in the Lady Jane's behalf. Catherine Countess of Huntingdon, sister to Lady Jane's husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, was sponsor to our poet. Sir Thomas Wyat, at the dissolution of the monasteries, had a grant of the Abbey-lands in Boxley, including the manor. These he forfeited with his head, but Queen Elizabeth regranted the manor to his widow and son George, though the Abbey was not included in the grant but subsequently purchased again by George. George's eldest son was the Sir Francis Wyat who married Margaret Sandys, and at her house at Boxley Abbey the poet died in 1643. He was buried in the chancel of Boxley Church, near to the door on the south side; and the entry in the Register of the Parish is—"*Georgius Sandys, poetarum Anglorum sui sæculi facilè princeps, sepultus fuit Martii 7 stylo Anglic. Anno dom.* 1643."[1] After the lapse of two centuries

[1] For this extract, and for much courtesy, I am indebted to Rev. F. J. Richards, vicar of Boxley; and to Mrs. Richards for much information kindly given about the Wyat family.

a Mr. (or, I believe, Captain) Matthew Montagu, author of a version of the Psalms, placed a marble tablet to his memory, with the following inscription:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
GEORGE SANDYS, ESQ.
EMINENT AS A TRAVELLER, A DIVINE POET, AND A GOOD MAN,
WHO DIED MARCH IV. MDCXLIII AT BOXLEY ABBEY,
AGED LXVI,
AND LIES BURIED IN THE CHANCEL OF THIS CHURCH.
HIS LIFE
WAS THROUGHOUT BLAMELESS, AND NEVER UNUSEFUL:
ITS EARLIER PART WAS SOMETIMES PASS'D IN OBSERVING HIS
FELLOW MEN IN FOREIGN LANDS; AND
ITS LATTER AT HOME
IN CELEBRATING THE PRAISES OF HIS GOD
AND ATTUNING THE "SONGS OF ZION" TO THE BRITISH LYRE.

"Thou brought'st me home in safety; that this earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth.
Blest with a healthful age; a quiet mind,
Content with little; to this work design'd,
Which I at length have finish'd by Thy aid;
And now my vows have at Thy altar paid."

Erected MDCCCXLVIII:

By an admirer of talents, piety, and virtue,
His humble emulator in his latter task.
M. M.

The quotation on the monument is happily chosen

from Sandys's beautiful poem at the conclusion of his Paraphrases. His niece, Lady Wyat, did not long survive him, as an entry in the Burial Register of Boxley records, "*Domina Wyat sepulta fuit Martii* 27. *Anno dom.* 1644." The Mrs. Wyat, who gladdened Richard Baxter's eyes with the sight of the summer-house on the old stone wall in the garden at Boxley Abbey, in which George Sandys "retired himself for his poetry and contemplations," was, I presume, Frances, the wife of Edwin Wyat, serjeant-at-law (the serjeant spelt his name Wiat), son and heir-male of Sir Francis Wyat, the husband of Margaret Sandys. With their son Richard, who died in 1753, I believe this branch of the Wyats became extinct in the male line.

Little more can be added to the story of the poet's life. I do not find that he ever married, though from a passage in the Archbishop's will we discover that a wife had been designed for him by his father, who was guardian to Elizabeth Norton. "If it shall please God that Elizabeth Norton, daughter of John Norton, late of Ripon, Esq., and George Sandys, his youngest son, shall, hereafter, marry together, certain messuages, tenements and lands, shall then be conveyed to them and their heirs, and also the sum of £300 as soon as she shall accomplish the age of 16 years; but that if before the age of 15 she should refuse to marry him; or he before the age

of 17 her; the aforesaid possessions were then to be assured to her and her heirs, payment being first made to the archbishop's executors for her wardship, and all charges relating to it."[1] We have seen that the archbishop had provided for his three youngest sons by annuities charged upon his estate at Ombersley, as well as by other "patents, leases, legacies, profits, and commodities," and doubtless George's was not the usual lot of poets, but he was in easy and comfortable circumstances. The archbishop made him the following specific bequest:—"I give and bequeath to George, my youngest son, besides the plate given to him at his christening, one nest of silver pinked bowls, double gilt, with a cover; a small square salt of silver, double gilt, with a cover; a gelding and a nag; one armour; and two feather beds with fur-

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[1] In Hunter's "Notes," a most valuable collection of biographical materials by the late Rev. Joseph Hunter (British Museum Addit. MSS. 24,489, pp. 213-16), I find the following relating to George Sandys:—"Torre in his MS. says of him that his father granted him, 12 Jan. 28 Elizab. the grounds called North Grange, in the Liberty of Ripon, at a rent of £14 16*s.* 4*d.*, and also that *he married Mary daughter of John Norton of Ripon.*" I do not know what the Torre MS. was, but it will be observed that the archbishop's ward's name was *Elizabeth* Norton. I do not believe that Sandys ever married.

niture, at the appointment of my executors." I much regret that I have not been able to obtain more information about one whose life seems to have been so full of interest. Born of an ancient, we may even say noble, family; the son of a prelate of some note; by his birth, connections, and talents, associating with the noblest and best in the land; he seems to have won the esteem of all by his remarkable modesty and gentle disposition. A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (vol. lii. p. 368) says, "All agree in bestowing on him the character not only of a man of genius, but of singular worth and piety." We have remarked on his attachment to King Charles. All his works from his travels to his last poem, are dedicated to him, and the King appears to have held him in great regard. Sandys's Psalms were of much comfort to the unfortunate monarch in his last captivity. In 1648, Henry Lawes published "Choice Psalms, put into music by Henry and William Lawes, brothers, and servants to his Majesty." These were all selected from Sandys's version, and in the dedication, Henry Lawes says, "Mr. Sandys having inscribed his translation to your Majesty, so that this I offer is your Majesty's in all capacities, and doth not so properly come as rebound back to your Majesty. I was easily drawn to this presumption by your Majesty's known particular affection to David's

Psalms, both because the Psalter is held by all divines as one of the most excellent parts of Holy Scripture, as also in regard much of your Majesty's present condition is lively described by King David's pen. The King of Heaven and Earth restore your Majesty according to your own righteous heart." Little did Sandys think when he dedicated his Ovid to Charles with the expression "May you slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortal diadem for an immortal," that his royal master would be comforted in his last days by his writings, and possibly might have had these words in his mind when he exclaimed, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown."

Sandys was happily taken away before his friend Lord Falkland fell, and he was spared the miseries of the civil troubles which culminated in the murder of his much-loved master. Of his private character no more need be said than that he seems to have been universally reverenced and beloved. As a poet, he has been too much overlooked, probably from his giving us so few original poems; but I trust that the republication of his works will show that his Paraphrases are not mere servile translations, but have all the freedom of original composition, are singularly sweet and harmonious in versification, and for richness and grandeur of language and imagery, and for true devotional spirit, may justly be

ranked amongst the choicest specimens of sacred poetry.

I have mentioned that the standard edition of Sandys's Paraphrases (with the exception of the "*Song of Solomon*," which was published in 1641, 4to.), is the folio of 1638. There was a small 8vo. "*London. Printed in the yeare* 1648." In 1676, a complete edition of the whole of the Paraphrases was published in 8vo., "*London, printed by J. M. for Abel Roper, at the Sun in Fleet Street.*" In the title prefixed to the Psalms is added, "*And in this edition carefully revised and corrected from many errors, which passed in former impressions, by John Playford.*" I presume by this it is meant that Playford had corrected the music, as I notice he has transposed two or three of the tunes. The present edition is from a most careful collation of that of 1676 with the folio of 1638, and in the "*Song of Solomon*" with the 4to. of 1641.

To the learned Dr. E. F. Rimbault, I am indebted for the adaptation of Lawes's music to modern notes, and I trust this will give an additional value and interest to the book. Dr. Michael Camidge twice published some of Lawes's tunes with variations (York, 1789; 2nd edition, 1790); but the poet Mason, then Precentor of York, "altered the words of Sandys, and in his ingenious

introduction acknowledges that perhaps his sedulity to soften the diction of Sandys, has sometimes weakened the sense.[1]

I trust that the text will be found thoroughly correct, with the exception of those few "*faults escaped*," which the reader is requested to correct with his pen, and such others as may possibly have been overlooked in reprinting and modernizing the orthography and punctuation of a work of such length. The portrait of the poet was at Ombersley Court, Worcestershire, in Nash's time, and I presume it is still there, in the possession of the present Lord Sandys, unless it has been removed to the Marquis of Downshire's seat.

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[1] Archdeacon Todd.

Upton Vicarage, Berks.
Easter Week, 1872.

# APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

# APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

THINKING that the reader might like to possess the following, I print them in the form of an Appendix.

(I.) *The Dedication of Sandys's Travels to King Charles I. then Prince of Wales.* The first edition was printed in 1615. This is transcribed from a copy of the fourth edition, 1637.

(II.) *Michael Drayton's Elegy to George Sandy's* The first edition appears in a volume of Draytons Poems, small folio, 1627. I have reprinted from Drayton's Works, vol. iv. (4 vols. 8vo. London, 1753.)

(III.) Antony Wood says, in his notice of Sandys, "One Tho. Phillpot, M.A. of Clare Hall in Cambr. hath in his 'Poems' printed at Lond. 1646, in oct. a copy of verses, not to be contemned, on his death." Dr. Bliss was favoured by E. V. Utterson,

Esq. with a transcript of these lines from a copy of Phillpot's Poems (very scarce) in his possession. I have reprinted from Wood's "Athenæ," by Bliss.

(IV. and V.) These two poems, I believe, have never been printed. They are amongst the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian, under the numbers indicated.

(VI.) From Brydges' "Censura," (vol. iii. p. 66,) in a notice of *Wit's Recreations. Selected from the finest Fancies of the Modern Muses. London, Printed by R. H. for Humphrey Blunden at the Castle in Corn-hill*, 1640. *Sm. 8vo. not paged.* Described as a scarce book.

## I.

*A Relation of a Journey begun An. Dom.* 1610. *Foure Bookes. Containing a description of the Turkish Empire, of Ægypt, of the Holy Land, and the Remote parts of Italy, and Ilands adjoining.*

To the Prince.

Sir,

THE eminence of the degree wherein God and Nature have placed you doth allure the eyes, and the hopefulness of your virtues win the love, of all men. For virtue being

in a private person an exemplary ornament, advanceth itself in a Prince to a public blessing. And as the sun to the world, so bringeth it both light and life to a kingdom: a light of direction by glorious example; and a life of joy through a gracious government. From the just and serious consideration whereof, there springeth in minds not brutish, a thankful correspondence of affection and duty; still pressing to express themselves in endeavours of service. Which also hath caused me (most noble Prince) not furnished of better means, to offer in humble zeal to your princely view these my doubled travels; once with some toil and danger performed, and now recorded with sincerity and diligence. The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms: once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valour and heroical actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where Nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented, and perfited; where wisdom, virtue, policy and civility, have been planted, have flourished; and, lastly, where God Himself did place His own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired His prophets, sent angels to converse with men; above all, where the Son of God descended to become man; where He honoured the earth with His beautiful steps, wrought the

work of our Redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory. Which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now through vice and ingratitude become the most deplored spectacles of extreme misery: the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility, and the pride of a stern and barbarous Tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion. Who aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude under which (to the astonishment of the understanding beholders) it now faints and groaneth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves and murderers; large territories dispeopled, or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins, glorious temples either subverted or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished: violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security save to an abject mind, and unlookt-on poverty. Which calamities of theirs so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein, I have not only related what I saw

of their present condition, but, so far as conveniency might permit, presented a brief view of their former estates, and first antiquities of those peoples and countries: thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatsoever is worldly; and assurance that as there is nothing unchangeable saving GOD, so nothing stable but by His grace and protection. Accept, great Prince, these weak endeavours of a strong desire: which shall be always devoted to do your Highness all acceptable service; and ever rejoice in your prosperity and happiness.

GEORGE SANDYS.

## II.

### TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

*Treasurer for the English Colony in Virginia.*

FRIEND, if you think my papers may supply
You with some strange omitted novelty,
Which others' letters yet have left untold,
You take me off, before I can take hold
Of you at all; I put not thus to sea,
For two months voyage to Virginia,
With news which now a little some thing here,
But will be nothing ere it can come there.

I fear, as I do stabbing, this word, state,
I dare not speak of the Palatinate,
Although some men make it their hourly theme,
And talk what's done in Austria and in Beam,
I may not so; what Spinola intends,
Nor with his Dutch which way Prince Maurice bends.
To other men although these things be free,
Yet (GEORGE) they must be mysteries to me.
I scarce dare praise a virtuous friend that's dead,
Lest for my lines he should be censuréd.
It was my hap before all other men
To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen,
When King JAMES enter'd; at which joyful time
I taught his title to this isle in rhyme,
And to my part did all the Muses win,
With high-pitch pæans to applaud him in:
When cowardice had tied up ev'ry tongue,
And all stood silent, yet for him I sung;
And when before by danger I was dared,
I kick'd her from me, nor a jot I spared.
Yet had not my clear spirit in fortune's scorn
Me above earth and her afflictions borne,
He, next my God on whom I built my trust,
Had left me trodden lower than the dust.
But let this pass; in the extremest ill
Apollo's brood must be courageous still.
Let pyes and daws sit dumb before their death,

Only the swan sings at her parting breath.
And (worthy GEORGE) by industry and use,
Let's see what lines Virginia will produce.
Go on with OVID, as you have begun
With the first five books; let your numbers run
Glib as the former, so shall it live long,
And do much honour to the English tongue.
Intice the muses thither to repair,
Intreat them gently, train them to that air,
For they from hence may thither hap to fly,
Towards the sad time which but too fast doth hie;
For poesy is follow'd with such spite,
By grov'lling drones that never raught her height,
That she must hence; she may no longer stay:
The dreary fates prefixéd have the day
Of her departure, which is now come on,
And they command her straightways to be gone:
That bestial herd so hotly her pursue,
And to her succour there be very few,
Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redress,
But she must wander in the wilderness,
Like to the woman, which that holy JOHN
Beheld in Patmos in his vision.
As th' English now, so did the stiff-neck Jews
Their noble prophets utterly refuse,
And of those men such poor opinions had,
They counted Esay and Ezekiel mad;
When Jeremy his Lamentations writ,

They thought the wizard quite out of his wit;
Such sots they were, as worthily to lie
Lock'd in the chains of their captivity.
Knowledge hath still her eddy in her flow,
So it hath been, and it will still be so.
That famous Greece, where learning flourish'd most,
Hath of her Muses long since left to boast;
Th' unletter'd Turk, and rude Barbarian, trades,
Where HOMER sang his lofty Iliads;
And this vast volume of the world hath taught
Much may to pass in little time be brought.
As if to symptoms we may credit give,
This very time, wherein we two now live,
Shall in the compass wound the Muses more
Than all th' old English ignorance before;
Base balladry is so belov'd and sought,
And those brave numbers are put by for nought,
Which rarely read, were able to awake
Bodies from graves, and to the ground to shake
The wand'ring clouds, and, to our men-at-arms,
'Gainst pikes and muskets were most pow'rful charms.
That, but I know, ensuing ages shall
Raise her again, who now is in her fall;
And out of dust reduce our scatter'd rhymes,
Th' rejected jewels of these slothful times,
Who with the Muses would misspend an hour,
But let blind Gothish barbarism devour

These feverous dog-days, blest by no record,
But to be everlastingly abhorr'd.
If you vouchsafe rescription, stuff your quill
With natural bounties, and impart your skill
In the description of the place, that I
May become learnéd in the soil thereby:
Of noble Wyat's health and let me hear,
The Governour; and how our people bear
Increase and labour, what supplies are sent,
Which I confess shall give me much content:
But you may save your labour, if you please,
To write to me ought of your savages;
As savage slaves be in Great Britain here,
As any one that you can show me there.
And though for this I'll say I do not thirst,
Yet I should like it well to be the first
Whose numbers hence into Virginia flew,
So (noble Sandys) for this time adieu!

Michael Drayton.

## III.

### ON THE DEATH OF MR. GEORGE SANDYS.

(*Phillpot's Poems* 1646, 12*mo. p.* 19, *quoted by Dr. Bliss, "Wood's Athenæ," vol. iii. col.* 100.)

WHEN that Arabian bird the phœnix dies,
Who on her pile of spices bed-rid lies,
And does t' herself a sacrifice become,
Making her grave an altar, and a womb
T' enclose her pregnant dust, she can redeem
Those ruins she herself has made, and teem
With a new phœnix: but now SANDYS is gone,
And melted to a dissolution
I' the furnace of a fever, can his urn
An equal fire or interest return
For those remains it keeps? Alas! we here
Are wholly beggar'd; for his sepulchre
Is like some thrifty steward, put in trust
To take account of every grain of dust
That moulders from the fabric of his clay;
But when the general fire, which the last day
Shall sparkle with, shall a new flame inspire
Into his urn, and that poetic fire,
Which was so long an inmate to his breast,
Shall be call'd forth from out that marble chest,
Where it now lies rak'd up amongst the dust,
And embers of his clay: and when that rust

That chokes it up shall be dispers'd, the light
Of this infranchis'd flame shall shine so bright
Amidst our horison, 't will seem to be
The constellation of all poetry.
Tell me not then that pyramids disband
And drop to dust; that Time's ungentle hand
Has crush'd into an undigested mass,
And heap of ruins, obelisks of brass;
That our perfidious tombs (as loth to say
We once had life and being too) decay;
And that those flow'rs of beauty which do grow
In ladies' cheeks, amidst a bed of snow,
Are wither'd on their stalk; or that one gust
Of a bleak ague can resolve to dust
Those hands which did a globe and sceptre hold;
Or that that head, which wore a crown of gold,
May be wrapp'd up within a shroud of lead,
Neglected and forgot, since SANDYS is dead;
Within whose breast wit's empire seem'd to be,
And in whose brain a mine of poetry:
For who 'll not now confess that Time's that moth
Which frets into all art and nature both;
Since he, who seem'd within his active brain
So much of salt and verdure to contain
He might have ever been preserv'd, is gone,
And shrunk away into corruption:
But these excursions their conception owe
To passion, or from our wild fancies flow;

All that we now [can][1] do is to return
Some flow'rs of poesy unto his urn,
Which, being burnt in his own funeral flame,
We 'll offer up as incense to his name;
Which yet by scent and colour will be known
T' have sprung from him, and t' have been first his own;
And if these flowers cannot so perfume
His name, but that will (maugre these) consume,
Our tears strew'd on it will repeal that fate,
And in his wither'd fame new life create.
As when the treasures of the spring are cropp'd,
And by untimely martyrdom unlopp'd
From off their stalk, we can their death reprieve,
And a new life by water to them give;
So now when SANDYS, like the spring's flow'ry birth,
By Death's rude scythe is mow'd from off the earth,
And thrown into a grave, to wither there
Into a heap of ashes, though no tear
Can piece his dust together, we may weep
A bath of tears, in which we yet may steep
His memory, which will (like Æson) when
'Tis thus manur'd, grow fresh and young again;
And, being thus embalm'd, a relique be
To be adored by all posterity.

[1] [can] I have supplied this word, as the metre seems to require it.

## IV.

### TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS ON HIS PARAPHRASE ON THE SACRED HYMNS.

(*Ashmole MS.* 47. *No.* 180.)

HAD all the Latin, all the Grecian, quire
Been still; had Pindar never touch'd the lyre;
Had Homer been as dumb as blind, had all
His wars and heroes not surviv'd Troy's fall;
Had Virgil not a living line, had we
No more of his than Ennius' poetry;
Could not the world a Horace' ode rehearse;
Were thy sweet Ovid's Ciceronian verse;
Had we lost all their fancies, all their store;
Give us but our Psalter, and we 'll not be poor.
The Thespian nymphs are silenced after them,
Outsung by daughters of Jerusalem.
Sion transcends Parnassus; and the stone
That Moses cleft flows more than Helicon.
Her's the well-head of poetry, a force
Op'd by the force of heav'n, and not the horse.
These straggling rivulets which here and there
Thrilling have with their murmurs caught the ear,
And lull'd us into slumbers as we lay
Upon their banks, our tribute to the sea.
Ev'n those profaner streams, howe'er they fall

Lowly, had Heav'n for their original.
All poesy had but one Sacred Spring;
He that first gave to speak, first gave to sing.
A quire of angels, children of that morn
When Chaos labour'd, and the world was born,
Began their early anthems in the praise
Of Him that late before had caught those lays.
Then after learnt the lessons, and, lest earth
Should lose composure, of so rich a birth,
Heav'n dictates, Moses writes, and this was done,
The world's first song his ἐπινίκιον.
Thus Jael's hymn had life, from which though we
Abstract the beauties of divinity,
And only view that excellence that art
Is wont to poems of this strain t' impart.
Read all her poems, and you'll grant that Greece
Was never mistress of so fair a piece.
These were the glories of this rising sun
Of poesy, whose day, thus clear begun,
Puts on more lustre, borrow'd from the light
That flam'd before in Israel by night,
And led their armies; now their waters flow
With fuller streams, numbers to numbers grow.
Prophets are poets, to whose song to bring
More state, the prince of poets is the King
David, full of his God and holy fire,
The chief preceptor of this sacred quire.
But her's our loss, if critics in this tongue

Complain we have the ditty not the song.
The laws that tied those numbers are forgot,
The verse disputed whether this or not,
Or forc'd to foreign measures, so that all
His lyrics, which were once so musical,
Would scarce appear poetic, did not those
Retain a genius though resolv'd in prose,
O'er-casting metres of so coarse a mould—
But I forbear, gold not refin'd is gold.
Howe'er the phrase be low, the matter 's high,
And to detract no less than blasphemy.
The most have souls to save, the most are rude,
And Heav'n must stoop to save the multitude.
But would you see this Daughter of the King
All glorious (not alone within) and sing
Hymns in a verse high as their subjects be,
Thy travels [1] SANDS have brought the melody
Of Israel to England; Sion's songs
Flow'd never with more music from the tongues
Of any; none was great enough for this
But thou, who so the Metamorphosis
Hast turn'd, that, should chronology decay,
Arts nephews,[2] being well-read in them, will say,
When Naso afterwards arrives their hands,

---

[1] The word probably means travails or labours, but possibly the writer meant a quibble on Sandys's Travels.

[2] *Nephews, i. e.* descendants. See notes on Job, p. 78.

Ovid hath well translated English SANDS.
'Twas a good tirocinium that but bears[1]
The ample harvest of thy fuller years.
Here majesty with sweetness doth combine,
And made a little heav'n in ev'ry line,
Where we could ever dwell, and read, and pray,
And think, and weep, and sing our sins away.
Well, thou hast rais'd a pile, whose fabric stands
Firm, till Time's glass hath run out all its SANDS.

## V.

### TO HIS DESERVING FRIEND MR. G. SANDS ON HIS DREAM.[2]

(*Ashmole MS.* 38, *No.* 184.)

THY work (dear friend) revives the long-hid flame
Of my old love to th' Muses: Such a name,
Such glorious raptures, so divine a theme,
So sinewy, so compact, as 'twere a dream
Dropt from Apollo's rays, must needs inspire
Earthly complexions with celestial fire,

[1] MS. *hears*.

[2] I do not know what this writer means by Sandys's *Dream*.

As thy sweet lays divine, which gently flow
From those pure springs to which th' old poets owe
Their admir'd strains. And though thou please to call
Them but a Dream, I dare and will install
Amongst best poems; for who reads with care
Shall find that Morpheus had therein no share.

Sr. Butteris.
(Botreux.)

## VI.

### TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS.

WEET-TONGUÉD Ovid, though strange tales he told,
Which gods and men did act in days of old;
What various shapes for love sometimes they took,
To purchase what they aim'd at; could he look
But back upon himself, he would admire
The sumptuous bravery of that rich attire
Which Sandys hath clad him with; and then place this
His change amongst their Metamorphosis.

## VII.

(*From Drayton's Elegy to my dearly loved friend, Henry Reynolds Esq. of Poets and Poesy.* Works, vol. iv.)

HEN dainty Sandys, that hath to English done
Smooth-sliding Ovid, and hath made him run
With so much sweetness and unusual grace,
As though the neatness of the English pace
Should tell the jetting Latin that it came
But slowly after, as though stiff and lame.

A

# PARAPHRASE

UPON THE

# DIVINE POEMS

BY

# GEORGE SANDYS.

TO THE BEST OF MEN

AND

MOST EXCELLENT OF PRINCES,

CHARLES,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE,

AND IRELAND,

LORD OF THE FOUR SEAS, OF VIRGINIA,

THE VAST TERRITORIES ADJOINING,

AND DISPERSED ISLANDS

OF THE WESTERN OCEAN;

THE ZEALOUS DEFENDER

OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH;

GEORGE SANDYS,

THE HUMBLEST OF HIS SERVANTS,

PRESENTS AND CONSECRATES

THESE HIS

PARAPHRASES UPON THE DIVINE POEMS,

TO RECEIVE THEIR LIFE AND ESTIMATION

FROM HIS FAVOUR.

## FAULTS ESCAPED.

Page 13. line 31, put comma for semicolon after *thirst*. P. 15. l. 7, destroy comma after *more;* l. 14, read *Thou*. P. 22. l. 6, destroy ? after *chaos* and put comma. P. 25. l. 26, put full stop after *befall*. P. 42. l. 1, r. *shalt*. P. 46. l. 9, though this is the reading in the folio, it would seem better to read—

> God's works, O Bildad, we admire; no less
> His prudence in their government confess.

P. 48. l. 16, destroy comma after *down*. P. 47. l. 8, put ; after *long-lived*. P. 53. l. 23, in this and following line put ? for !. P. 54. l. 3, r. *to day*. P. 59. l. 3, put ? for ! P. 60. l. 24, destroy " after *decide*. P. 62. l. 5, r. *to day;* l. 23, place ? after *comply*. P. 63. l. 4, destroy ? and put comma; l. 6, put ? after *stain;* l. 24, put ? after *fowl*. P. 64. l. 2, r. *nor* for *not*. P. 65. l. 23, place ? after *power*, and r. *whose*, and place ? after *great*. P. 86. l. 5, r. Parnassus'. P. 88. l. 24, put full-stop after *tongues*, and destroy comma after *tears*. P. 89. l. 8, r. *His;* l. 29, r. *attend t' his*. Psalm ii. l. 7, r. *His*. Ps. x. l. 12, put semicolon after *confess*. Ps. xiii. l. 2, put full-stop after *forgot*. Ps. xvi. l. 9, put colon after *adore;* l. 11, put full-stop after *profane*. Ps. xix. part ii. l. 12, the real word is *stive*. I was misled by the misprint in the folio and the 8vo. of 1676. Sandys uses the word *stive* to *stuff* in his Virgil's first Æneid.

> "Industrious bees so in the prime of May
> By sunshine through the flow'ry meadows stray,
> When they produce their young, or store their hive
> With liquid honey, or in cabins *stive*
> That liquid nectar."

He not unfrequently uses it in his Travels. Destroy, therefore, the note. In line 14 destroy comma after *They;* l. 21, put comma for semicolon after *Deliverer*. Ps. xxvi.

l. 3, put comma for colon after *fall*. Ps. xxx. pt. ii. l. 5, r. *hidd'st*. Ps. xxxi. pt. iii. l. 14, r. *addrest*; l. 20, r. Who. Ps. xxxii. l. 12, r. *Hand*. Ps. xxxiii. l. 20, r. *Their*. Ps. xxxv. pt. ii. l. 18, r. *Name*. Ps. xxxvii. pt. i. l. 19, put semicolon for comma after *bad*, and comma for semicolon after *bless*; pt. ii. l. 12, r. *bows*. Ps. xli. l. 10, put comma for semicolon after *death*. Ps. xlii. l. 7, r. *Name*; pt. ii. l. 23, r. *Name*. Ps. xlv. l. 15, r. *king's*. Ps. xlix. l. 12, for *high-prais'd* r. *high-pric'd*. Ps. lxviii. pt. iv. l. 2, r. *beheld*. Ps. lxxiv. pt. iii. l. 20, r. *Name*. Ps. lxxviii. pt. ii. l. 26, r. *works*. Ps. lxxxvii. l. 17, r. *Immortal Hands*. Ps. cxxi. l. 10, r. *thee*. Ps. cxxii. l. 17, r. *friends'*. Ps. cxli. l. 12, r. *eat*. Ps. cxlv. l. 13, for full-stop put comma after *bring*. Ps. cxlvii. l. 1, put full-stop for comma after *consent*.

Ecclesiastes, chap. vii. p. 325. l. 8, r. *That*. Chap. viii. l. 14, put comma for semicolon after *judgment*; l. 31. r. *His*.

Lamentations, p. 360. l. 11, r. *Whilst*.

Deuteronomy, p. 378. l. 8, r. *deckt*; p. 381, l. 28, r. *recompense*.

Judges, p. 385. l. 6, r. *strook*.

Christ's Passion, p. 413. l. 10, put full-stop after *Loyolites*; p. 424 l. 247. r. *memory*.

## Additional Notes.

P. 508, l. 8. *Brails*.—Philips says, to *brail* a hawk's wings is to tie them down with leathern thongs. *Brails* are also the little cords with which sails are furled. The word should be noted.

In the "General Biographical Dictionary" (London, 1762) it is said of Sandys, "He was married, and had two daughters;" but I have no other evidence of the fact, though it seems countenanced by Torre's MS.

TO

HERBERT KYNASTON, D. D.

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S AND HIGH MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL,

THE POET, SCHOLAR, AND CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN,

THIS NEW EDITION OF THE WORKS OF

GEORGE SANDYS,

WHO WAS EMINENT IN EACH AND ALL OF THESE CHARACTERS,

Is Dedicated,

WITH MUCH AFFECTION, BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND

THE EDITOR.

THE Muse, who from your influence took her birth,
First wander'd through the many-peopled earth;
Next sung the change of things, disclos'd th' unknown;
Then to a nobler shape transform'd her own;
Fetch'd from Engaddi spice, from Jewry balm,
And bound her brows with Idumæan palm;
Now old, hath her last voyage made, and brought
To royal harbour this her sacred fraught:
Who to her King bequeaths the wealth of kings,
And dying, her own epicedium sings.

## TO THE QUEEN.

A NIGHT-PIECE most affects the eye;
Sad words and notes charm powerfully:
The pleasing sorrow they impart
Slides sweetly to the melting heart.
Since no sincere delight we taste,
Our best of days with clouds o'ercast,
Wise Nature giddy mirth disdains,
And tunes our souls to mournful strains;
As Æthiops, who fair colours lack,
Place beauty in the deepest black:
And we are counsell'd to be guests,
Rather at Death's than Hymen's feasts.
This was that well-limn'd face of woe,
Whereof we but a copy show:
To you addrest, whose cheerful ray
Can turn the saddest night to day;
Not to infect, or make it less,
But to set off your happiness.
Nor are we all of black compos'd,
Our setting sun serenely clos'd.
And, as in Job, all storms dispell'd,
His evening far his morn excell'd;
So Judah, in her wandering race,
At length shall rise to greater grace.
Our vows ascend, that you may taste
Of these, the only first and last.

## TO THE PRINCE.

SINCE none but princes durst aspire
To sing unto the Hebrew lyre,
Sweet prince, who than yourself more fit
To read what sacred princes writ?
Though yet your rose breathe in the bud,
They who partake of your high blood,
Grow soon in understanding old;
Nor should their age by years be told,
Whose souls, more swift than motion, climb,
And check the tardy flight of Time.
Far off, I see that dawning grey,
The ensign of a glorious day;
Yet ere this gild the world, I must
Resolve into neglected dust.
If then restoréd by your breath,
Not all of me shall sleep in death.

## TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. SANDYS,

### UPON HIS JOB, ECCLESIASTES, AND THE LAMENTATIONS, CLEARLY, LEARNEDLY, AND ELOQUENTLY PARAPHRASED.

WHO would inform his soul, or feast his sense,
And seeks or piety or eloquence,
What might with knowledge virtue join'd inspire,
And imitate the heat and light of fire;
He those in these by thee may find embrac't,
Or as a poet, or a paraphrast.
Such rays of the Divinity are shed
Throughout these works, and every line o'er-spread,
That by the streams the spring is clearly shown,
And the translation makes the author known.
Nor he being known, remains his sense conceal'd,
But so by thy illustrious pen reveal'd,
We see not plainer that which gives us sight,
Than we see that, assisted by thy light,
All seems transparent now which seem'd perplext,
The inmost meaning of the darkest text.
So that the simplest may their souls assure
What places mean, whose comments are obscure.

Thy pen next, having clear'd thy Maker's will,
Supples our hearts to love, and to fulfill;
And moves such piety, that her power lays
That envy which thy eloquence doth raise.
Even I (no yielding matter) who till then
Am chief of sinners, and the worst of men,
(Though it be hard a soul's health to procure,
Unless the patient do assist the cure)
Suffer a rape by virtue, whilst thy lines
Destroy my old, and build me new, designs.
She by a power, which conquers all control,
Doth without my consent possess my soul.
Those mists are scatter'd which my passion bred,
And for that short time all my vice is dead.
Those looser poets whose lascivious pen,
Ascribing crimes to gods, taught them to men,
Who bent their most ingenious industry
To honour vice, and gild impiety;
Whose labours have not only not employ'd
Their talents, but with them their souls destroy'd;
Though of the much-remov'd and distant time
Whose less-enlighten'd age takes from their crime,
Will no defence, with all their arts, devise,
When thou against them shalt in judgment rise:
When thou, a servant, such whose like are rare,
Fill'd with a useful and a watchful care
How to provide against thy Lord do come,
With great advantage the intrusted sum,
And thy large stock even to His wish employ,
Shalt be invited to thy Master's joy.
The wise, the good, applaud, exult to see
Th' Apollinarii surpass'd by thee:
No doubt, their works had found in every time
An equal glory, had they equall'd thine;
How they expect thy art should health assure
To the sick world by a delicious cure,

Socrates. Scholasticus.

Granting like thee no leach their hope deserves,
Who purgest not with rhubarb but preserves.
What numerous legions of infernal sprites,
Thy splendour dazzles and thy music frights!
For what to us is balm to them is wounds,
Whom grief strikes, fear distracts, and shame confounds,
To find at once their magic counter-charm'd,
Their arts discover'd, and their strength disarm'd;
To see thy writings tempt to virtue more,
Than they, by theirs assisted, could before
To vice or vanity; to see delight
Become their foe which was their satellite,
And that the chief confounder of their state
Which had been long their most prevailing bait;
To see their empire such a loss endure,
As the revolt even of the epicure.
Those polite-pagan-Christians who do fear
Truth in her voice, God in His Word to hear;
(For such, alas! there are) doubting the while
To harm their phrase, and to corrupt their style;
Considering th' eloquence which flows from hence,
Had no excuse, but now have no pretence.
These both to pens and minds direction give,
And teach to write as well as teach to live.
Those famous herbs, which did pretend to man
To give new youth; chymicks, who brag they can
A flower to ashes turn'd by their art's power
Return those ashes back into a flower;

The cause of Castalio's Translation.[1]

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[1] From this it would appear that Sandys translated from the Latin version of Sebastian Castalio. I found in reading the Job with the Latin translation by Tremellius and Junius, published, folio, London, 1593, a very close adherence to that text.

May gain belief when now thy Job we see,
So soil'd by some, so purified by thee.
Such was his change, when from his sordid fate
He re-ascended to his wonted state.
So see we yearly a fresh Spring restore
Those beauties Winter had deflow'r'd before;
So are we taught the Resurrection must
Render us flesh and blood from dirt and dust.
To Job's dejected first and then rais'd mind
Is Solomon in all his glory join'd.
Less specious seem'd his person when he shone
In purple garments on his golden throne.
This eloquence call'd from the farthest South,
To learn deep knowledge from his sacred mouth,
One weak and great, a woman and a queen;
Which (his conceptions in thy language seen)
So likely seems, that this no wonder draws,
When with the great effect we match the cause:
Nor had we wonder'd, had the story told
His fame drew more than all his realms could hold:
For no less multitudes do I expect
To hear (whilst on these lines their thoughts reflect)
Ecclesiastes. To have in this clear glass their follies known:
Nor will those fewer prove, who in their own
The Lamentations. From these thy tears shall learn to wash their crimes,
And owe salvation to thy heavenly rhymes.

## ANOTHER.

SUCH is the verse thou writ'st, that who reads thine
Can never be content to suffer mine;
Such is the verse I write, that, reading mine,
I hardly can believe I have read thine;
And wonder that, their excellence once known,
I nor correct nor yet conceal mine own.
Yet though I danger fear than censure less,
Nor apprehend a breach like to a press,
Thy merits, now the second time, inflame
To sacrifice the remnant of my shame.
Nor yet (as first) alone, but join'd with those
Who make the loftiest verse seem humblest prose.
Thus did our Master, to His praise, desire
That babes should with philosophers conspire;
And infants their hosannas should unite
With the so famous Areopagite.
Perhaps my style, too, is for praise most fit;
Those shew their judgment least who shew their wit,
And are suspected, lest their subtler aim
Be rather to attain than to give fame.
Perhaps whilst I my earth do interpose
Betwixt thy sun and them, I may aid those
Who have but feebler eyes and weaker sight,
To bear thy beams, and to support thy light:
So thy eclipse, by neighbouring darkness made,
Were no injurious but a useful shade.
Howe'er I finish here, my Muse her days
Ends in expressing thy deservéd praise;
Whose fate in this seems fortunately cast,
To have so just an action for her last.

And since there are who have been taught that death
Inspireth prophecy, expelling breath,
I hope, when these foretell what happy gains
Posterity shall reap from these thy pains;
Nor yet from these alone, but how thy pen,
Earth-like, shall yearly give new gifts to men;
And thou fresh praise, and we fresh good receive
(For he who thus can write can never leave)
How time in them shall never force a breach,
But they shall always live and always teach,
That the sole likelihood which these present
Will from the more-rais'd souls command assent;
And the so taught will not belief refuse
To the last accents of a dying Muse.

FALKLAND.[1]

## TO MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND MR. GEORGE SANDYS.

T is, sir, a confess'd intrusion here,
That I before your labours do appear;
Which no loud herald need, that may proclaim,
Or seek acceptance, but the author's fame.
Much less that should this happy work commend,
Whose subject is its license, and doth send
It to the world to be receiv'd and read,
Far as the glorious beams of truth are spread.

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[1] Lucius, the second and great Viscount Falkland, killed at the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643. See Lord Clarendon's account of him.

Nor let it be imagin'd that I look
Only with custom's eye upon your book;
Or in this service that 'twas my intent
T' exclude your person from your argument.
I shall profess, much of the love I owe
Doth from the root of our extraction grow.
To which though I can little contribute,
Yet with a natural joy I must impute
To our tribe's honour what by you is done,
Worthy the title of a prelate's son.
And scarcely have two brothers farther borne
A father's name, or with more value worn
Their own, than two of you; whose pens and feet
Have made the distant points of heav'n to meet:
He by exact discoveries of the West,
Yourself by painful travels in the East.
Some more like you would powerfully confute
Th' opposers of priests' marriage by the fruit;
And (since 'tis known, for all their strait-vow'd life,
They like the sex in any style but wife)
Cause them to change their cloister for that state
Which keeps men chaste by vows legitimate.
Nor shame to father their relations,
Or under nephews' names disguise their sons.
This child of yours, born without spurious blot,
And fairly midwiv'd as it was begot,
Doth so much of the parent's goodness wear,
You may be proud to own it for your heir.
Whose choice acquits you from the common sin
Of such who finish worse than they begin.
You mend upon yourself, and your last strain
Does of your first the start in judgment gain.
Since, what in curious travel was begun,
You here conclude in a devotion,
Where in delightful raptures we descry,
As in a map, Sion's chorography;

Sir Edwin Sandys View of Religion in the Western parts.

Laid out in so direct and smooth a line,
Men need not go about through Palestine.
Who seek Christ here will the strait road prefer,
As nearer much than by the Sepulchre.
For not a limb grows here but is a path
Which in God's city the blest centre hath,
And doth so sweetly on each passion strike,
The most fantastic taste will somewhat like.
To the unquiet soul Job still from hence
Speaks in th' example of his patience.
The mortified may hear the Wise King preach,
When his repentance made him fit to teach.
Here are choice hymns and carols for the glad,
And melancholy dirges for the sad.
Last, David (as he could his art transfer)
Speaks like himself by an interpreter.
Your Muse rekindled hath the Prophet's fire,
And tun'd the strings of his neglected lyre,
Making the note and ditty so agree,
They now become a perfect harmony.
I must confess I have long wish'd to see
The Psalms reduc'd to this conformity;
Grieving the songs of Sion should be sung
In phrase not diff'ring from a barbarous tongue,
As if, by custom warranted, we may
Sing that to God we would be loth to say.
Far be it from my purpose to upbraid
Their honest meaning, who first offer made
That book in metre to compile, which you
Have mended in the form and built anew.
And it was well, considering the time
Which scarcely could distinguish verse and rhyme:
But now the language, like the Church, hath won
More lustre since the Reformation;
None can condemn the wish, or labour spent,
Good matter in good words to represent.

Yet in this jealous age some such there be
So (without cause) afraid of novelty,
They would by no means (had they power to
choose)
An old ill custom for a better lose.
Men who a rustic plainness so affect,
They think God servéd best by their neglect;
Holding the cause would be profan'd by it,
Were they at charge of learning or of wit.
And therefore bluntly, what comes next, they
bring
Coarse and ill-studied stuff for offering;
Which, like th' old Tabernacle's covering, are
Made up of badger's skins and of goat's hair.
But these are paradoxes they must use,
Their sloth and bolder ignorance to excuse.
Who would not laugh at one will naked go,
'Cause in old hangings Truth is pictur'd so?
Though plainness be reputed Honour's note,
They mantles add to beautify the coat.
So that a curious unaffected dress
Adds much unto the body's comeliness;
And wheresoe'er the subject's best, the sense
Is better'd by the speaker's eloquence.
But, sir, to you I will no trophy raise
From other men's detraction or dispraise.
That jewel never had inherent worth,
Which ask'd such foils as these to set it forth.
If any quarrel your attempt or style,
Forgive them; their own folly they revile.
Since 'gainst themselves their factious envy shall
Confess this work of yours canonical.
Nor may you fear the poet's common lot,
Read and commended, and then quite forgot.
The brazen mines and marble rocks shall waste,
When your foundation will unshaken last.

'Tis Fame's best pay, that you your labours see
By their immortal subject crownéd be.
For ne'er was author in oblivion hid,
Who firm'd his name on such a pyramid.

HENRY KING.[1]

TO MY VERY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND

## MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

UPON HIS PARAPHRASE ON THE POETICAL PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

THESE pure immortal streams, these holy strains,
To flow in which th' Eternal Wisdom deigns,
Had first their sacred spring in Judah's plains.

Born in the East, their soul of heavenly race,
They still preserve a more than mortal grace,
Though through the mortal pens of men they pass.

For purest organs ever were design'd
To this high work, the most etherial mind
Was touch'd, and did these holy raptures find.

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[1] Afterwards Bishop of Chichester, 1641. Though he mentions a relationship to the Sandys' family, I cannot discover it. His poems, edited by Hannah, Oxford, 1843. He was the eldest son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, and was born in 1591. After the fall of episcopacy he lived at the house of his brother-in-law, Sir Richard Hobart, at Langley, Bucks. At the Restoration replaced in his bishopric, and died, Oct. 1669. Buried in Chichester Cathedral.

You, sir, who all these several springs have known,
And have so large a fountain of your own,
Seem born and bred for what you now have done.

Plac'd by just thoughts above all worldly care,
Such as for heaven itself a room prepare,
Such as already more than earthly are.

Next you have known (besides all arts) their spring,
The happy East; and from Judea bring
Part of that power with which her airs you sing.

Lastly, what is above all reach of praise,
Above reward of any fading bays,
No Muse like yours did ever language raise.

Devotion, knowledge, numbers, from your pen
Mixtly and sweetly flow; whilst listening men
Suspend their cares, enamour'd of your theme.

They calm their thoughts, and in their bosoms own
Better desires, to them perhaps unknown,
Till by your music to themselves brought home.

Music, the universal language, sways
In every mind; the world this power obeys,
And Nature's self is charm'd by well-tun'd lays.

All disproportion'd, harsh, disorder'd cares,
Unequal thoughts, vain hopes, and low despairs,
Fly the soft breath of these harmonious airs.

Here is that harp whose charms uncharm'd the breast
Of troubled Saul, and that unquiet guest,
With which his passions travail'd, dispossess'd.

Job moves amazement, David moves our tears, Job.
His royal son a sad apparel wears Psalms.
Of language, and persuades to pious fears. Ecclesiastes.

The passions of the first rise great and high,
But Solomon, a less concernéd eye
Casting on all the world, flows equally.

Canticles not then printed.

Not in that ardent course, as where he woos
The Sacred Spouse, and his chaste love pursues,
With brighter flames and with a higher Muse.

This work had been proportion'd to our sight,
Had you but known with some allay to write,
And not preserv'd your author's strength and light.

But you so crush those odours, so dispense
Those rich perfumes, you make them too intense,
And such, alas! as too much please our sense.

Lamentations.

We fitter are for sorrows than such love;
Josiah falls, and by his fall doth move
Tears from the people, mourning from above.

Judah, in her Josiah's death, doth die;
All springs of grief are open'd to supply
Streams to the torrent of this elegy.

The several Hymns.

Others break forth in everlasting praise,
Having their wish, and wishing they might raise
Some monument of thanks to after-days.

These are the pictures which your happy art
Gives us, and which so well you do impart,
As if these passions sprung in your own heart.

Others translate, but you the beams collect
Of your inspiréd authors, and reflect
Those heavenly rays with new and strong effect.

Yet human language only can restore
What human language had impair'd before,
And, when that once is done, can give no more.

Sir, I forbear to add to what is said,
Lest to your burnish'd gold I bring my lead,
And with what is immortal mix the dead.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.[1]

## TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. GEORGE SANDYS.

PRESS not to the quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallow'd feet:
My unwash'd Muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her profaner notes with thine:
Here, humbly at the porch, she listening stays,
And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
So devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without door and some beneath the font,
To stand and hear the Church's liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemn exercise.
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train:
Though nor in tune nor wing she reach thy lark,
Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.
Who knows, but that her wandering eyes, that run
Now hunting glowworms, may adore the sun?

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[1] Second son of Sir William Godolphin, of Godolphin, near Helston. Born 1610; entered Exeter Coll., Oxford; elected M. P. for Helston; killed in the Royal cause at Chagford, and buried at Okehampton, Feb. 10, 1642. See Clarendon, Wood, and Hunter's MS., p. 192, and Collins's Peerage, vol. iv. 3rd edit., 1756.

A pure flame may, shot by Almighty Power
Into my breast, the earthly flame devour:
My eyes in penitential dew may steep
That brine which they for sensual love did weep:
So (though 'gainst Nature's course) fire may be
quench'd
With fire, and water be with water drench'd.
Perhaps my restless soul, tir'd with pursuit
Of mortal beauty, seeking, without fruit,
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfied, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vain search below, above,
In the first fair, may find th' immortal love.
Prompted by thy example, then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore,
But tear those idols from my heart, and write
What His Blest Spirit, not fond love, shall indite.
Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,
But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,
Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureates worn.

THO. CAREW.[1]

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[1] The celebrated poet.

## TO MY WORTHY KINSMAN MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

ON HIS EXCELLENT PARAPHRASE UPON JOB.

OU teach us a new pleasure, and have so
Penn'd the sad story, we delight in woe.
Tears have their music too; this mourn-
ful dress
Doth so become Job's sorrows, and express
Affliction in so sweet a grace, that we
Find something to be lov'd in misery.
Here grief is witty, and the reader might
Not suffer in the patience you write.
Let others wanton it, while I admire
Thy warmth, which doth proceed from holy fire.
'Tis guilt, not poetry, to be like those
Whose wit in verse is downright sin in prose;
Whose studies are profaneness, as if then
They were good poets only when bad men.
But these are purer flames; nor shall thy heat,
Because 'tis good, be therefore thought not great.
How vainly do they err, who think it fit
A sacred subject should be void of wit.
I boldly dare affirm He never meant
We should be dull, Who bids be innocent.
'Tis no excuse, when you your charm rehearse
So sweetly, not to hear because 'tis verse.
Religion is a matron whose grave face
From decent vestures doth receive more grace.
In holy duties fondly we affect
A mis-becoming rudeness, and suspect
Clean offerings; we think God likes the heart
Where least appears of th' understanding part.

As if God's messengers did but delude,
Unless what they deliver us be rude.
Choice language is the clothing of your mind;
Your matter (like those saints which are inshrin'd
In gold, or like to beauty, when the lawn
With rosy cheeks bepurpl'd o'er, is drawn
To boast the loveliness it seems to hide,
And show more cunningly the blushing bride)
Hath hence a greater lustre; they not love
The body less who do the clothes approve.
So we upon this jewel do not set
Less price, because we praise the cabinet.

DUDLEY DIGGES.[1]

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN

## MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

ON HIS ADMIRABLE PARAPHRASES.

WHY com'st thou thus attended to the press?
Thou want'st no suffrages, the subject less.
At first, in confidence of thy full worth,
Single, unknown, thou didst adventure forth:
Thy living works since oft have pass'd the test,
And every last (to wonder) prov'd the best.
Thy prose and verse each other emulate,
From rivals free, at home their right debate;

[1] Son of Sir Dudley Digges, of Chilham Castle, Kent; born 1612, died 1643. See Wood's Athenæ, by Bliss, vol. iii. col. 63, 64.

Divide the judgment, whether most t' admire
Robes loosely flowing or fine-shap'd attire.
Nor art thou to be blam'd for having past
Parnassus' hill, and come to Sion last.
The schools, from comments on the Stagyrite,
To heavenly speculations rais'd their flight:
The progress fit, though of philosophy,
'Tis justly fear'd, they took too deep a dye.
God chiefly warm'd their breasts with sacred heat,
Who were in other knowledges complete;
Though all alike to Him, but that He meant
To give some honour to the instrument.
He who in other structures merits praise,
May without diffidence a temple raise.
And sure, Bezaleel-like, Heaven did instill
For this intended frame that matchless skill;
Till then thy restless mind mov'd circular,
Like the touch'd needle till it find the star.
Well didst thou from the East thy entrance make,
From whence the light of poetry first brake;
The hand unknown, that God this piece might own,
(Like the two Tables) for His work alone.
The mark of his immediate work it bears,
Even at the spring a boundless sea appears.
For what His Hands, without a second, make,
At once their being and perfection take.
His first day Adam a full man beheld,
And Cana's water choicest wine excell'd.
This first of authors, first of poets, flew
So high a pitch, as almost out of view.
And this was not of Job's reward the least,
That his rare story such a pen express'd.
What high expressions in such depth of woe!
How sweet his sighs and groans in numbers flow!
When God Himself was pleaséd Job to cite,
Who could such language worthy him indite?

His just reproofs so great a terror bear,
As if each word a clap of thunder were.
From hence in smaller drills her course she keeps;
And, scarce discern'd, along the valleys creeps
Through Moses and the Judges; yet we may
In these discover her continued way.
But when the state into a kingdom grew,
When all did with their blesséd king renew,
In the Sweet Singer then again it flows,
Her bounds extend, and to a river grows.
His large-soul'd Son from heav'n full light receives;
For every path and step direction gives:
Discovers to our long-seducéd eyes,
Her fucus off, the world's deformities,
And by a purer quenches sensual fire;
The object chang'd, preserves the heat entire.
These two, who might with Job dispute their right,
Rais'd numbers to their apogæan height.
Thence through the Prophets we her current trace,
Whose graver works poetic gems enchase,
To show how aptly both assume one name,
Both heaven-inspir'd, compos'd of zeal and flame.
Above the rest, that funeral Elegy
Presents sad Judah to th' admiring eye,
So lovely in her sable veil and tears,
Scarce any bride in all her trim appears
Of such a winning sweetness: O what heart
But must due pity to her woes impart!
All these for prose had still mistaken been,
Their native grace our language never seen,
Had not thy speaking picture show'd to all
The wondrous beauty of th' original;
Had lien like stones uncut, and ore untried,
Their real worth the same, though scarce espied,
But by the skilful linguist; to the most
In the dark sense and hard expressions lost.

Thy art hath polish'd them to what they were,
Unvalu'd jewels for the breast and ear.
Here fix thy pillars ; what remains there higher
But th' unknown ditties of the heavenly quire?

FRANCIS WIATT.[1]

## TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

### UPON HIS EXCELLENT PARAPHRASES.

THY lines I weigh not by th' original,
Nor scan thy words how evenly they fall;
I most applaud thy pious choice, who mak'st
The Sacred Writ thy subject, and thence tak'st
Those parts, wherein the most perverse may see
Divinity and poesy agree.
Afflicted Job a veil of sorrow shrouds,
But heavenly beams dispell those envious clouds.
The Royal Psalmist, borne on angels' wings,
Now weeps in verse, now halleluiahs sings.
Converted Solomon to our eyes presents
Deluding joys and cureless discontents.
That good Josiah's name may never die,
Thy Muse revives his mournful elegy.
With the same zeal doth to our numbers fit
All the poetic parts of Holy Writ.

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[1] I presume, Sir Francis Wyat, who married Sandys's niece, and had been Governor of Virginia.

And thus salvation thou may'st bring to those
Who never would have sought for it in prose.

HENRY RAINSFORD.[1]

## TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

### ON HIS SACRED POEMS.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue,
With the high raptures of those men
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the quire
Of angels, who their songs admire!

Whatever those inspiréd souls
Were urgéd to express, did shake
The agéd deep, and both the poles:
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which doth with heaven consent
To all they wrought, and all they meant.

Say, sacred bard, what could bestow
Courage on thee to soar so high?
Tell me, brave friend, what help'd thee so
To shake off all mortality?
To light this torch thou hast climb'd higher
Than he who stole celestial fire.

EDMOND WALLER.[2]

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[1] Mr. Hunter thinks this must be Sir Henry Rainsford, of whom Aubrey speaks as "a learned gentleman and an acquaintance of Lord Falkland." He was of Clifford Chambers. The name does not appear in any other book. See Hunter's MSS. 24, 489, p. 214.

[2] The celebrated poet.

## TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. GEORGE SANDYS.

INSPIR'D by thee, who art thyself a Muse,
Not crown'd with ivy, or neglected bays,
But with a sacred light which doth infuse
Into our souls her intellectual rays,
Among these stars of the first magnitude,
I, in affection, my dim taper bring;
For though my voice be hoarse, my numbers rude,
On such a theme who could forbear to sing,
Immortal Sands, whose nectar-dropping pen
Delights, instructs, and with that holy fire,
Which fell from heaven, warms the cold breasts of men,
And in their minds creates a new desire?
For truth in poesy so sweetly strikes
Upon the chords and fibres of the heart,
That it all other harmony dislikes,
And happily is vanquish'd by her art.
These godlike forms, inspir'd with Breath Divine,
Blest in themselves, and making others blest,
For us are by that curious hand of thine
In English habits elegantly dress'd.
May our great Master,[1] to whose sacred name
Thy studious hours such usual gifts direct,
As Cæsar to his Maro, prove the same,
And equal beams upon thy Muse reflect.

WINTOURE GRANT.[2]

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[1] *i.e.* King Charles.

[2] Mr. Hunter, in his MS. Collections in the British Museum, says he has never found this name prefixed to any other book. The name is remarkable—two Gunpowder-plot names conjoined.

# A PARAPHRASE UPON JOB.

# A PARAPHRASE UPON JOB.

## CHAPTER I.

IN Hus, a land which near the sun's uprise,
And northern confines of Sabæa, lies,
A great example of perfection reign'd;
His name was Job, his soul with guilt unstain'd.
None with more zeal the Deity ador'd,
Affected virtue more, vice more abhorr'd.
Three beauteous daughters and sev'n hopeful boys
Renew'd his youth, and crown'd his nuptial joys.
Lord of much riches, which the use renowns,
Sev'n thousand broad-tail'd sheep graz'd on his downs;
Three thousand camels his rank pastures fed;
Arabia's wand'ring ships for traffic bred;
His grateful fields a thousand oxen till'd,
They with their rich increase the hungry fill'd.
Five hundred asses yearly took the horse,
Producing mules of greater speed and force.
The master of a mighty family,
Well order'd and directed by his eye.
None was more opulent in all the East,
Of greater pow'r, yet such as still increas'd.

By daily turns the brothers entertain
Each other; with the week begin again.
This constant custom held; not to excite
And pamper the voluptuous appetite,
But to preserve the union of their blood
With sober banquets and unpurchas'd food.
Th' invited sisters with their graces blest
Their festivals, and were themselves a feast.
Their turns accomplish'd, Job's religious care
His sons assembles; whose united pray'r
Like sweet perfumes from golden censers rise;
Then with divine lustrations sanctifies.
And when the rosy-finger'd morn arose,
From bleating flocks unblemish'd fatlings chose,
Proportion'd to their number; these he slew,
And bleeding on the flaming altar threw.
Perhaps, said he, my children in the heat
Of wine and mirth their Maker may forget,
And give access to sin. Thus they the round
Of concord keep, by his devotions crown'd.
Jehovah from the summit of the sky,
Environ'd with His wing'd hierarchy,
The world survey'd. When lo! the prince of hell,
Who whilome from that envi'd glory fell,
Like an infectious exhalatión
Shot through the spheres, and stood before His throne.
"False spirit," said th' Almighty, "that all shapes
Dost counterfeit to perpetrate thy rapes,
Whence com'st thou?" He replied, "I with the sun
Have circled the round world; much people won
From Thy strict rule to my indulgent reign;
Taught that no pleasure can result from pain."
"Hast thou," said God, "observ'd My servant Job?
Is there a mortal treading on the globe

Of earth so perfect? can thy wicked arts
Corrupt his goodness? all thy fiery darts
The armour of his fortitude repells;
In justice he, as thou in fraud, excells;
Our power adores, with sacrifices feasts,
Loves what thou hat'st, and all thy works detests."
"Hath Job serv'd God for nothing?" Satan said:
"Or unrewarded at Thy altar paid
His frequent vows? Hast Thou not him, and all
Which he calls his, incloséd with a wall
Of strength impregnable; his labours blest,
And almost with prosperity opprest?
Left nothing to desire? Yet should'st Thou lay
Thy hand upon him, or but take away
What Thy indulgence gave, in foul disgrace
He would blaspheme, and curse Thee to Thy face."
Jehovah said: "His children, all he hath,
Are subject to the venom of thy wrath,
Alone his person spare." The tempter then
Shrunk from His presence to th' abodes of men.
As at their elder brother's, all the rest
Of that fair offspring celebrate his feast
With liberal joy; and cool th' inflaming blood
Of generous grapes with crystal of the flood:
A messenger arriv'd, half out of breath,
Yet pale with horror of escapéd death,
And cried: "O Job! as thy strong oxen till'd
The stubborn fallows, while thy asses fill'd
Themselves with herbage, all became a prey
To arm'd Sabæans, who in ambush lay;
Thy servants by their curséd fury slain,
And I the only messenger remain."
Another enter'd, ere his tale was told,
With singéd hair, and said: "I must unfold
A dreadful accident: at noon a night
Of clouds arose, that day depriv'd of light;

Whose roaring conflicts from their breaches threw
Darts of inevitable flames, which slew
Thy sheep and shepherds ; I of all alone
Escap'd, to make the sad disaster known."
This hardly said, a third, with blood imbrued,
Brake through the press, and thus his grief pursued :
" The fierce Chaldæans in three troops assail'd
Our guards, till they their souls through wounds
exhal'd,
Then drave away thy camels ; only I,
Thus wounded, live to tell thy loss, and die."
As thronging billows one another drive
To murmuring shores, so thick and fast arrive
These messengers of death. The fourth and last,
With staring hair, wild looks, and breathless
haste,
Rush'd in and said : " O Job ! prepare to hear
The saddest news that ever pierc'd an ear.
Lo ! as thy children on soft couches lay,
And with discourses entertain'd the day,
A sudden tempest from the desert flew
With horrid wings, and thunder'd as it blew ;
Then whirling round, the quoins together strook,
And to the ground that lofty fabric shook ;
Thy sons and daughters buried in the fall,
Who, ah ! deserv'd a nobler funeral.
And I alone am living to relate
Their tragedies, that was denied their fate."
He who th' assaults of fortune like a rock
So long withstood, could not sustain this shock,
But rising, forthwith from his shoulders tare
His purple robe, and shav'd his dangling hair.
Then on the earth his body prostrate laid,
And thus with humble adoration said :
" Naked I was at my first hour of birth,
And naked must return unto the earth.

God gives, God takes away; O be His Name
For ever blest!" Thus free from touch of blame
Job firmly stood, and with a patient mind
His crosses bare, nor at his God repin'd.

## CHAPTER II.

AGAIN, when all the radiant sons of light
Before His throne appear'd, Whose only sight
Beatitude infus'd; th' Inveterate Foe,
In fogs ascending from the depth below,
Profan'd their blest assembly. "What pretence,"
Said God, "hath brought thee hither, and from whence?"
"I come," said he, "from compassing the earth,
Their travails seen who spring from human birth."
Then God: "Hast thou My servant Job beheld?
Can his rare piety be parallel'd,
His justice equall'd? Can alluring vice,
With all her sorceries, his soul entice?
His daily orisons attract Our ears,
Who punishment less than the trespass fears:
And still his old integrity retains
Through all his woes, inflicted by thy trains."
When he, whose labouring thoughts admit no rest,
This answer threw out of his Stygian breast:
"Job to himself is next. Who will not give
All that he hath, so his own soul may live?
Stretch out Thy hand, with achés pierce his bones,
His flesh with lashes, multiply his groans;
Then if he curse Thee not, let Thy dire curse
Increase my torments, if they can be worse."
To whom the Lord: "Thou instrument of strife,
Enjoy thy cruel wish, but spare his life."

The Soul of Envy from His presence went,
And through the burning air made his descent.
To execution falls. The blood within
His veins inflames, and poisons his smooth skin.
Now all was but one sore, from foot to head
With burning carbuncles and ulcers spread;
He on the ashes sits, his fate deplores,
And with a potsherd scrapes the swelling sores.
His frantic wife, whose patience could not bear
Such weight of miseries, thus wounds his ear:
"Is this the purchase of thy innocence?
O fool, thy piety is thy offence.
He whom thou serv'st hath us of all bereft,
Our children slain, and thee to torments left.
Go on, His justice praise; O rather fly
To thy assur'd relief: Curse God, and die."
"Thou wretch, thy sex's folly," he replied,
"Shall we who have so long His bounty tried,
And flourish'd in His favour, now not bear
Our harms with patience, but renounce His fear?"
Thus his great mind his miseries transcends,
Nor the least accent of his lips offends.
Now was his ruin by the breath of fame
Divulg'd through all the East; when Zophar came
From pleasant Naamath: wise Eliphas
From Theman, rich in palms but poor in grass:
And Bildad from Suïtah's fruitful soil,
Prais'd for the plenty of her corn and oil.
These meet from sev'ral quarters to condole
With their old friend, and comfort his sad soul.
Yet at the first unknown; his miseries
Had so transform'd him; known, they join'd their cries,
Wept bitterly, their sable mantles tare,
Rais'd clouds of dust, that fell upon their hair.

Sev'n days they sate beside him on the ground,
As many nights in silent sorrow drown'd.
For yet they knew the torrent of his woe
Would by resistance more outrageous grow.

## CHAPTER III.

E, when excess of sorrow had giv'n way
To the relief of words, thus curs'd his day:
" O perish may the day which first gave light
To me, most wretched; and the fatal night
Of my conception! Let that day be bound
In clouds of pitch, nor walk th' etherial round.
Let God not write it in His roll of days,
Nor let the sun restore it with his rays.
Let death's dark shades involve, no light appear
But dreadful lightnings; its own horrors fear.
Be it the first of miseries to all,
Or last of life, defam'd with funeral.
O be that dismal night for ever blind,
Lost in itself, nor to the day rejoin'd,
Nor number'd in the swift circumference
Of months and years, but vanish in offence!
O let it sad and solitary prove,
No sprightly music hear, nor songs of love.
Let wand'ring apparitions then affright
The trembling bride, and quench the nuptial light.
O let those hate it who the daylight hate,
Who mourn and groan beneath their sorrow's weight.
Let the eclipséd moon her throne resign,
Instead of stars let blazing meteors shine.
Let it not see the dawning fleck the skies,
Nor the gray morning from the ocean rise:

Because the door of life it left unclos'd,
And me, a wretch, to cruel fates expos'd.
O why was I not strangled in the womb,
Nor in that secret prison found a tomb?
Or since untimely born, why did not I
(The next of blessings) in that instant die?
Why kneel'd the midwife at my mother's throes,
With pain produc'd, and nurse for future woes?
Else had I an eternal requiem kept,
And in the arms of peace for ever slept:
With kings and princes rank'd, who lofty frames
In deserts rais'd, t'immortalize their names;
Who made the wealth of provinces their prey;
In death as mighty, and as rich as they:
Then I, as an abortive, had not been,
Nor with the hated light such sorrows seen;
Slept, where none are by violence opprest,
And where the weary from their labours rest;
No prisoners there, enforc'd by torments, cry,
But fearless by their old tormentors lye:
The mean and great on equal bases stand;
No servants there obey, nor lords command.
Why should afflicted souls in anguish live,
And only have immunity to grieve?
O how they wish for death to close their eyes!
But oh, in vain! since he the wretched flies.
For whom they dig, as pioneers for gold,
Which the dark entrails of the earth unfold;
And having found him, as their liberty,
With joy encounter, and contented die.
Why should he live, from whom God hath the path
Of safety hid, encompass'd with His wrath?
In storms of sighs I taste my bitter food,
My groans break from me, like a roaring flood.
The ruin which I fear'd, and in my thought
So oft revolv'd, one fatal hour hath brought.

Nor durst I on prosperity presume,
Or time in sleep and barren ease consume,
But watch'd my wary steps; and yet for all
My providence, these plagues upon me fall."

## CHAPTER IV.

EMANIAN Eliphas made this reply:
"O friend! be it no breach of love that I
With silence dare not justify a wrong;
For who in such a cause can curb his tongue?
Wilt thou, that wert to piety a guide,
That others hast with patience fortified,
Confirm'd the strong, giv'n sinews to the weak,
Now in the change of fortune faint, and break
Into offences; aggravate thy harms,
Forsake thy strength, and cast away thy arms?
Is this thy piety, thy confidence,
Thy hope, and life untainted with offence?
Consult with former ages. Have they known
The guiltless perish, or the just o'erthrown?
But those who plough with vice, and mischief throw
Into the furrows, reap the seed they sow.
God shall destroy them with His nostrils' breath,
And send them weeping to the caves of death.
For He the raging lioness confounds,
The roaring lion with His jav'lin wounds,
Scatters their whelps, their grinders breaks; so they,
With the old hunter, starve for want of prey.
Now when the night her sable wings had spread,
And sleep his dew on pensive mortals shed,
When visions in their airy shapes appear,
A voice, not human, whisper'd in mine ear.

My knees each other struck, the frighted blood
Fled to my heart, my hair like bristles stood.
An angel then appear'd before my sight;
Yet could no shape discern, so great a light
He threw about him; forthwith silence brake,
And thus to me, entranc'd with wonder, spake:
'Shall mortal man, that is but born to die,
Compare in justice and integrity
With Him Who made him; he who must descend
Again to earth, and in corruption end?
His angels were imperfect in His sight,
Although endued with intellectual light;
Whom He accus'd of folly; much more they
Who dwell in houses built of brittle clay,
Which have their weak foundations in the dust,
The food of worms, and time's devouring rust.
They to the ev'ning from the sun's uprise
Are exercis'd with change of miseries;
Then, unregarded, set in endless night,
Nor ever shall review the morning light.
Thus all their glories vanish with their breath,
They, and their wisdoms, vanquishéd by death.'"

## CHAPTER V.

"NOW try what patron can thy cause defend;
What saint wilt thou solicit, or what friend?
The storm of his own rage the fool confounds,
And envy's rankling sting th'imprudent wounds.
Oft have I seen him like a cedar spread
His ample root, and his ambitious head
With clouds invest; then, to th'amaze of all,
Plough up the earth with his prodigious fall.

His wand'ring orphans find no safe retreat,
But friendless suffer at the judgment-seat.
The greedy eat the harvest of their toil,
Snatch'd from the scratching thorns; to thieves
a spoil.
Though sorrow spring not from the womb of earth,
Nor troubles from the dust derive their birth,
Yet man is born to num'rous miseries,
As dying sparks from trembling flames arise.
Should I the burthen of thy fate sustain,
I would not justify myself in vain,
But at His feet my humble soul deject
With pray'rs and tears, Who wonders can effect,
As infinite, as great, and far above
That sphere wherein our low conceptions move.
He waters from celestial casements pours,
Which fall upon the furrow'd earth in show'rs,
To comfort those who mourn in want, and give
The famish'd food, that they may eat and live.
The counsels of the subtle He prevents,
And by His wisdom frustrates their intents;
Entangles in the snares themselves contrive,
Who desp'rately to their own ruin drive.
They meet with darkness in the clearest light,
And grope at noon, as if involv'd with night.
Licentious swords, oppression arm'd with pow'r,
Nor envy's jaws, the righteous shall devour.
They ever hope, though exercis'd with care;
The wicked silenc'd by their own despair.
Happy is he whom God's own hands chastise;
Since so, let none His chastisements despise.
For He both hurts and heals; binds up again
The wounds He made, and mitigates their pain.
In six afflictions will thy refuge be,
And from the sev'nth and last shall set thee free.
From meagre famine's bloodless massacres,

And from the cruel thirst of horrid wars.
Preservéd from the scourge of poisonous tongues,
The sting of malice, and insulting wrongs,
Thou shalt in safety smile, when all the earth
Shall suffer by the rage of war and dearth.
The Midian tiger, the Arabian bear,
Nor Idumæan lion shalt thou fear.
They all their native fierceness shall decline,
And senseless stones shall in thy aid combine.
Thy tents shall flourish in the joys of peace,
The wealth and honour of thy house increase,
Thy children, and their offspring, shall abound
Like blades of grass that clothe the pregnant ground.
Thou, full of days, like weighty shocks of corn
In season reap'd, shall to thy grave be borne.
This truth, by long experience learnt, apply
To thy disease; and on the cure rely."

## CHAPTER VI.

THEN Job: "O were my suff'rings duly weigh'd,
Were they together in one balance laid!
The sands, whereon the rolling billows roar,
Were less in weight, and not in number more.
My words are swallow'd in these depths of woes,
While storms of sighs my silent griefs disclose.
God's arrows on my breast descend in show'rs,
There stick, and poison all my vital pow'rs.
'Tis He, Who arms against a mortal bears,
Subdues my strength, and chills my heart with fears.
Do hungry asses in fresh pastures bray,
Or oxen low before full cribs of hay?

Or can unseason'd cates the gust invite?
What taste is in an egg's unsavoury white?
My loathing soul abhors your bitter food,
Which sorrow feeds, and turns my tears to blood.
O that the Lord would favour my request,
And send my soul to her eternal rest!
Deliver from this dungeon, which restrains
Her liberty, and break affliction's chains!
Then should my torments find a sure relief,
And I become insensible of grief.
O, by not sparing, cure his wounds, who hath
Divulg'd Thy truth, and still preserv'd his faith!
What strength have I to hope, or to what end
Should I on such a wasted life depend?
Was I by rocks engender'd, ribb'd with steel,
Such tortures to resist, or not to feel?
No hope, no comfort, but in death is left,
Thus torn with wounds, of all my joys bereft.
True friends, who fear their Maker, should impart
Soft pity to a sad and broken heart.
But O! the great in vows, and near in blood,
Forsake me like the torrent of a flood,
Which in the winding valleys glides away,
And scarce maintains the current of a day;
Or stands in solid ice, conceal'd with snow,
But when the loudly-storming south winds blow,
And mounted sun invades it with his beams,
Dissolves, and scatters his exhausted streams.
Who from the parchéd fields of Thema came,
From Sheba scorchéd with etherial flame,
In expectation to assuage their thirst;
Deluded, blush'd; and his dry channels curst.
So you now cease to be what once you were,
And view my downfall with the eyes of fear.
Have I requir'd your bounty to repair
My ruin'd fortunes? Was it in my pray'r

That you for me the mighty would oppose,
And in a just revenge pursue my foes?
If I have err'd, instruct me; tell wherein;
My tongue shall never justify a sin.
Although a due reproof inform the sense,
Detraction is the gall of impudence.
Why add you sorrow to a troubled mind?
Passion must speak; her words are but as wind.
Against an orphan you your forces bend,
And banquet with th' afflictions of a friend.
Accuse not now, but judge; you from my youth
Have known and tried me: speak I more than truth?
Unveil your eyes, and then I shall appear
The same I am, from all aspersions clear.
Have I my heart disguiséd with my tongue,
Could not my taste distinguish right from wrong?"

## CHAPTER VII.

"THE life of man is a perpetual war,
In misery and sorrow circular.
He, a poor mercenary, serves for bread;
For all his travail, only cloth'd and fed.
The hireling longs to see the shades ascend,
That with the tedious day his toil might end,
And he his pay receive; but, ah! in vain
I months consume, yet never rest obtain.
The night charms not my cares; with sleepless eyes
My torments cry—When will the morning rise?
Why runs the chariot of the night so slow?
The day-star finds me tossing to and fro.
Worms gnaw my flesh; with filth my ulcers run;
My skin like clods of earth, chapp'd with the sun.
Like shuttles through the loom, so swiftly glide
My feather'd hours, and all my hopes deride!

Remember, Lord, my life is but a wind,
Which passeth by, and leaves no print behind.
Then never shall my eyes their lids unfold,
Nor mortal sight my vanish'd face behold;
Not Thou, to Whom our thoughts apparent be,
Shouldst Thou desire, couldst him, that is not, see.
As clouds resolve to air, so never more,
Shall gloomy graves their dead to light restore;
Nor shall they to their sumptuous roofs return,
But lie forgotten, as if never born.
Then, O my soul! whilst thou hast freedom, break
Into complaints, give sorrow leave to speak.
Am I a raging sea or furious whale,
That thou should'st thus confine me with a wall?
How often when the rising stars had spread
Their golden flames, said I: 'Now shall my bed
Refresh my weary limbs, and peaceful sleep
My care and anguish in his Lethe steep.'
But lo! sad dreams my troubled brains surprise,
And ghastly visions wound my staring eyes:
So that my yielding soul, subdu'd with grief,
And tortur'd body, to their last relief
Would gladly fly; and by a violence
Less painful, take from greater pain the sense.
For life is but my curse. Resume the breath
I must restore, and fold me up in death.
O what is man, to whom Thou shouldst impart
So great an honour as to search his heart;
To watch his steps, observe him with Thine eye,
And daily with renew'd afflictions try!
Still must I suffer? wilt Thou never leave,
Nor give a little time for grief to breathe?
My soul hath sinn'd; how can I expiate
Her guilt, great Guardian, or prevent Thy hate?
Why aim'st Thou all Thy darts at me alone,
Who to myself am now a burthen grown?

Wilt Thou not to a broken heart dispense
Thy balm of mercy, and expunge th' offence,
Ere dust return to dust? Then Thou no more
Shalt see my face, nor I Thy Name adore."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THUS Job. Then Bildad of Suïta said:
"Vain man, how long wilt thou thy God upbraid?
And like the roaring of a furious wind
Thus vent the wild distemper of thy mind?
Can He pervert His judgments? shall He swerve
From His own justice, and thy passions serve?
If He thy sons for their rebellion slew,
Death was the wages to their merit due.
O wouldst thou seek unto the Lord betimes,
With fervent prayer, and abstinence from crimes,
Nor with new follies spot thy innocence,
Then would He always watch in thy defence;
The house that harbour'd so much virtue, bless
With fruitful peace, and crown thee with success.
Then would He centuple thy former store,
And make thee far more happy than before.
Search thou the records of antiquity,
And on our ancestors reflect thine eye;
For we, alas! are but of yesterday,
Know nothing, and like shadows fleet away.
Thou in those mirrors shalt the truth behold,
Whose tongues unerring oracles unfold.
Can bulrushes but by the river grow?
Can flags there flourish where no waters flow?
Yet they when green, when yet untouch'd, of all
That clothe the spring, first hang their heads, and fall.

So double-hearted hypocrites, so they
Who God forget, shall in their prime decay.
Their airy hopes as brittle as the thin
And subtle webs which toiling spiders spin.
Their houses, full of wealth and riot, shall
Deceive their trust, and crush them in their fall.
Though like a cedar, by the river fed,
He to the sun his ample branches spread,
His top surrounds[1] with clouds, deep in the flood
Bathes his firm roots, ev'n of himself a wood,
And from his height a night-like shadow throw
Upon the marble palaces below;
Yet shall the axe of justice hew him down,
And level with the root his lofty crown.
No eye shall his out-raz'd impression view,
Nor mortal know where such a glory grew.
Those seeming goods, whereof the wicked vaunt,
Thus fade, while others on their ruins plant.
God never will the innocent forsake,
Nor sinful souls to his protection take.
Cleanse thou thy heart; then in thy ample breast
Joy shall triumph, and smiles thy cheeks invest.
He will thy foes with silent shame confound,
And their proud structures level with the ground."

## CHAPTER IX.

"THIS is a truth acknowledg'd," Job replies,
"But O! what man is righteous in His eyes?
Who can 'not guilty' plead before His throne,
Or of a thousand actions answer one?

[1] All the old editions read *surrounds* and *bathes*; but *surround* and *bathe* would seem preferable.

God is in wisdom, as in pow'r, immense:
Who ever could contend without offence,
Offend unpunish'd? You who glory most
In your own strength, can you of conquest boast?
Cloud-touching mountains to new seats are borne,
From their foundations by His fury torn.
Th' affrighted earth in her distemper quakes,
When His Almighty Hand her pillars shakes.
At Whose command the sun's swift horses stay,
While mortals wonder at so long a day.
The moon into her darken'd orb retires,
Nor seal'd-up stars extend their golden fires.
He, only He, heav'n's blue pavilion spreads,
And on the ocean's dancing billows treads.
Immane Arcturus, weeping Pleiades,
Orion, who with storms ploughs up the seas,
For sev'ral seasons fram'd; and all that roll
Their radiant flames about th' antarctic pole.
What wonders are effected by His might!
O how inscrutable, how infinite!
Though He observe me, and be ever by,
Yet ah! invisible to mortal eye.
Can hands of flesh compel Him to restore
What He shall take? or who dare ask wherefore?
The great in pride and pow'r like meteors shall
(If He relent not) by His vengeance fall.
And O! shall I, a worm, my cause defend,
Or in vain argument with God contend?
I would not were I innocent dispute,
But humbly to my Judge present my suit.
Yet never could my hopes be confident,
Though God Himself should to my wish consent,
Who with incessant storms my peace confounds,
And multiplies my undeservéd wounds,
Nor gives me time to breathe; my stomach fills
With food of bitter taste and loathsome pills.
Speak I of strength, His strength the strong obey:

If I of judgment speak, who shall a day
Appoint for trial? should I justify
A vice, my heart would give my tongue the lie.
If of perfection boast, I should herein
My guilt disclose: thought I, I had no sin,
Myself I should not know. O bitter strife,
Whose only issue is the hate of life!
Yet judge not by events: in general,
The good and bad without distinction fall.
For He th' appeal of innocence derides,
And with His sword the controverse decides.
He gives the earth to those that tyrannise,
And spreads a veil before the judges' eyes.
Or else what were His pow'r? O you who see
My miseries, this truth behold in me!
My days run like a post, and leave behind
No tract of joy: as ships before the wind
They through this human ocean sail away,
And fly like eagles which pursue their prey.
If I determine to remove my care,
Forget my grief, and comfort my despair,
The fear that He would never purge me mocks
M' embarkéd hopes, and drives them on the rocks.
For if He hold me guilty, if I soil
Myself with sin, I then but vainly toil.
Though I should wash myself in melting snow
Until my hands were whiter, He would throw
Me down to earth, and ah! so plunge in mire,
That I should loathe to touch my own attire.
For He is not as I, a man with whom
I might contend, and to a trial come.
I in my cause shall find no advocate,
Nor umpire to compose our sad debate.
O! should He from my shoulders take His rod,
Free from the awe and terror of a God,
Then would I argue in my own defence,
And boldly justify my innocence.

## CHAPTER X.

! I am sick of life, nor will control
My passion, but in bitterness of soul
Thus tear the air; what should Thy wrath incense
To punish him who knows not his offence?
Ah! dost Thou in oppression take delight?
Wilt Thou Thy servant fold in shades of night,
And smile on wicked counsels? dost Thou see
With eyes of flesh? is truth conceal'd from Thee?
What! are Thy days as frail as ours? or can
Thy years determine like the age of man?
That Thou shouldst my delinquencies exquire,
And with variety of tortures tire?
Cannot my known integrity remove
Thy cruel plagues? wilt Thou remorseless prove?
Ah! wilt Thou Thy own workmanship confound?
Shall the same hand that did create now wound?
Remember, I am built of clay, and must
Resolve to my originary dust.
Thou pour'dst me out like milk into the womb,
Like curds condens'd; and in that secret room
My limbs proportion'd, cloth'd with flesh and skin,
With bones and sinews fortified within.
The life Thou gav'st Thou hast with plenty fed,
Long cherish'd, and through dangers safely led.
All this is buried in Thy breast; and yet
I know Thou canst not Thy old love forget.
Thou, if I err, observ'st me with stern eyes;
Nor will the plea of ignorance suffice.
Woe unto me should sin my soul infect,
Who dare not now, though innocent, erect
My downcast looks, which clouds of shame enfold.
Great God, my growing miseries behold!

Thou like a lion hunt'st me, wounds on wounds
Thy hands inflict, Thy fury knows no bounds.
Against me all Thy plagues embattled are,
Subdu'd with changes of internal war.
Why didst Thou draw me from my mother's womb?
Would I from thence had slipp'd into my tomb
Before the eye of man my face had seen,
And mix'd with dust, as I had never been!
O! since I have so short a time to live,
A little ease to these my torments give,
Before I go where all in silence mourn,
From whose dark shores no travellers return;
A land where death, confusion, endless night,
And horror reign, where darkness is their light."

## CHAPTER XI.

HUS Zophar with acerbity replied:
"Think'st thou by talking to be justified?
Or shall these wild distempers of thy mind,
This tempest of thy tongue, thus rave, and find
No opposition? Shall we guilty be
Of thy untruths, in not reproving thee?
Nor dye thy cheeks in blushes, for the scorn
Thou throw'st on us, till now with patience borne?
Hast thou not said to God, 'My heart's upright,
My doctrine pure, I blameless in Thy sight?'
O that He would be pleaséd to reply,
And take the veil from thy hypocrisy!
Should He reveal His wisdom to thine eyes,
How wouldst thou thy integrity despise!
Acknowledging these punishments far less
Than thy offences, and His grace profess!
Canst thou into thy Maker's counsels dive?
Or to the knowledge of His thoughts arrive,

Higher than highest heav'ns, more deep than hell,
Longer than earth, more broad than seas that swell
Above their shores. Can man His footsteps trace?
Would He the course of nature change, the face
Of things invert, and all dissolve again
To their old chaos? who could God restrain?
He knows that man is vain, His eyes detect
Their secret crimes; and shall not He correct?
Thus fools grow wise, subdue their stubborn souls,
Though in their pride more rude than ass's foals.
If thou effect thy cure, reform thy ways:
Let penitence resolve to tears, and raise
Thy hands to heav'n; what rapine got, restore;
Nor let insidious vice approach thy door.
Then thou thy looks shalt raise from blemish clear,
Walk in full strength, and no disaster fear.
As winter torrents, tumbling from on high,
Waste with their speed, and leave their channels dry;
So shall the sense of former sorrows run
From thy remembrance. As the mounted sun
Breaks through the clouds, and throws his golden rays
About the world, shall thy increasing days
Succeed in glory. Thou thyself shalt rise
Like that bright star, which last forsakes the skies,
For ever by thy steadfast hopes secur'd,
Intrenchéd, and with walls of brass immur'd,
Confirm'd against all storms. Soft sleep shall close
Thy guarded eyes with undisturb'd repose.
The great shall honour; the distresséd shall
Thy grace implore; belov'd, or fear'd of all.
The sight of thee shall strike the envious blind;
The wicked with anxiety of mind
Shall pine away, in sighs consume their breath,
Prevented in their hopes by sudden death."

## CHAPTER XII.

TO whom thus Job: "You are the only wise,
And when you die, the fame of wisdom dies.
Though passion be a fool, though you profess
Yourselves such sages, yet know I no less,
Nor am to you inferior. What blind soul
Could this not see? 'Tis easy to control.
My sad example shows, how those whose cries
Ev'n God regards, their scoffing friends despise.
He that is wretched, though in life a saint,
Becomes a scorn: this is an old complaint.
Those who grow old in fluency and ease,
When they from shore behold him toss'd on seas,
And near his ruin, his condition slight,
Priz'd as a lamp consum'd with his own light.
The tents of robbers flourish. Earth's increase
Foments their riot, who disturb her peace.
Who God contemn, in sin securely reign;
And prosp'rous crimes the meed of virtue gain.
Ask thou the citizens of pathless woods,
What cut the air with wings, what swim in floods,
Brute beasts, and fost'ring earth; in general
They will confess the pow'r of God in all.
Who knows not that His hands both good and ill
Dispense; that fate depends upon His will?
All that have life are subject to His sway,
And at His pleasure prosper, or decay.
Is not the ear the judge of eloquence?
Gives not the palate to the taste his sense?
Sure, knowledge is deriv'd from length of years,
And wisdom's brows are cloth'd with silver hairs.
God's pow'r is as His prudence, equal great;
In counsel, and intelligence, complete.

Who can what He shall ruin, build again;
Loose whom He binds, or His strong arm restrain?
At His rebuke, the living waters fly
To their old springs, and leave their channels dry.
When He commands, in cataracts they roar,
And the wild ocean leaves itself no shore.
His wisdom and His pow'r our thoughts transcend.
Both the deceiver and deceiv'd depend
Upon His beck; He those who others rule
Infatuates, and makes the judge a fool;
Dissolves the nerves of empire; kings deprives
Of sov'reignty, their crowns exchang'd for gyves.
Impoverish'd nobles into exile leads;
And on the carcases of princes treads.
Takes from the orator his eloquence;
From ancient sages their discerning sense.
Subjects the worthy to contempt and wrong;
The valiant terrifies, disarms the strong.
Unveils the secrets of the silent night;
Brings, what the shades of death obscures, to light.
A nation makes more num'rous than the stars;
Again devours with famine, plagues, and wars.
Now, like a deluge, they the earth surround;
Forthwith, reduc'd into a narrow bound.
He fortitude and counsel takes away
From their commanders; who in deserts stray,
Grope in the dark, and to no seat confine
Their wand'ring feet, but reel as drunk with wine.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"THIS by mine eyes and ears have I convey'd
Down to my heart, and in that closet laid.
Need I in depth of knowledge yield to you?
Is not as much to my discretion due?

O that th'All-seeing Judge, Who cannot err,
Would hear me plead, and with a wretch confer!
You corrosives into my wounds distill;
And ignorant artists, with your physic kill.
Ah! shame you not to vent such forgeries?
Seal up your lips and be in silence wise.
And since you are by far more fit to hear,
Than to instruct, afford my tongue an ear.
O will you wickedly for God dispute,
And by deceitful ways strive to confute?
Are you, in favour of His person, bent
Thus to prejudicate the innocent?
Needs He an advocate to plead His cause,
To justify untruths against His laws?
Can you on Him such falsities obtrude,
And as a mortal the Most Wise delude?
Will it avail you, when He shall remove
Your painted vizors? will not He reprove,
And sharply punish, if in secret you,
For favour or reward, injustice do?
Shall not His excellence your souls affright,
His horrors on your heads like thunder light?
Your memories to ashes must decay,
And your frail bodies are but built of clay.
Forbear to speak till my conceptions shall
Discharge their birth, then let what will befall,
Why should I tear my flesh, cast off the care
Of future life, and languish in despair?
Though God should kill me, I my confidence
On Him would fix, nor quit my own defence.
He shall restore me by His saving might,
Nor shall the hypocrite approach His sight.
Give me your ears, O you who were my friends,
While injur'd innocence itself defends,
I am prepar'd, and wish my cause were tried,
In full assurance to be justified.

Begin: Who will accuse? Should I not speak
In such a truth, my heart with grief would break.
Just Judge, two lets remove, that, free from dread,
I may before Thy high tribunal plead.
O let these torments from my flesh depart,
Nor with Thy terrors daunt my trembling heart.
Then charge, so I my life may justify,
And to my just complaint do Thou reply.
What sins are those that so pollute my breast?
O, show how oft I have Thy laws transgress'd.
Wilt Thou Thy servant of Thy sight deprive,
And as an enemy to ruin drive?
Wilt Thou a wither'd leaf to powder grind,
Toss'd in the air by ev'ry breath of wind?
Or with Thy lightning into ashes turn
Such worthless stubble, only dried to burn?
Thou hast indicted me of bitter crimes;
Now punish'd for the faults of former times.
Lo! my restrainéd feet Thy fetters wound,
Watch'd with a guard, and rooted in the ground.
Like rotten fruit I fall, worn like a cloth
Gnawn into rags by the devouring moth.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"AH! few, and full of sorrow, are the days
Of man from woman sprung! His life decays
Like that frail flow'r, which with the sun's uprise
Her bud unfolds, and with the ev'ning dies.
He like an empty shadow glides away,
And all his life is but a winter's day.
Wilt Thou Thine eye upon a vapour bend,
Or with so weak an opposite contend?
Who can a pure and crystal current bring
From such a muddy and polluted spring?

O, since his days are number'd, since Thou hast
Prescrib'd him bounds that are not to be pass'd,
A little with his punishment dispense,
Till he have serv'd his time, and part from hence.
A tree, though hewn with axes to the ground,
Renews his growth, and springs from his green wound;
Although his root wax old, his fivers[1] dry,
Although the sapless bole begin to die,
Yet will at scent of water freshly sprout,
And like a plant thrust his young branches out.
But man when once cut down, when his pale ghost
Fleets into air, he is for ever lost.
As meteors vanish, which the seas exhale,
As torrents in the drought of summer fail,
So perish'd man from death shall never rise,
But sleep in silent shades with seal'd-up eyes,
While the celestial orbs in order roll,
And turn their flames about the steadfast pole.
O that Thou would'st conceal me in the grave,
Immure with marble in that secret cave,
Until the tempest of Thy wrath were past!
A time prefix, and think of me at last!
Can man recover his departed breath?
I will expect until my change in death,
And answer at Thy call. Thou wilt renew
What Thou hast ruin'd, and my fears subdue.
But now Thou tell'st my steps, mark'st when I err,
Nor wilt the vengeance due to sin defer.
Thou in a bag hast my transgressions seal'd,
And only by their punishments reveal'd.
As mountains, toss'd by earthquakes, down are thrown,
Rocks torn up by the roots, as hardest stone
The softly-falling drops of water wear;

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[1] *Fivers.* An old spelling of *fibres.*

As inundations all before them bear,
And leave the earth abandonéd; so shall
Th' aspiring hopes of man to nothing fall.
Thy wrath prevails against him ev'ry day,
Whom with a changéd face Thou send'st away;
Then knows not if his sons to honour rise,
Or struggle with their strong necessities.
But here his wasting flesh with anguish burns,
And his perturbéd soul within him mourns."

## CHAPTER XV.

JOB paused; to whom the Temanite replies:
"Can man such follies utter and be wise,
Which bluster from the tempest of thy mind,
As if thy breast enclos'd the eastern wind?
Wilt thou thy idle rage by reason prove,
Or speak those thoughts which have no pow'r to move?
Thou from thy rebel heart hast God exil'd,
Kept back thy prayers, His sacred truth revil'd.
Thy lips declare thy own impiety,
Accuse of fraud, condemn thee, and not I.
Art thou the first of mortals? Wert thou made
Before the hills their lofty brows display'd?
Hath God to thee His oracles resign'd?
Is wisdom only to thy breast confin'd?
What know'st thou that we know not? as complete
In nature's graces; in acquir'd, as great.
There are grey heads among us; counsellers,
To whom thy father was a boy in years.
Slight'st thou the comforts we from God impart?
What greater secret lurks in thy proud heart,
That hurries thee into these ecstasies?

What fury flames in thy disdainful eyes?
Wilt thou a war against thy Maker wage,
And wound Him with thy tongue's blasphémous rage?
Was ever human flesh from blemish clear?
Can they be guiltless whom frail women bear?
He trusteth not his ministers of light;
The radiant stars shine dimly in His sight.
How perfect then is man, from head to foot
Defil'd with filth, and rotten at the root?
Who poisoning sin with burning thirst devours,
As parchéd earth sucks in the falling showers.
What I have heard and seen (would'st thou intend
Thy cure) I would unto thy care commend,
Which oft the wise have in my thoughts reviv'd,
To them from knowing ancestors deriv'd;
Who godlike over happy nations reign'd,
And virtue by suppressing vice sustain'd.
Th' unjust his days in painful travail spends,
The cruel suddenly to death descends.
He starts at ev'ry sound that strikes his ear;
And punishment anticipates by fear.
Who from the height of all his glory shall,
Like newly-kindled exhalations, fall.
Despair's cold breath his springing hopes confounds;
Who feels th' expected sword before it wounds.
He begs his bread from door to door, and knows
The night draws on that must his day inclose.
Horror and anguish shall his soul affright,
Daunt like a king that draws his troops to fight.
Since he against the Almighty stretcht his hand,
And like a rebel spurn'd at His command;
God shall upon his sev'n-fold target rush,
And his stiff neck beneath his shoulders crush.
Though luxury swell in his shining eyes,

And his fat belly load his yielding thighs;
Though he dismantled cities fortify,
From their deserted ruins rais'd on high;
Yet his congested wealth shall melt like snow,
Whose growth shall never to perfection grow.
Destruction shall surround him, nor shall he
His soul from that dark night of horror free.
God with His breath shall all his branches blast,
And scorch with lightning by His vengeance cast.
Will the deluded trust to vanity,
And by the stroke of his own folly die?
For he shall be cut down before his time,
His spreading branches wither in their prime.
Lo, as a storm, which with the sun ascends,
From creeping vines their unripe clusters rends,
And the fat olive, ever green with leaves,
Together of her hopes and flowers bereaves:
So shall the great Revenger ruinate
Him and his issue by a dreadful fate.
Those fools who fraud with piety disguise,
And by corrupting bribes to greatness rise;
Their glories shall in desolation mourn,
While hungry flames their lofty structures burn.
With mischief they conceive; their bellies, great
With swelling vanity, bring forth deceit."

## CHAPTER XVI.

THEN Job: "How long wilt thou thus vex mine ears!
You all are miserable comforters.
Shall this vain wind of words, ah! never end?
Why Eliphaz should'st thou afflict thy friend?
Were you so lost in grief, would I thus speak?

Such bruiséd hearts with harsh invectives break?
Would I accumulate your miseries
With scorn, and draw new rivers from your eyes?
O no, my language should your passions calm,
My words should drop into your wounds like balm.
But, O, my frantic sorrow finds no ease!
Complaints nor silence can their pangs appease!
Thou, Lord, hast my perplexéd soul depress'd,
Bereft of all the comforts she possess'd;
My face thus furrow'd with untimely age,
My pale and meagre looks profess Thy rage.
Whose ministers, like cunning foes, surprise,
Tear with their teeth, transfix me with their eyes;
Against my peace combine; at once assail,
With open mouths, and impudently rail.
God hath deliver'd me into their jaws
Who hunt for spoil, and make their swords their laws.
Long sail'd I on smooth seas, by fore-winds borne;
Now bulg'd on rocks, and by His tempests torn.
He by the neck hath hal'd, in pieces cut,
And set me as a mark on ev'ry butt.
His archers circle me; my reins they wound,
And, ruthless, shed my gall upon the ground.
Behold! He ruins upon ruins heaps,
And on me like a furious giant leaps.
For thus with sackcloth I invest my woe,
And dust upon my clouded forehead throw.
My cheeks are gutter'd with my fretting tears,
And on my falling eye-lids death appears.
Yet is my heart upright, my pray'rs sincere,
My guiltless life from your aspersions clear.
Reveal, O earth, the blood that I have spilt,
Nor hear me, heav'n, if I be soil'd with guilt.
My conscience knows her own integrity,
And that all-seeing Pow'r enthron'd on high.

Yet you traduce me in my miseries,
But I to God erect my weeping eyes.
Would I before Him might my cause defend,
And argue as a mortal with his friend!
Since I ere long that precipice must tread,
Whence none return, that leads unto the dead.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"MY spirits are infected, and my tomb
Yawns to devour me; my last days are come.
Yet you with bitter scorn my pangs increase,
Nor, ah! will suffer me to die in peace.
What advocate will take your cause in hand,
And for you at the high tribunal stand,
Since God your erring souls deprives of sense,
Nor will exalt you in your own defence?
His children shall their days in sorrow end,
Whose tongue with flattery deludes his friend.
I to the vulgar am become a jest,
Esteemed as a minstrel at a feast;
My sleepless eyes their splendour quench in tears;
My tortur'd body to a shadow wears.
This, in the righteous wonder shall excite;
The innocent shall hate the hypocrite.
He in the path prescrib'd shall boldly go,
And his untainted strength shall stronger grow.
Revoke your wand'ring censures, nor despise
The wretched, you who seem, but are not, wise.
My flying hours arrive at their last date,
My thoughts and fortunes buried in my fate.
How soon my shorten'd day is chang'd to night!
Abortive darkness veils my setting light.
Oh! can your counsel his despair defer,

Who now is houséd in his sepulchre?
I in the shades of death my bed have made.
'Corruption, thou my father art,' I said,
'And thou, O worm, my mother; by thy birth
My sister, born and nourishéd by earth.'
Where now are all my hopes? O never more
Shall they revive, nor death her rapes restore!
But to the grave's infernal prison must
With me descend, and rot in shrouds of dust."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

O whom thus Bildad: "When wilt thou forbear
To clamour, and afford a patient ear?
Dost thou as beasts thy ancient friends despise?
Are we so vile and trivial in thine eyes?
O miserable man, by thy own rage
In pieces torn, can fury grief assuage?
Will God for thee the govern'd earth forsake,
His purpose change, and rocks asunder shake?
He shall their light extinguish who decline
From virtue's paths, their sparks shall cease to shine.
The wicked shall be compasséd about
With darkness, and his oilless lamp fly out.
His wasted strength unthought-of mischiefs shall
Entrap, and he by his own counsels fall.
His desp'rate feet their lord to ruin lead,
And on preparéd engines rashly tread.
The hunter shall entangle in his toil,
And rav'nous thieves of all his substance spoil;
Snares, spread with tempting baits, for him shall lay,
And dig concealéd pitfalls in his way.
A thousand horrors shall his soul affright,
Encounter, and pursue his guilty flight.

Destruction shall upon his steps attend,
And famine's rage into his guts descend;
She shall the sinews of his strength devour,
And death's first-born shall crop him in his flow'r;
Cut off his confidence, and to the king
Of terrors his accuséd conscience bring.
Driv'n from the house unjustly call'd his own,
By rapine got, which flaming sulphur, thrown
From Heav'n, shall burn; his root within the ground
Shall wither, and the axe his branches wound.
He and his dying memory shall rot,
His name ev'n by the present age forgot.
From light into perpetual darkness hurl'd,
And, as a mischief, chas'd out of the world.
No son or nephew shall supply his place,
Himself the last of his accurséd race.
Posterity, as those then living, shall
With wonder tremble at his fearful fall.
So tragical and merited a fate
Shall swallow those who God and justice hate."

## CHAPTER XIX.

"HOW long," said Job, "will you with bitter words
Thus wound my soul, your tongues more sharp than swords?
Ten times have you aspersions on me thrown;
Yourselves as strangers without blushing shown.
If I have sinn'd, my sins with me remain,
And I alone the punishment sustain.
It is inhuman cruelty in you
Thus to insult, and his reproach pursue

Whom God's own Hand hath cast unto the ground,
And in a labyrinth of sorrow wound.
Unheard are my complaints, my cries the wind
Drives through the air, my wrongs no judgment find.
God, with besieging troops, prevents my flight,
And folds my paths in shades more dark than night,
Hath stripp'd me of my glory, my renown
Eclips'd, and from my temples torn my crown.
On ev'ry side destroy'd, trod under foot,
I, as a plant, am pull'd up by the root.
His indignation like a furnace glows,
Who as a foe at me His lightning throws.
All His assembled plagues at once devour,
And round about my tents encamp their pow'r.
My mother's sons desert me; left alone
By my familiars, by my friends unknown.
My kindred fail me; these alone depend
On fortune's smiles: the wretched finds no friend.
Those of my family their master slight;
Grown despicable in my handmaids' sight.
I of my churlish servants am unheard,
My suff'rings nor intreaties they regard.
My wife neglects me, though desir'd to take
Some pity on me for our children's sake.
By idle boys and idiots vilified,
Who me and my calamities deride.
My intimates far from my sight remove,
Those whom I favour'd most, ungrateful prove.
My skin cleaves to my bones; of this remains
No part entire, but what my teeth contains.
O my hard-hearted friends! take some remorse
Of him whom God hath made a living corse.
Will you with God in my afflictions join?
Will 't not suffice that I in torments pine?

O that the words I speak were registred,
Writ in a book, for ever to be read!
Or that the tenor of my just complaint
Were sculpt with steel on rocks of adamant!
For my Redeemer lives; I know He shall
Descend to earth, and man to judgment call.
Though worms devour me, though I turn to mould,
Yet in my flesh I shall His face behold.
I from my marble monument shall rise
Again entire, and see Him with these eyes;
Though stern diseases now consume my reins,
And drink the blood out of my shrivell'd veins.
'Twere better said, Why should we persecute
Our friend, whose cause is solid at the root?
O fear the sword, for punishments succeed
Our trespasses, and cruelty must bleed."

## CHAPTER XX.

THUS answer'd the incensed Naamathite:
"I had been silent, but thy words excite
My struggling thoughts to vindicate the wrong
Cast on our zeal by thy reproachful tongue.
This is a truth which with the world began,
Since earth was first inhabited by man,
Sin's triumph in swift misery concludes,
And flatt'ring joy the hypocrite deludes.
Although his excellence to heav'n aspire,
Though radiant beams his shining brows attire,
He, as his dung, shall perish on the ground,
Nor shall th' impression of his steps be found,
But like a troubled dream shall take his flight,
And vanish as a vision of the night.
No mortal eye shall see his face again,

Nor sumptuous roofs their builder entertain.
If he have children, they shall serve the poor,
And goods by rapine got, enforc'd, restore.
The punishments of luxury and lust
Shall eat his bones, nor leave him in the dust.
Though vice, like sweet confections, please his taste,
Although between his tongue and palate plac'd,
Though he preserve, and chew it with delight,
Nor bridle his licentious appetite,
Yet shall it in his boiling stomach turn
To bitter poison, and like wild-fire burn.
He shall cast up the wealth by him devour'd,
Like vomit from his yawning entrails pour'd.
The gall of asps with thirsty lips suck in,
The viper's deadly teeth shall pierce his skin,
Nor ever shall those happy rivers know,
Which with pure oil and fragrant honey flow.
The riches purchas'd by his care and sweat
He shall resign, nor of his labours eat,
But restitution to the value make;
Nor joy in his extorted treasure take.
Since he the poor forsook, the weak oppress'd,
The mansion, by another built, possess'd,
His belly never shall be satisfied,
Nor he with his adoréd wealth supplied.
Of all his sustenance at once bereft,
No heir shall strive to inherit what is left.
He in the pride of his full glory shall
To earth descend, and by the wicked fall.
About to feed, Jehovah's flaming ire
Shall blast his hopes, and mix his food with fire.
While from the raging sword he vainly flies,
A bow of steel shall fix his trembling thighs.
Darts through his flowing gall shall force their way,
Eternal terrors shall his soul dismay.
Thick darkness shall enfold, a fire unblown

Devour his race, by their misfortunes known.
Heav'n shall reveal his close impieties;
And earth, by him defil'd, against him rise.
His substance in that day of wrath shall waste,
Like sudden torrents from steep mountains cast.
This is the portion of the hypocrite;
Such horrors shall on the blasphemer light."

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE Huzite sigh'd, and said: "My words attend!
Afford this only comfort to your friend.
Suffer my tongue to speak my thoughts, and then
Renew your scoffs: do I complain to men?
Since God such dreadful arms against me bears,
O, why should I suppress my sighs and tears!
My suff'rings with astonishment survey,
And on your silent lips your fingers lay.
For should my enemy endure the like,
The story would my soul with horror strike.
Why live the wicked? they by vices thrive,
Sail on smooth seas, and at their port arrive;
Confirm a long succession, and behold
Their num'rous offspring, in excess grow old.
Their houses on secure foundations stand,
Nor are they humbled by the Almighty's hand.
Their lusty bulls serve not their kine in vain,
Their calves the breeders their full time retain.
Abroad like flocks their little ones they send;
Their children dance, in active sports contend,
Strike the melodious harp, shrill timbrels ring,
And to the warbling lute soft ditties sing.
Life is to them a long-continued feast,
And sleep is not more calm than Death's arrest.

To God they say: 'Enjoy Thy heaven alone;
Be Thou to us, as we to Thee, unknown.'
For what is He, that we should Him obey,
Or fruitless vows before His altar pay?
Yet their felicity from Him proceeds;
Nor am I culpable of their misdeeds.
When are their tapers quench'd? do they expire,
Struck by the Thunderer with darts of fire?
How oft are they like chaff by whirlwinds tost,
Or early blossoms bitten by the frost?
When are their vices punish'd in their seed?
When for their own offences do they bleed?
How often tread destruction's horrid path?
And drink the dregs of the Revenger's wrath?
Care they for their deserted families,
When Death's all-curing hand shall close their eyes?
Shall man His Maker teach, Who sits on high,
And sways the world's inferior monarchy?
Two men at once behold: the one possest
Of his desires, with peace and plenty blest,
From whose swol'n breast a stream of milk distills,
Whose bones high feeding with hot marrow fills;
The other, miserable from his birth,
A burthen to himself and to the earth,
Who never could his hunger's rage suffice.
That in perfection, this in sorrow dies.
Yet death, more equal, these extremes conforms,
And covers their corrupting flesh with worms.
I know your counsels; can your thoughts detect;
The forgéd crimes you purpose to object.
Where are, say you, those palaces that blaz'd
With burnish'd gold, on carvéd columns rais'd?
Built on the ruins of the poor, the soil
By extortion purchas'd, and adorn'd with spoil?
Be judg'd by travellers; they will confute
What falsely you suggest, and strike you mute;

For these and those, who high in vice command,
Against the thunder's rage securely stand;
And flourish in the day of wrath, when all
About them by the stroke of slaughter fall.
Who dare against the great in mischief plead,
Or turn his injuries upon his head?
They shall his corpse with funeral pomp inter,
And lodge him in a sumptuous sepulchre.
The flow'rs which in the circling valley grow
Shall on his monument their odours throw.
All that survive shall follow him, and tread
That common path, by innumerable led.
Why vainly then pretend you my relief,
And with false comforts aggravate my grief?"

## CHAPTER XXII.

"CAN man his Maker benefit," replied
The Temanite, "as he by wisdom's guide
May his own joys advance? Can he delight
From Him receive, because his heart's upright?
Avails it Him that thou from vice art clear?
Makes He thee guilty, or condemns for fear?
No, Job, thy sins these punishments beget,
Thy sins which are as infinite as great.
Thou of their garments oft hast stript the poor,
Thy brother's pledge refusing to restore;
No water wouldst unto the thirsty give,
Nor with thy bread the hungry soul relieve;
While mighty men, and those who more possess'd
Than serv'd for riot, surfeit at thy feast.
Sad widows, by thee rifled, weep in vain;
And ruin'd orphans of thy rapes complain.
For this, unthought of snares begirt thee round,
And sudden fears thy troubled soul confound;

Dark clouds before thine eyes their vapours spread,
And thronging billows roll above thy head.
Perhaps these fumes from thy distemper rise;
Sits not Jehovah on the archéd skies?
Behold the stars, which underneath display
Their sparkling fires; how far remov'd are they?
What can He at so great a distance know?
Can He from thence behold our deeds below?
Thick interposing mists His eyesight bound,
Who free from trouble treads th' etherial round.
Hast thou observ'd those crooked paths, wherein
They blindly wander who are slaves to sin?
Snatch'd from their hopes by an untimely end,
Cast down like torrents, never to ascend.
Who said to God, us to our fortunes leave;
From Thee what benefit do we receive?
Yet He their houses with abundance stor'd;
With show'rs of gold, the god their souls ador'd.
O, how my soul their wicked counsel hates!
The righteous shall behold their tragic fates;
Joy at their early ruin; then deride
Their flatter'd glory, and now humbled pride.
But we and ours shall flourish in His grace,
When searching flames devour their cursed race.
Consult with God; thy troubled mind compose;
So He shall give a period to thy woes.
Receive the laws His sacred lips impart,
And lodge them in the closet of thy heart.
If thou return, He will thy fall erect;
Nor shall contagious sin thy roof infect.
Then shalt thou gather shining heaps of gold,
As pebbles which the purling streams enfold,
Trod under foot like dust. Thy God shall be
A silver shield, a tow'r of gold to thee;
For thou on Him shalt thy affections place,
And humbly to His throne exalt thy face.

Thou at His altar shall devoutly pray;
He shall consent, and thou thy vows shalt pay.
He shall thy wishes to fruition raise,
And shed celestial beams upon thy ways.
When men are from their noon of glory thrown,
And under sin and sorrow's burthen groan,
Then shalt thou say: 'Th' Almighty from the grave
Hath me redeem'd; He will the humble save.'
Those guilty souls who languish in despair
God shall restore, and strengthen at thy pray'r."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

HEN Job: "Though my complaints observe no bounds,
Yet O, how far less bitter than my wounds!
Would His divine recess to me were known,
That I at length might plead before His throne!
I would such weighty arguments enforce
As should convert His fury to remorse.
Then should my longing soul His answer hear:
Would he object His pow'r, or daunt with fear?
O no, His goodness rather would impart
New vigour and repair my broken heart.
He would the plea of innocence admit,
And me for ever by His sentence quit.
But is not to be found; though I should run
To those disclosing portals of the sun,
And walk his way, until his horses steep
Their fiery fetlocks in th' Iberian deep;
Or should I to th' opposéd poles repair,
Where equal cold congeals the fixéd air,
And yet His searching eyes my paths behold,
When He hath tried me I shall shine like gold;
For in His tract my wary feet have stept,

His undeclinéd ways precisely kept;
Nor ever have revolted from His laws,
To me more sweet than food to hungry jaws.
But He is still the same, (O, who can shun
Or change his fate!) what He decrees is done.
This truth behold in me: His mysteries
Are sacred, and conceal'd from mortal eyes.
I therefore tremble at His dreadful sight;
Distracted thoughts my troubled soul affright.
For oh, His terror melts my heart to tears,
Dissolves my brain, and harrows me with fears,
Who neither would by death prevent my woes,
Nor ease my soul in these her bitter throes."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"WHY are the punishments by God decreed
To wicked men and their rebellious seed,
Since times to come are present in His sight,
Conceal'd from those who in His laws delight?
Some slily marks remove from bord'ring lands,
Feed on the flocks they purchase; with strange hands
The orphan's only ass they drive away,
And make the widow's mortgag'd ox their prey.
Who force the frighted poor to turn aside,
Whom milder rocks in their dark caverns hide.
Like asses in the desert they their toil
With day renew, and rise betimes for spoil.
The barren wilderness presents them food
To feed themselves and their adult'rate brood.
Their sicklers reap the corn another sows;
They drink the blood which from stol'n clusters flows.

The poor, by them disrobéd, naked lie,
Veil'd with no other cov'ring but the sky.
Expos'd to stiff'ning frosts and drenching show'rs,
Which thicken'd air from her black bosom pours;
To torrents which from cloudy mountains spring,
And to the hanging cliffs for shelter cling.
They from their mothers' breasts poor orphans rend,
Nor without gages to the needy lend.
For want of clothes they force them starve with cold;
From hungry reapers they their sheaves withhold.
Those faint for thirst who in their vintage toil,
And from the juicy olive press pure oil.
Oppresséd cities groan; the wounded cry
To heav'n for vengeance; yet in peace they die.
Others, that truth oppose, despise the way
Of her prescriptions, and in darkness stray;
Stern murderers, that rise before the light
To kill the innocent, and rob at night.
Unclean adulterers, whose longing eyes
Wait for the twilight, enter in disguise,
And say, who sees us? Thieves who daily mark
Those houses which they plunder in the dark.
These strangers are to light; the morning rays
By them are hated as their last of days;
The agonies of death are on them, when
They are but known, or spoken of by men;
And yet they perish by Jehovah's curse,
And fail like roaring floods that have no source.
Unlike the gen'rous vine, which cut, abounds
With budding gems, and prospers in her wounds.
As scorching heat the mountain snow devours,
As thirsty earth drinks up the falling show'rs,
Ev'n so the grave's insatiable jaws
Those rebels swallow who infringe His laws.

The wombs that bare, their burthens shall forget,
And greedy worms their flesh with pleasure eat.
No tongue or pen shall mention their renown;
But lie like trees by sudden storms cast down.
The barren they more miserable make,
And from the widow all her comfort take.
The mighty fall in their seditious strife;
When once they rise who can secure his life?
Though they be resolute and confident,
Yet are Jehovah's eyes upon them bent.
But O, how short their glory! rais'd to fall,
Lost in the ashes of their funeral.
For they as others die; like ears of corn
By lightning blasted, or with sickles shorn.
Who doubts these contraries? Who will dispute
Against me, and my instances confute?"

## CHAPTER XXV.

SHUETIAN Bildad made this short reply:
"Dominion and awful majesty
To Him belong, Who, crown'd with sacred rays,
The host of heav'n in perfect concord sways.
Who can His armies number, infinite,
And full of fate! On whom shines not His light?
Can mortals righteous in His eyes appear?
Can they be spotless whom frail women bear?
To Him the radiant sun is but obscure,
The moon still in eclipse, the stars impure.
What then is man, polluted in his birth,
An unclean worm that crawls upon the earth?"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"ALL tongues," said Job, "of thy perfections speak;
Thou he that renders vigour to the weak;
Thy strength the feeble arm with nerves supplies,
Thou by thy counsel mak'st the foolish wise;
No secret from thy knowledge is conceal'd;
Celestial oracles by thee reveal'd.
To whom art thou so prodigal of breath,
Or by what virtue dost thou raise from death?
God's works, O Bildad, we admire no less,
His prudence in their government confess.
Dead things within the deep were form'd by Him;
And all that in the curléd ocean swim.
The silent vaults of death, unknown to light,
And hell itself, lie naked to His sight.
He fashion'd those harmonious orbs that roll
In restless gyres about the arctic pole.
The massy earth, supported by His care,
On nothing hangs in soft and fluent air.
He in thick clouds the pendent water binds,
Not thaw'd with heat, nor torn with struggling winds
Before His radiant throne like curtains spread,
Yet at His beck in show'rs their substance shed.
With constant bounds the raging floods confines,
Till day his throne to endless night resigns.
Heav'n's columns, when His storms and thunder rake
The troubled air, with sudden horror shake.
Lo, at His breath the swelling waves divide,
His awful sceptre calms their vanquish'd pride.
Whose Hand th' adornéd firmament display'd,
Those serpentine yet constant motions made;

These but in part His pow'r and wisdom show,
For O, how little do we mortals know!
Although His fame resound through all the world,
Like thunder from aerial vapours hurl'd."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THEY silenc'd, Job proceeds in his defence:
"As the Lord lives, Who knows my innocence,
Yet will not judge, but hath my soul depriv'd
Of all her joys, to misery long-liv'd.
While these my vital spirits shall receive
The food of air, and through my nostrils breathe,
No falsehood shall defile my lips with lies,
Or with a veil the face of truth disguise.
Nor will I wound my clear integrity
By yielding to your wrongs, but rather die.
Shall I myself betray, my strength refuse,
Desert my justice, and my truth accuse?
First may I sink by torments yet unknown,
That those which now I suffer may seem none.
Let such as hate me in their sins rejoice,
And surfeit with the pleasant baits of vice.
What hope hath the prevailing hypocrite,
When God shall chase his soul to endless night?
Will God relieve him in his agonies,
Or from the depth of sorrow hear his cries?
Will he in God delight, His aid implore
Incessantly, and His great Name adore?
O, be instructed by these characters
Of His impression, which my body bears!
I His more secret judgments will disclose,
Which you have seen, yet desp'rately oppose.
This is the portion which the wicked hath,

He shall inherit the Almighty's wrath.
The lawless sword his children's blood shall shed,
Increas'd for slaughter, born to beg their bread.
Death shall the remnant in his dungeon keep;
No widow at his funeral shall weep.
Although he gather gold like heaps of dust,
The fuel of his luxury and lust,
His cabinets with change of garments fraught,
By silkworms spun, and Phrygian needles wrought,
Yet for the just reserv'd, who shall divide
His treasure, and divest him of his pride.
Though he his house of polish'd marble build,
With jasper floor'd, and carvéd cedar ceil'd,
Yet shall it ruin like the moth's frail cell,
Or sheds of reeds, which summer's heat repell.
He shall lie down, neglected, as unknown,
And, when he wakes, see nothing of his own.
Terrors, like swallowing deluges, shall fright.
Swept from his bed by tempests in the night.
Like scatter'd down by howling Eurus blown,
By rapid whirlwinds from his mansion thrown.
God shall transfix him with His wingéd dart,
Though he avoid Him like the flying hart;
Men shall pursue with merited disgrace,
Hiss, clap their hands, and from his country chase."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THERE are rich veins of gold, and silver mines,
Whose ore the fire in crucibles refines.
So digg'd up iron is in the furnace blown,
And brass extracted from the melting stone.
Men through the wounded earth enforce their way,
And show the under shades an unknown day,

While from her bowels they her treasure tear,
And to their avarice subject their fear.
There they with subterranean waters meet,
And currents never touch'd by human feet;
These by their bold endeavours are made dry,
And from the industry of mortals fly.
The earth with yellow ears her brows attires,
Although her jaws exhale embosom'd fires.
Torn rocks the sparkling diamond unfold,
The blushing ruby, and pure grains of gold.
Those gloomy vaults no wand'ring soul descries,
Nor are they piercéd by the vulture's eyes.
Swift tigers, which in pathless deserts stray,
Nor solitary lions tread that way.
Their restless labours cleave the living stone,
Cloud-touching mountains by their roots o'er-
thrown.
New streams through wond'ring rocks their tract
pursue,
While they the magazines of nature view,
Who swelling floods with narrow bounds enclose,
And what in darkness lurk'd, to light expose.
But where above the earth, or under ground,
Can Wisdom by the search of man be found?
Her worth his estimation far excells,
Conceal'd from sense, nor with the living dwells.
The seas reply: 'She lies not in our deeps,
Nor in our floods her radiant tresses steeps.
Nor are her rare endowments to be sold
For silver hills, or rivers pav'd with gold;
Nor for the glitt'ring sand by Ophir shown,
The blue-ey'd sapphire, or rich onyx stone,
For rocks of crystal from the ocean brought,
Nor jewels by the rarest workman wrought.
Can blazing carbuncles with her compare,
Or groves of coral harden'd by the air?

The topaz sent from scorchéd Meroë,
Or pearls presented by the Indian sea?
Whence comes she? from what undiscover'd land?
Or where doth her concealéd palace stand?
Since, O, invisible to mortal eye,
Or wingéd travellers that trace the sky.'
Death and destruction say, 'Her fame alone
Hath reach'd our ears, but to our eyes unknown.
God only understands her sacred ways,
The temple knows where she her light displays.
For He at once the orb of earth beholds,
And all that heav'n's blue canopy enfolds;
To measure out the struggling winds by weight,
That else the world would tear in their debate;
And bridle the wild's floods, lest they their bound
Again should pass, and all the earth surround.
When He in clouds the dropping waters hung,
And through their roaring jaws His lightning flung,
Then He beheld her face, her light display'd,
Prepar'd her paths, and thus to mortals said:
'The fear of God is wisdom; and to fly
From evil, is of virtues the most high.'"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

JOB paus'd: forthwith these words his sighs pursue:
"O that those happy days would now renew,
When God beneath His shield my safety plac'd!
When His clear lamp a sacred splendour cast
About my brows, by whose directing light
I trod securely through the shades of night!
That now I had what I in youth possess'd,
When He my mansion with His presence bless'd!

When those who from my veins deriv'd their blood,
Like springing laurels round about me stood!
When butter wash'd my steps, when streams of oil
Gush'd from the rocks, and plenty free from toil!
When through the gazing streets I pass'd in state
To my tribunal in the city's gate!
The blushing youth their virtuous awe disclose,
And from their seats the rev'rend elders rose.
Attentive princes such a silence kept,
As if their souls had in their bodies slept.
Th' astonish'd nobles stood like men that were
Depriv'd of all their senses but the ear.
All ears that heard, my equal justice prais'd;
All eyes that saw, their lids with wonder rais'd.
I from oppressors did the poor defend,
The fatherless, and such as had no friend.
Those sav'd, whom wicked pow'r sought to destroy,
And made the widow's heart to spring with joy.
I put on truth, she cloth'd me with renown;
My justice was to me a precious crown;
Eyes lent I to the blind; feet to the lame;
A father to the comfortless became.
I search'd what from my knowledge was conceal'd,
And clouded truth by her own light reveal'd.
Oft with my sceptre brake the lion's jaws,
And snatch'd the prey out of his arméd paws.
Then said, 'My days shall as the sand increase,
And I in my own nest shall die in peace.'
My root was by the living water spread,
And night her dew upon my branches shed.
My glory's crescent to a circle grew,
And I my bow with doubled vigour drew.
When I but spake, they hung upon my look,
And as an oracle my counsel took.
None spake but I; each his own judgment fears;
My words like honey dropp'd into their ears,

Which readily with joy they entertain,
As yawning earth devours the latter rain.
Although I smil'd, none would my thoughts suspect,
Nor on my mirth a frowning look reflect,
But trod the path which I their chief propos'd.
I king-like sate, with arméd troops enclos'd,
Gave timely comforts to the soul that mourn'd,
Rais'd from the dust, and tears to laughter turn'd."

## CHAPTER XXX.

" BITTER change! now boys my groans deride,
The wretched object of their scorn and pride;
Whose fathers I unworthy held to keep,
With less contemnéd dogs, my flocks of sheep.
How could their youth to my advantage turn,
Or elder age with weak'ning vices worn?
Who, pale with famine, to the desert fled,
On roots of juniper and mallows fed;
Whom men from their society exclude,
Detested, and like thieves with cries pursu'd;
Conceal'd in hollow rocks, in gloomy caves,
And cliffs deep vaulted by the fretting waves;
Among the bushes they like asses bray'd,
And in the brakes their conventicles made.
The sons of idiots, of ignoble birth,
Contaminate, and viler than the earth.
Yet now am I obnoxious to their wrongs,
A bye-word, and the subject of their songs.
Who exercise their tongues in my disgrace,
Abhor my paths, and spit upon my face.
They, ever since the enrag'd Omnipotent
Dissolv'd my sinews, and my bow unbent,

Like head-strong horses, 'twixt their teeth have
ta'en
The master'd bridle, and contemn'd the rein.
Lo, boys against me rise, and strow my way
With snares; then watch the cruel traps they lay;
Who now my paths pervert, their hate extend
To multiply his woes that hath no friend.
As seas against the shore's strong rampires stretch
Their batt'ring waves, and force a dreadful breach,
With equal fury they upon me roll,
Ev'n to the desolation of my soul.
Besieging terrors storm-like roar aloud,
Pursue, and chase me like an empty cloud.
O how my soul is pour'd upon the ground!
Full-grown affliction hath a subject found.
Torments by night my wasted marrow boil,
My pulses labour with unequal toil.
My sores pollute my garments; plagues infest
My poison'd skin, and like a coat invest.
O I am dust and ashes! Lord, Thou hast
Down in the dirt the broken-hearted cast.
Thy ears the incense of my pray'rs reject,
No tears nor vows can alter Thy neglect.
Ah! hast Thou lost Thy mercy! Wilt Thou fight
Against a worm, and in his groans delight!
Thou sett'st me on the winds, with ev'ry blast
Toss'd to and fro, while I to nothing waste.
I see my death approach; I to the womb
Of earth am call'd, of all the gen'ral tomb.
Thou never wilt the dead to life restore,
Though here in sorrow they Thy grace implore.
How oft have I for those that suffer'd wept!
Afflicted for the poor, when others slept!
Yet when I look'd for joy, for cheerful light,
Then grief fell on, and shades more black than
night.

My tortur'd bowels found no hour of rest,
By troops of sudden miseries opprest.
Unknown to-day, I mourn'd; my clamours tare
The ear's soft labyrinth, and cleft the air.
The hissing dragon and the screeching owl
Became companions to my pensive soul;
My flesh is cover'd with a veil of jet,
And all my bones consume with burning heat.
My harp her mournful strains in sorrow steeps,
My organ sighs sad airs, as one that weeps."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"I WITH my eyes a cov'nant made, that they
Should not my soul, nor she their lights betray
To the deceit of sin; why then should I
Behold a virgin with a burning eye?
What judgments are reserv'd, what vengeance due
To those, who their intemp'rate lusts pursue!
Destruction and eternal ruin shall,
From heav'n, like lightning, on the wicked fall.
Do not His searching eyes my ways behold,
Are not my steps by Him observ'd and told?
If tempting sin could ever yet entice
My feet to wander in the quest of vice,
Let that great Arbiter of wrong and right
Weigh in His scales, and cast me if too light.
If I from virtue's path have stept awry,
Or let my heart be govern'd by mine eye;
If I, O justice, have thy rites profan'd,
If bribes or guiltless blood my hands have stain'd,
Then let another reap what I have sown,
Nor let my race be to the living known.
If ever woman could to sin allure,

If I have waited at my neighbour's door,
Let my lascivious wife with others grind,
And by her lust repay my guilt in kind.
This were a heinous crime; so foul a fact
As would due vengeance from the Judge exact;
A wasting fire, which violently burns,
And all to poverty and ruin turns.
If I by pow'r my servants should oppress,
Nor would their crying grievances redress,
What should I do or say, when God shall come
To judge the world, that might divert His doom?
Both made He in the womb of equal worth,
Though to unequal destiny brought forth.
If from the poor I did their hopes detain,
Or made the widow's eyes expect in vain;
If I alone have at my table fed,
Or from the fatherless withheld my bread,
Nor foster'd from my youth, their wants supplied,
To him a father, and to her a guide;
If I have seen the naked starve for cold,
While avarice my charity controll'd;
If their cloth'd loins have not my bounty blest,
Warm with the fleeces which my flocks divest;
If I my arms have rais'd to crush the weak,
The judge prepar'd, the witness taught to speak;
Be all their ligaments at once unbound,
And their disjointed bones to powder ground.
Divine revenge my soul from sin deterr'd;
For I the anger of th' Almighty fear'd.
I never idolizéd gold embrac'd,
Nor said, 'In thee my confidence is plac'd.'
Nor on deceitful riches fix'd my heart,
Together scrap'd by no omitted art.
If when I saw the early sun ascend,
Or the new moon her silver horns extend,
I bowing kiss'd my hand, those lights ador'd

As deities, and their relief implor'd.
The sin had been flagitious, and had cried
To Him for vengeance Whom my deeds defied.
Have I with joy beheld my ruin'd foe,
Have I exulted in his overthrow?
Or in the tempest of my passion burst
Into offences, and his issue curs'd?
Though my domestics said: 'O let us tear
His hated flesh, nor after death forbear.'
Who made the stones their bed, or sigh'd for food,
If known? My house to strangers open stood.
Suppose I were corrupt and foul within,
Yet to what end should I disguise my sin?
Need I so much contempt or censure dread,
As not to speak my thoughts, or hide my head?
Where shall I meet with an indiff'rent ear?
O that the Sov'reign Judge my cause would hear,
Peruse the adversaries' evidence,
Try and determine my suppos'd offence!
I on my shoulders their complaints would bear,
And as a diadem their slanders wear.
More like a prince than a delinquent, would
Approach His presence, and my life unfold.
If the usurpéd fields against me cry,
Their ravish'd furrows weep; if ever I
Have forcéd from them their unpaid-for grain,
Their husbandmen and ancient owners slain;
For wheat, let thistles from their clods ascend;
For barley, cockle." Job's complaints here end.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

NOR would his friends proceed in their replies,
Since he appear'd so pure in his own eyes.
When Elihu, Barachel's son, who drew
His birth from Aram, much incenséd grew,
Not only against Job, that durst defend
His innocency, and with God contend,
But with his three austere companions, since
They would condemn before they could convince.
When he perceiv'd the rest no answer made,
But like dumb statues sat, the Buzite said:
" Till now I durst not venture to unfold
My labouring thoughts to you that are so old.
For grey experience is with wisdom fraught,
And sacred knowledge by the aged taught.
Yet O, how dark is man's presuming sense,
Not lighten'd with celestial influence!
The great in honour are not always wise,
Nor judgment under silver tresses lies.
Since so, at length vouchsafe to hear a youth,
And his opinion, in the search of truth.
For I your words have weigh'd, your reasons heard,
The instances by each of you inferr'd,
And yet in all the heat of your dispute,
Not one could answer Job, much less confute.
Know therefore, lest too rashly you conclude,
It is not man, but God that hath subdu'd.
Against me Job did not his speech direct;
No more will I your arguments object.
You all were at his confidence amaz'd,
And silently upon each other gaz'd;
When I your answers had expected long,

Nor could discern the motion of a tongue,
I said: 'Behold, I now will act my part,
And utter the conceptions of my heart.
My soul is rapt with fury, and my breast
Contains a flame that will not be supprest.
My bowels boil like wine that hath no vent,
Ready to break the swelling continent.
Words therefore must my toiling thoughts relieve,
And to restrainéd truth enlargement give.
No personal respects my thoughts shall move,
Nor will I man with flatt'ring titles smooth.
Should I so prostitute my servile breath
My Maker soon would cut me off by death.'"

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"AND now, O Job, what I shall utter, hear;
As I my lips, so open thou thine ear.
I sacred knowledge clearly will impart,
Drawn from the fountain of a single heart.
God made us both, with breath of life inspir'd,
In shrouds of frail mortality attir'd.
Then since we shall with equal arms contend,
Arise, and if thou canst, thy cause defend.
Behold, according to thy wish I stand
Instead of God, though made of slime and sand.
I will not with stern menaces affright,
Nor shall my hand on thee like thunder light.
For I with grief, O Job, have heard thee vaunt,
And break into this passionate complaint:
'My heart is uncorrupt, my innocence
Without a stain, my life free from offence;
Yet He occasion seeks to overthrow,
And trample on me as His mortal foe;

Who, lest I should escape, in fetters binds,
Observes my steps, and makes the faults He finds.'
How rash is thy bold charge? God is complete
In His own essence, much than man more great:
And yet dar'st thou contend, His patience grieve?
Will He a reason for His actions give?
Oft He to mortals speaks, yet will not they
The counsel of His oracles obey.
Sometimes by dreams in silence of the night,
Sometimes by visions He informs their sight,
When sleep his poppy on their temples sheds,
Or they lie musing on their restless beds.
The cause of their afflictions then reveals,
And on their hearts His reprehension seals,
That He may man prevent, his pride repell,
Save from the sword and greedy jaws of hell.
For this, diseaséd on his bed he groans,
While unrelenting torments gnaw his bones;
The sight of food his empty stomach fills,
And dainties to his taste are loathsome pills;
By wasting hectics of his flesh bereft,
Bones late unseen alone apparent left;
His soul sits mourning at the gates of death,
While anguish strives to suffocate his breath.
But if a prophet or interpreter,
One of a thousand, with the sick confer,
Before his eyes his ugly sins detect,
And to a better life his steps direct,
Then Mercy thus will cry, 'Release the bound
From sin and hell, I have a ransom found.'
Then shall his bones the flesh of babes endue,
His youth and beauty like the spring renew.
He shall his God implore; His glorious face
With joy behold, and flourish in His grace;
For God will his integrity regard,
His virtue with a bounteous hand reward.

His eyes the secrets of all hearts survey.
When the contrite and bleeding soul shall say:
'How have I justice forc'd! the poor undone!
Sin heap'd on sin! to my own ruin run!'
Then God shall raise him from the shades of night,
And he shall live to see th' etherial light.
Thus oft to man that Pow'r which wounds and heals,
The way to joy by misery reveals,
That he may longer with the living dwell,
Snatch'd from th' extended jaws of death and hell.
O thou of men most wretched! hear me speak,
Nor in thy frantic passion silence break.
If thou thyself canst clear, at large reply,
For I thy life would gladly justify.
If not, my words with wisdom shall inform
Thy erring soul, and mitigate this storm."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

HEN Elihu his speech directs to those
Who in a ring the disputants enclose.
"You that are wise," said he, "my doctrine hear,
You who have knowing souls afford an ear,
For sense is by that organ understood,
Ev'n as the taste distinguisheth of food.
By equity let us our judgments guide,
And this long controverted cause decide."
Job cries: 'I guiltless fall, to God appeal;
Yet will not He the clouded truth reveal.
Shall I with lies betray my innocence?
My wound is mortal, O, for what offence!'
Who of himself but he so vainly thinks,
Who contumacy like cold water drinks?

He is in shackles by the wicked led,
And walks the way which his associates tread.
What boots it man (says he) to take delight
In God, and live as always in His sight?
O hear me, you who high in knowledge sit:
Is it with God that He should sin commit?
No, each according to his merit shall
Receive his hire; to justice stand, or fall.
O can compassion in destruction joy;
Or will the righteous Judge the just destroy?
Shall He the world by man's direction sway,
Whom heav'n and pow'rs angelical obey?
In His disposure is the orb of earth,
The throne of kings, and all of human birth.
O, if He should the heart of man survey,
Reduce, and take the breath He gave away,
All living in a moment would expire,
And swiftly to their former dust retire."
Then Job: "If thou hast reason, if a mind
Not partial, let my words acceptance find.
Shall he who justice hates, rule by his lust?
Or wilt thou Him condemn Who is most just?
Shall subjects tax their kings? their princes blame?
And with detraction's poisonous breath defame?
Much less upbraid His just dominion,
To Whom both lords and vassals are all one.
Who rich and poor alike regards, since they
By Him were form'd from the same lump of clay.
Pale death shall in an instant quench their light,
Whole nations ravish in the dead of night,
Sweep from the earth; the mighty in command
Shall from their thrones be snatch'd without a hand.
He all beholds with eyes that never close,
Observes their steps, and their intentions knows.
No muffling clouds, nor shades infernal, can
From His inquiry hide offending man.

Nor shall the punishment which guilt pursues
Exceed the crime, lest he should God accuse.
He shall for sins unknown the mighty break,
And to their empty thrones advance the weak;
The mysteries of night reveal to-day,
And in their falls their secret faults display;
Nor His exemplary revenge defer,
Presented on the world's great theatre;
Since they revolt from God, with open jaws
Blaspheme His justice, and despise His laws.
So that the cries of their oppressions rend
The suff'ring air, and to His ears ascend.
Who can disturb the peace which He bestows?
What tumult waken their secure repose?
What nation, or what one of mortal race,
Shall God behold, if He withdraw His face?
That hypocrites no more may tyrannise
Nor in their snares the credulous surprise.
Say thou: 'I will not with my God contend,
But bear His chastisements, nor more offend.
My ignorance inform, if I have lent
An ear to vice, lest I my sins augment.'
Will He with thy arbitrement comply,
Whether thou shouldst consent or shouldst deny,
His censure is the same. Shall I transgress
In not reproving? what thou know'st, profess.
And you my auditors, by God indu'd
With sacred wisdom, will I hope conclude,
That Job on justice hath aspersions flung,
And spoken indiscreetly with his tongue.
O Father, give his miseries no end,
While he shall his impiety defend.
They to their sins rebellion add, who jest
At their instructors, and with God contest."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THESE arguments thus urg'd, the zealous youth
Proceeds, and said: "Art thou inform'd by truth,
That dar'st prefer thine own integrity,
As if more just than He Who sits on high?
And say: 'O I am innocent in vain,
Have to no end preserv'd my life from stain.'
Now give me leave to answer thee and those
Who God's all-guiding Providence oppose.
O, Job from heav'n to earth[1] erect thine eyes
Behold the vast extension of the skies,
The sailing clouds by exhalations fed,
How far are these advanc'd above thy head?
Can thy accumulated vices reach
Yet higher, and His happiness impeach?
What can thy righteousness to Him bequeath?
Can God a benefit from man receive?
Although thy sin a mortal may destroy,
Thy justice succour, and confirm his joy.
Those whom too-pow'rful insolence oppress,
Weep out their eyes, and howl in their distress:
None cry: 'Where is my God! Who all our wrongs
Will vindicate, and turn our sighs to songs;
Ennobles with an intellectual soul,
More rational than beast, more wise than fowl.'
None shall the others' sufferings regard;
The ears of pity by their vices barr'd.
For God will not relieve th' unpenitent,
Nor to the pray'rs of wicked souls consent:

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[1] Thus all the editions, but "*from earth to heav'n erect*" would seem preferable.

Much less to his, who says: 'I never more
Shall see His face, not He my joys restore.'
Let no such desp'rate thoughts thy soul infect,
But calmly suffer, and His grace expect.
In both to blame: though thou His wrath incense,
Thy punishment is less than thy offence.
Judge you how indiscreetly Job complains,
And by extolling, his own justice stains."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

" LITTLE longer suffer me, while I
Proceed in this Divine Apology,
And from a far remov'd Original
His judgments vindicate Who made us all.
No fucus, nor vain supplement of art,
Shall falsify the language of my heart.
He Who is perfect, and abhors untruth,
With heav'nly influence inspires my youth.
For the Omnipotent is only wise:
Nor will the Great in Pow'r the weak despise,
His hands the poor from violence defend,
While sin-defiléd souls to hell descend;
Beholds the just, with eyes that ever wake,
With princes rank'd, whose thrones no tempests shake.
Or if their vices cast them to the ground,
If in the fetters of affliction bound,
He to their trembling consciences displays
Their former lives, and errors of their ways.
Then opens wide the porches of their ears,
And their long veiléd eyes from darkness clears:
That they themselves may see, instructions hear,
Return from sin, and their Creator fear.
They shall their happy days in pleasure spend,

And full of years in peace their progress end.
But if they disobey, the sword shall shed
Their guilty blood, and mix them with the dead.
For the deluder hastens his own fall,
Nor will in trouble on the Almighty call;
Who on the beds of sin supinely lie,
They in the summer of their age shall die.
God will the penitent to grace restore,
Taught by affliction to offend no more.
So from these fearful straits would thee have led,
Enlarg'd thy passage, and with marrow fed:
But thou, through wicked counsels, hast rebell'd,
And therefore justly by His judgments held.
O fear His wrath! Shouldst thou be swept away,
Not mines of treasure could thy ransom pay.
Cares He for wealth? Though gold on earth command,
No gold, or force, can free thee from His hand.
Let not thy desp'rate soul desire that night,
Which from the living takes the last of light,
Nor by the guide of sorrow blindly err,
And death before due chastisements prefer.
Lo! He His truth exalts: Who so complete
As He in pow'r! Whose knowledge is so great!
Who can to Him prescribe a path, or say,
'Thy judgments from the track of justice stray?'
O rather praise the works His Hands have wrought,
By all beheld, with admiration fraught.
His glory but in part to man appears;
Who knows Him, or the number of His years?
He the congealéd vapours melts again,
Extenuated into drops of rain;
Which on the thirsty earth in show'rs distill,
And all that life possess with plenty fill.
Who can th' extension of His clouds explore,
Or tell how they in their collisions roar,

Gilt with the flashes of their horrid light,
Yet darken all below with their own night?
Judgment and bounty each from hence proceeds;
With these His creatures punisheth and feeds;
With these the beauty of the day immures,
And all the ornaments of heav'n obscures;
Forthwith aerial tumults wound the ear,
Whose heat and cold the clouds asunder tear."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

"HOW they terrify my panting heart!
Ready to break my fivers,[1] and depart.
Hark, how His thunder from their entrails breaks!
The voice of God when He in fury speaks,
Which rolls in globes of pitch below the skies,
To earth's extent His wingéd lightning flies,
Pursu'd by hideous fragors; though before
The flames descend, they in their breaches roar.
His far-resounding voice reports His ire,
His indignation flows in streams of fire.
O who can apprehend His excellence,
Whose wonders pass the reach of human sense!
He gives the winter's snow her airy birth,
And bids her virgin fleeces clothe the earth.
Now He her face renews with fruitful show'rs,
Now cataracts upon her bosom pours,
Whose falling spouts the hands of labour tie,
When swains for shelter to their houses fly,
Yet on their former toil reflect their care;
Then savage beasts to their dark dens repair.

[1] *Fivers*, i. e. fibres.

Loud tempests from the cloudy south break forth,
And cold out of the cloud-repelling north.
The fields with rigid frost grow stiff and gray;
The rivers solid, and forget their way.
Sad clouds with frequent tears themselves impair,
And those that shone with lightning fleet to air,
At His obey'd decree return again,
T' afflict the earth, or comfort it with rain.
Thus judgment and sweet mercy, which depend
Upon His beck, to men in clouds descend.
This hear, O Job; with silence fixéd, stand;
Review the wonders of His mighty Hand.
Know'st thou how God collects the muster'd clouds?
How in their darkness He His lightning shrouds?
How by Him balanc'd in the weightless air?
Canst thou the wisdom of His works declare?
Or know'st thou how thy garments warmer grow,
When dropping southern gales begin to blow?
Wert thou then present when His Hands display'd
The firmament, of liquid crystal made?
If so, instruct what we to God should say,
Who in so dark a night have lost our way.
What can we urge that is to Him unknown,
Or who contend and not be overthrown?
Who on the sun can gaze with constant eyes,
When purging winds from vapours clear the skies,
And northern gales his shining face unfold?
Much less the Majesty of God behold.
O how inscrutable! His equity
Twins with His pow'r. Will He the just destroy?
For this to be ador'd; yet cannot find
Among the sons of men a prudent mind."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HEN from a globe of curling clouds, which brake
Into a radiant flame, Jehovah spake:
" What mortal thus through ignorance profanes
My darken'd counsels? of his God complains?
Come, buckle on thy armour; let us end
This controverse, since thou wilt needs contend.
Tell, if thou canst, where wert thou when I made
The foodful earth, and her foundation laid?
Who those exact dimensions did design,
Who on her superficies stretch'd his line?
Or fix'd as centre to the world? upon
What basis built? who laid the corner-stone?
Where wert thou when the stars My praises sung?
When Heav'n with shouts of joyful angels rung?
Or who shut up the seas with doors, when they,
As from the tortur'd womb, enforc'd their way?
By Me invested with a veil of clouds,
And swaddled, as new-born, in sable shrouds.
For these a receptacle I design'd,
And with inviolable bars confin'd.
Then said, 'Thus far your empire shall extend,
Nor shall your prouder waves these bounds transcend.'
Hast thou appointed where the moon should rise,
And with her purple light adorn the skies?
Scor'd out the bounded sun's obliquer ways,
That he on all might spread his equal rays,
And by the clear extension of his light
Chase from the earth the impious sons of night?
Whose beams the various forms of things display,
Like multitudes of figures wrought in clay;

By which the beauty of the earth appears,
The divers-colour'd mantle which she wears;
Conceal'd offenders by their lustre found,
Attach'd, and in death's dark prison bound?
Say, hast thou div'd into the deeps below,
And trod those bottom sands where fountains flow?
Or boldly broken up the seals of hell,
And seen the shadows which in darkness dwell?
Tell, if thou canst, how far the earth extends?
Hast thou discover'd her remotest ends?
Beheld the chambers of the springing light,
Or travell'd through the regions of the night?
To their abodes canst thou reveal the way,
And their alternate rule to men display?
Wert thou then born? hast thou these secrets known
Through length of time? Art thou so aged grown?
Hast thou survey'd the magazines of snow,
Seen where the melting drops to hailstones grow?
With these I punish; these the weapons are,
By Me prepar'd against the day of war.
Why breaks the lightning from the troubled skies,
While eastern winds in horrid tempests rise?
Who deluges from heav'n in torrents pours,
Or gives a passage to the roaring show'rs,
That they on deserts uninhabited
By mortals may their fruitful moisture shed?
Hence vegetives receive their fragrant birth,
And clothe the naked bosom of the earth.
What, hath the rain a father? tell me who
Begot the shining drops of morning dew?
Whose womb produc'd the glassy ice? who bred
The hoary frosts that fall on winter's head?
The waters then in crystal are conceal'd,
And the smooth visage of the sea congeal'd.
Canst thou the pleasant influence restrain

Of Pleiades, which bathes the spring with rain?
Or boisterous Orion's chains unbind,
Who draws along the bitter eastern wind?
In summer, scorching Mazaroth display?
Or teach Arcturus and his sons their way?
Canst thou the motions of the heav'ns direct,
Or make their virtue on the earth reflect?
Will the condensèd clouds, at thy command,
Descend in show'rs upon the thirsty land,
Or in their roaring strife asunder part,
And at thy foes their fearful lightning dart?
With wisdom who renowns the nobler parts?
Who understanding gives to human hearts?
Whose wisdom clears the sapphires of the skies,
Or who the swelling clouds in bladders ties,
To mollify the stubborn clods with rain,
And scatter'd dust incorporate again?"

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

"WILT thou for the old lion hunt, or fill
His hungry whelps, and for the killer kill?
When couch'd in dreadful dens, when closely they
Lurk in the covert to surprise their prey?
Who feeds the ravens when their young ones cry
To God for food, and through the deserts fly?
Know'st thou when savage goats do teem among
The craggy rocks? when hinds produce their young?
Canst thou their reck'nings keep, the time compute
When their swoll'n bellies shall enlarge their fruit?
Without a midwife these their throes sustain,
And bowing, bring their issue forth with pain.
They at full udders suck, grow strong with corn,
Depart, and never to their dams return.

Who sent forth the wild ass to live at large,
Whom neither halter binds nor burthens charge,
Inhabiting the barren wilderness
And rocky caves, remov'd from man's access?
He from the many-peopled city flies,
Contemns their labours, and the drivers' cries:
The mountains are his walks; who wand'ring feeds
On slowly-springing herbs and ranker weeds.
Will the fierce unicorn thy voice obey,
Stand at the crib, and feed upon the hay?
Or to the servile yoke his freedom yield,
Plough up the glebe, and harrow the rough field?
Wilt thou upon his ready strength rely?
Will he sustain thee with his industry?
Bring home thy harvest, to thy will submit,
Put off his fierceness, and receive the bit?
The peacock, not at thy command, assumes
His glorious train; nor estrich her rare plumes.
She drops her eggs upon the naked land,
And wraps them in a bed of hatching sand,
Exposéd to the wand'ring traveller,
And feet of beasts, which those wild deserts rear.
She as a step-mother betrays her own,
Left without care, and presently unknown;
By God depriv'd of that intelligence
Which nature gives; of all most void of sense.
Her feet the nimble rider leave behind,
And, when she spreads her sails, out-strip the wind.
Hast thou with strength indu'd the gen'rous horse,
His neck with thunder arm'd, his breast with force?
Him canst thou as a grasshopper affright,
Who from his nostrils throws a dreadful light,
Exults in his own courage, proudly bounds,
With trampling hoofs the sounding centre wounds,
Breaks through the order'd ranks with eyes that
burn!

Nor from the battle-axe or sword will turn.
The rattling quiver, nor the glitt'ring spear,
Or dazzling shield, can daunt his heart with fear.
Through rage and fierceness he devours the ground,
Nor in his fury hears the trumpet sound.
Far off the battle smells, like thunder neighs,
Loud shouts and dying groans his courage raise.
Does the wild haggard[1] tow'r into the sky,
And to the south by thy direction fly?
Or eagle in her gyres the clouds embrace,
And on the highest cliff her eyrie place?
She dwells among the rocks, on ev'ry side
With broken mountains strongly fortified;
From thence what ever can be seen surveys,
And, stooping, on the slaughter'd quarry preys:
From wounds her caglets suck the reeking blood;
And all-devasting war provides her food.
Since such My pow'r, wilt thou with Me contend?
Instruct thy Maker, and thy fault defend?
Now answer thou that dar'st thy God upbraid."
Then humbled Job, transfix'd with sorrow, said:
"Can one so vile to such a truth reply?
Too long my grief hath rav'd; no more will I
Pursue a folly, and my sin extend,
But curb my tongue, so ready to offend."

## CHAPTER XL.

ONCE more Jehovah from that radiant throne
Of clouds thus spake: "O Job, thy arms put on;
If thou hast will or courage left, prepare
T' encounter Me in this gigantic war.

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[1] *Haggard*, i. e. hawk.

Wilt thou My judgments disannul, defame
My equal rule, to clear thyself of blame?
Is thy weak arm as strong as God's? Canst thou
In thunder speak, the sea with tempests plough?
Come, deck thyself with beauty's excellence;
With majesty, and sun-like rays dispense;
The fury of thy wrath like lightning fling
On bold offenders; pride to ruin bring.
Those with the surfeits of excess destroy,
Who in their uncontrolléd vices joy:
Hide them together in the caves of night;
There bind them, never to behold the light:
Then will I say that thou thyself canst save
From wasting age, destruction, and the grave.
With thee, I made the mighty elephant,
Who ox-like feeds on ev'ry herb and plant.
His mighty strength lies in his able loins,
And where the flexure of his navel joins.
His stretch'd-out tail presents a mountain pine;
The sinews of his stones like cords combine;
His bones the hammer'd steel in strength surpass;
His sides are fortifi'd with ribs of brass.
Of God's great works the chief. Lo, He Who made
This knowing beast, hath arm'd him with a blade.
He feeds on lofty hills, nor lives by prey;
About their gentle prince his subjects play.
His limbs he coucheth in the cooler shades;
Oft, when heav'n's burning eye the fields invades,
To marishes resorts, obscur'd with reeds
And hoary willows, which the moisture feeds.
The chiding currents at his entry rise,
Who quiv'ring Jordan swallows with his eyes.
Can the bold hunter take him in a toil,
Or by the trunk produce him as his spoil?"

## CHAPTER XLI.

" ANST thou with a weak angle strike the whale,
Catch with a hook, or with a noose enthrall?
Drag by a slender line unto the shore?
His huge jaw with a twig or bulrush bore?
Will he his pitiful complaints renew?
For freedom with afflicted language sue?
Become thy willing vassal? Canst thou still
Subject him to the service of thy will?
And like a sparrow, fetter'd in a string,
The play'd-with monster to the virgins bring?
Shall thy companions feast upon his spoil?
Or wilt thou to the merchant sell his oil?
Canst thou with fisgigs[1] pierce him to the quick,
Or in his skull thy barbéd trident stick?
Then hasten to the charge. Yet, soldier, fear;
Think of the battle, and in time forbear.
Vain are their hopes who seek by force or flight
To vanquish him who conquers with his sight.
What mortal dare with such a foe contend,
Much less his hand against his Maker bend?
Can gifts My grace engage? when all below
The lofty sun is mine, what can I owe?
This wonder of the deep, his mighty force
And goodly form shall furnish our discourse.
Who can divest him of his waves? bestride
His monstrous back, and with a bridle ride?
His head's huge doors unlock, whose jaws with great
And dreadful teeth in treble ranks are set?
Arm'd with refulgent shields, together join'd,

[1] *Fisgigs*, an old word for harpoon.

And seal'd up to resist the ruffling wind;
The nether by the upper fortifi'd;
No force their combination can divide.
His sneezings set on fire the foaming brine,
His round eyes like the morning's eyelids shine;
Infernal lightning sallies from his throat,
Ejected sparks upon the billows float.
A cloud of smoke from his wide nostrils flies,
As vapours from a boiling furnace rise.
He burning coals exhales, and vomits flames;
His strength the empire of the ocean claims.
Loud tempests, roaring floods, and what affright
The trembling sailor, turn to his delight.
The flakes of his tough flesh so firmly bound,
As not to be divorcéd by a wound.
His heart a solid rock, to fear unknown;
And harder than the grinder's nether stone.
The sword his arméd sides in vain assails;
No dart nor lance can penetrate his scales.
Who brass as rotten wood, and steel no more
Regards than reeds, that bristle on the shore.
Dreads he the twanging of the archer's string?
Or singing stones from the Phœnician sling?
Darts he esteems as straw, asunder torn;
The shaking of the jav'lin laughs to scorn.
He ragged stones beneath his belly spreads,
To his repose as soft as downy beds.
The seas before him like a caldron boil,
And in the fervour of their motion foil.
A light, struck from the floods, detects his way,
Who covers their aspiring heads with gray.
Of all whom ample earth's round shoulders bear,
None equal this, created without fear.
Whatever is exalted, he disdains;
And as a king among the mighty reigns."

## CHAPTER XLII.

" FATHER, I acknowledge," Job repli'd,
"Thy all-effecting pow'r. O who can hide
His thoughts from Thee? who can reverse or shun
Thy just decree? What Thou wouldst do, is done.
I heard thee say; 'Dare brutish man profane
My darken'd counsels, and of God complain?'
Great Judge, I in Thy mirror see my shame:
Those lips that justifi'd, my guilt proclaim.
Our knowledge is but ignorance, and we
The sons of folly, if compar'd with Thee.
Thy ways and sacred mysteries transcend
Their apprehensions, who in death must end.
O to my pray'rs afford a gracious ear!
Instruct thy servant, and his darkness clear!
I of Thy excellence have oft been told,
But now my ravish'd eyes Thy face behold.
Who, therefore, in this weeping palinode
Abhor myself, that have displeas'd my God,
In dust and ashes mourn. Nor will my fears
Forsake me, till I cleanse my soul with tears."

When contrite Job had this submission made,
The Lord to Eliphaz of Teman said:
"Against thee, and thy two associates,
My anger burns, and hastens to your fates;
Since you, unlike my servant Job, have err'd,
And victory before the truth preferr'd.
Sev'n spotless rams, sev'n bulls that never bare
The yoke, select; with these to Job repair;
Their bleeding limbs upon My altar lay,

His ready charity for you shall pray,
And reconcile My wrath; else merited
Revenge should forthwith send you to the dead.
Who have My rule and providence profan'd,
Nor, like my servant Job, the truth maintain'd."
Then Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar came
To their old friend; the feasted altars flame;
For whom that injur'd saint devoutly pray'd;
And with the incense their atonement made.
Ev'n in that pious duty the Most High
Beheld his patience with a tender eye;
From envious Satan's tyranny releas'd;
Dried up his tears, and with abundance blest.
His brothers and his sisters, all the train
That follow'd his prosperity, again
Present their visits; at his table feed,
Bemoan and comfort. Joys his grief succeed.
With gold and silver they increase his store;
And gave the precious earrings which they wore.
So that Jehovah blest his latter days
More than the first; his loss with interest pays.
His droves of asses, camels, herds of neat,
And flocks of sheep, grew shortly twice as great.
Blest with sev'n sons; three daughters, who for fair
Might with the beauties of the earth compare;
One call'd Jemima, of the rising light;
A second, for her sweetness, Cassia hight;
The youngest Kerenhappa, of the pow'r
And rays of beauty. Rich in nature's dow'r,
As in their father's love; who gave them shares
Among his sons, and join'd them with his heirs.
Job sev'n-score years his miseries surviv'd;
His children's children saw; those who deriv'd

From them their birth, ev'n to the fourth descent;
And in tranquillity his old age spent.
Then, full of days and deathless honour, gave
His soul to God; his body to the grave.

END OF JOB.

## NOTES.

It has been thought necessary to append a few notes on words which may require a little explanation.

CHAPTER II. "——— with *achés* pierce his bones."

The word *aches* was not unfrequently pronounced as a dissyllable in old writers. See Todd's Johnson for examples.

CHAPTER X. "——— and must
*Resolve* to my originary dust."

*Resolve, i.e.* to melt back. Though this appears obsolete, it is still a provincialism in Berkshire, where it is frequently used for *dissolve*. (See Chap. XI. "Let penitence *resolve* to tears.")

CHAPTER XII. "Those who grow old in *fluency* and ease."

*Fluency*—affluence, we should now say.

CHAPTER XIII. "Just Judge, two *lets* remove—"

*Lets*—hindrances.

CHAPTER XIV. "I will *expect* until my change in death."

*Expect*—await (Lat.) See p. 55.

CHAPTER XVIII. "No son or *nephew* shall supply his place."

*Nephew*—grandson or lineal descendant (Lat. *nepos*), not, as now, the child of a sister or brother. See 1 Tim. v. 4.

CHAPTER XIX. "By idle boys and *idiots* vilified."

Also CHAP. XXX. "The sons of *idiots*, of ignoble birth."

The Greek ἰδιώτης means simply a private person, one not in public employment, and therefore not with public honours. Hence it degenerated to low persons in general, subsequently to its present unhappy position. But here it simply means persons of the baser sort.

CHAPTER XXIV. "With budding *gems*—"

*Gems. i. e.* Lat. *gemma* a bud.

CHAPTER XXXII. "The swelling *continent*—"

*Continent, i. e.* the vessel *containing*.

CHAPTER XXXVI. "No *fucus*—"

*Fucus*—paint, pigment, hence disguise, false show.

CHAPTER XLI. "Canst thou with a weak angle *strike* the whale!"

*Strike*—a term in angling; the sudden jerk to hook the fish.

# A PARAPHRASE UPON THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

BY G. S.

SET TO NEW TUNES FOR PRIVATE DEVOTION;

AND A THOROUGH BASS, FOR VOICE

OR INSTRUMENT.

BY HENRY LAWES, GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S

CHAPEL ROYAL.

## TO THE KING.

OUR graver Muse from her long dream awakes,
Peneian groves and Cirrha's caves forsakes;
Inspir'd with zeal, she climbs th'etherial hills
Of Solyma, where bleeding balm distills;
Where trees of life unfading youth assure,
And living waters all diseases cure;
Where the Sweet Singer, in celestial lays,
Sung to his solemn harp Jehovah's praise.
From that fall'n temple on her wings she bears
Those heav'nly raptures to your sacred ears;
Not that her bare and humble feet aspire
To mount the threshold of th'harmonious quire;
But that at once she might oblations bring
To God, and tribute to a god-like king.
And since no narrow verse such mysteries,
Deep sense, and high expressions could comprise,
Her labouring wings a larger compass fly,
And poesy resolves with poesy;
Lest she, who in the orient clearly rose,
Should in your western world obscurely close.

## TO THE QUEEN.

O YOU, who like a fruitful vine
To this our royal cedar join,
Since it were impious to divide,
In such a present, hearts so tied;
Urania your chaste ears invites
To these her more sublime delights.
Then, with your zealous lover, deign
To enter David's num'rous fane.
Pure thoughts his sacrifices are,
Sabæan incense, fervent pray'r;
This holy fire fell from the skies,
The holy water from his eyes.
O should you with your voice infuse
Perfection, and create a Muse!
Though mean our verse, such excellence
At once would ravish soul and sense;
Delight in heav'nly dwellers move,
And, since they cannot envy, love,
When they from this our earthly sphere
Their own celestial music hear.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND,

## MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

UPON HIS EXCELLENT PARAPHRASE ON THE PSALMS.

HAD I no blushes left, but were of those
Who praise in verse what they despise in prose;
Had I this vice from vanity or youth,
Yet such a subject would have taught me truth:
Hence it were banish'd where of flattery
There is nor use nor possibility.
Else thou hadst cause to fear, lest some might raise
An argument against thee from my praise.
I therefore know thou canst expect from me
But what I give, historic poetry.
Friendship for more could not a pardon win;
Nor think I numbers make a lie no sin.
And need I say more than my thoughts indite,
Nothing were easier than not to write;
Which now were hard, for wheresoe'er I raise
My thoughts, thy several pains extort my praise.
First, that which doth the pyramids display,
And in a work much lastinger than they,
And more a wonder, scorns at large to show

His travels, wherein he relates the history of the pyramids.

What were indifferent if true or no:
Or from its lofty flight stoop to declare
What all men might have known, had all been there.
But by thy learned industry and art,
To those who never from their studies part,
Doth each land's laws, belief, beginning show;
Which of the natives but the curious know:
Teaching the frailty of all human things;
How soon great kingdoms fall, much sooner kings;
Prepares our souls, that chance cannot direct
A machine at us more than we expect.
Athens. We know that town is but with fishers fraught
Where Theseus govern'd, and where Plato taught;
Greece. That spring of knowledge, to which Italy
Owes all her arts and her civility,
In vice and barbarism supinely rolls,
Their fortunes not more slavish than their souls.
Eastern churches. Those churches which from the first heretics wan
All the first fields, or led, at least, the van;
In whom those notes, so much requir'd, be—
Of doctrine. Agreement, miracles, antiquity:
Which can a never-broke succession show
Of persons. From the apostles down; (here bragg'd of so:)
So best confute her most immodest claim,
As Antioch. Who scarce a part, yet to be all doth aim;
Lie now distress'd between two enemy pow'rs,
Whom the west damns, and whom the east devours.
What state than theirs can more unhappy be,
Threaten'd with hell, and sure of poverty?
The small beginning of the Turkish kings,
And their large growth, show us that diff'rent things
May meet in one third; what most disagree
May have some likeness; for in this we see
A mustard seed may be resembled well
To the two kingdoms, both of heav'n and hell.

Their strength and wants this work hath both unwound;
To teach how these t' increase, and that confound: Turks.
Relates their tenets, scorning to dispute
With errors, which to tell is to confute:
Shews how ev'n there, where Christ vouchsaf'd to teach,
Their dervises dare an impostor preach; Priests.
For whilst with private quarrels we decay'd,
We way for them and their religion made,
And can but wishes now to heav'n prefer,
May they gain Christ, or we His sepulchre.
Next Ovid calls me; which, though I admire Ovid's Metamorphosis.
For equalling the author's quick'ning fire,
And his pure phrase; yet more, rememb'ring it
Was by a mind so much distracted writ:
Business and war, ill midwives to produce
The happy offspring of so sweet a Muse:
Whilst ev'ry unknown face did danger threat;
For ev'ry native there was twice a Gete.
More; when, return'd thy work review'd, expos'd Commentar. Virg. Æn. lib. 1.
What pith before the hiding bark enclos'd:
And with it that essay, which lets us see
Well by the foot, what Hercules would be.
All fitly offer'd to his princely hands,
By whose protection learning chiefly stands;
Whose virtue moves more pens than his pow'r swords,
And theme to those, and edge to these affords.
Who could not be displeas'd that his great fame Panegyric.
So pure a Muse so loudly should proclaim:
With his queen's praise in the same model cast,
Which shall not less than all their annals last.
Yet, though we wonder at thy charming voice,
Perfection still was wanting in thy choice;
And of a soul, which so much pow'r possess'd,

That choice is hardly good which is not best.
But though thy Muse were ethnically chaste,
When most fault could be found; yet now thou hast
Diverted to a purer path thy quill,
And chang'd Parnassus mount to Sion's hill;
So that blest David might almost desire
To hear his harp thus echo'd by thy lyre.
Such eloquence, that though it were abus'd,
Could not but be (though not allow'd) excus'd.
Join'd to a work so choice, that though ill-done,
So pious an attempt praise could not shun.
How strangely doth it darkest texts disclose
In verses of such sweetness, that ev'n those
From whom the unknown tongue conceals the sense,
Ev'n in the sound must find an eloquence.
For though the most bewitching music could
Move men no more than rocks, thy language would.
Those who make wit their curse, who spend their brain,
Their time, and art, in looser verse, to gain
Damnation and a mistress, till they see
How constant that is, how inconstant she,
May from this great example learn to sway
The parts they're blest with, some more blessed way.
Fate can against thee but two foes advance,
Sharp-sighted Envy and blind Ignorance:
The first, by Nature like a shadow, near
To all great acts, I rather hate than fear:
For them, since whatsoever most they raise
In private, that they most in throngs dispraise;
Αὐτοκατάκριτοι. And know the ill they act condemn'd within,
Who envies thee, may no man envy him.
The last I fear not much, but pity more;
For though they cannot the least fault explore,
Yet, if they might the high tribunal climb,
To them thy excellence would be thy crime;

For eloquence with things profane they join,
Nor count it fit to mix with what's divine;
Like art and paintings laid upon a face,
Of itself sweet, which more deform than grace;
Yet, as the Church with ornaments is fraught,
Why may not that be too which there is taught?
And sure that vessel of election, Paul,
Who Judais'd with Jews, was all to all;
So to gain some would be, at least, content,
Some for the curious should be eloquent;
For since the way to heav'n is rugged, who
Would have the way to that way be so too?
Or thinks it fit we should not leave obtain
To learn with pleasure what we act with pain?
Since then some stop, unless their path be even,
Nor will be led by solecisms to heaven;
And, through a habit scarce to be controll'd,
Refuse a cordial when not bought in gold,
Much like to them to that disease inur'd,
Which can be no way but by music cur'd; Tarantula.
I joy in hope that no small piety
Will in their colder hearts be warm'd by thee;
For as none could more harmony dispense,
So neither could thy flowing eloquence
So well in any task be us'd as this,
To sound His praises forth whose gift it is.

—— *Cui non certaverit ulla*
*Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.* Virg. Georg. 2.

FALKLAND.

AN ODE TO MY WORTHY KINSMAN,

## MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

UPON HIS EXCELLENT PARAPHRASE ON THE PSALMS.

BREATHE again! that holy lay
Did convey
Unto my soul so sweet a fire,
I desire
That all my senses charm'd to ear,
Should fix there.
O might this sacred anthem last
Till time's past;
Until we warble forth a higher,
In the quire
Of angels, till the spheres keep time
To your rhyme.
Amphion did a city raise
By his lays;
The stones did dance into a wall
At his call.
But your divinely-tunéd air
Doth repair
Ev'n man himself, whose stony heart,
By this art,
Rebuildeth of its own accord,
To the Lord,
A temple breathing holy songs,
In strange tongues
You fit both David's lyre and notes
To our throats.
See, the green willow now not wears,
Of their tears.

The sadly silent trophies, we
From the tree
Take down the Hebrew harps, and reach,
In our speech,
Whatever we do hate, what fear,
What love dear.
Now in faint accents praising God
For his rod;
Since that His punishing a child
Must be styl'd
A blessing. But our thankful lays
Do His praise
Sound in the loudest key whene'er
He draws near
In mercy, not affrighting pow'r;
In that hour
New life approacheth; then our joy
Doth employ
Each faculty, and tune each air
To a pray'r.
But by and bye our sins do cause
A sad pause.
Our hands lift-up, and cast-down eyes,
Our faint cries,
Do in their sadly pleasing tones
Speak our moans.
Instead of harps we strike our breasts:
All the rests
Attend his music, are a tear
Which sighs bear
In their soft language up on high
To the sky,
Whence God, delighted with our grief,
Sends relief.
Thus unto you we owe the joys,
The sweet noise

Of our ravish'd souls; we borrow
Hence our sorrow,
Repentant sorrow, which doth glad,
Not make sad.
We weep in your lines, we rejoice
In your voice;
Whose pleasing language fans the fire
Of desire,
Which flames in zeal and calmly fashions
All our passions;
Which you so sweetly have express'd,
Some have guess'd
We hallelujahs shall rehearse
In your verse.

Then be secure, your well-tun'd breath
Shall now out-live the date of death;
And when fate pleases you shall have
Still music in the silent grave.
You from above shall hear each day
One dirge despatch'd unto your clay;
These your own anthems shall become
Your lasting epicedium.

DUDLY DIGGES.

TO THE READER.

The "Paraphrase upon the Psalms," though here ranked according to the chronology, was first writ and published; and, therefore, these verses do, in time, precede those that are fixed in the front of the volume.

# A PARAPHRASE

# UPON THE FIRST BOOK OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

## PSALM I.

*Tune* 1.

THAT man is truly bless'd who never strays
By false advice, nor walks in sinners' ways;
Nor sits infected with their scornful pride,
Who God contemn, and piety deride;
But wholly fixeth his sincere delight
On heav'nly laws; those studies day and night.
He shall be like a tree that spreads his root
By living streams, producing timely fruit.
His leaf shall never fall; the Lord shall bless
All his endeavours with desir'd success.
Men lost in sin, unlike rewards shall find,
Dispers'd like chaff before the furious wind;
Their guilt shall not that horrid day endure,
Nor they approach th' assemblies of the pure;
For God approves those ways the righteous tread,
But sinful paths to sure destruction lead.

## PSALM II.

*Tune 2.*

HOW are the Gentiles all on fire!
Why rage they with vain menacings?
Earth's haughty potentates and kings
'Gainst God, against His Christ conspire:
Break we, say they, their servile bands,
And cast their cords from our free hands.

But God from his cœlestial throne
Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;
Then high incens'd, thus check their pride,
(His wrath in their confusion shown):
Lo! I my King have crown'd, and will
Enthrone on Sion's sacred hill.

That great decree I shall declare;
For thus I heard Jehovah say:
Thou art My Son, begot this day;
Request, and I will grant Thy pray'r,
Subject all nations to Thy throne,
And make the sea-bound earth Thine own.

Thou shalt an iron sceptre sway,
Like earthen vessels, break their bones.
Be wise, O you who sit on thrones;
And judges grave advice obey:
With joyful fear O serve the Lord;
With trembling joy embrace His word.

In due of homage kiss the Son,
Lest He His wrathful looks display,
And so you perish in the way,
His anger newly but begun:
Then blesséd only are the just,
Who on th' Anointed fix their trust.

## PSALM III.

*Tune* 3.

MY God, how are my foes increas'd!
What multitudes against me rise!
Who say, Give we his soul no rest
Whom God forsakes and men despise.

But Thou art my support, my tow'r,
My safety, my choice ornament;
Before Thy throne my pray'rs I pour,
Heard from Thy Sion's high ascent.

No fears affright my soft repose;
Thou my night-watch, my guard by day;
Not myriads of arméd foes,
Nor treason's secret hands dismay.

Arise, O vindicate my cause!
My foes, whom wicked hate provoke,
Thou, Lord, hast smit their canker'd jaws,
And all their teeth asunder broke.

Thou, Lord, the only hope of those
Who Thee with holy zeal adore,
Whose all-protecting arms enclose
Their safety, who Thy aid implore.

## PSALM IV.

*Tune*

THOU, Guardian of my truth and me,
That from these straits hast set me free,
O hear my pray'r;
Be I Thy care;
For mercy lives in Thee.

You sons of men, how long will you
Eclipse my glory, and pursue
Lov'd vanities;
Delight in lies,
To man, to God untrue?

Know, God my innocence hath blest,
And will with sov'reignty invest;
His gentle ear
Prepar'd to hear
My never vain request.

Sin not, but fear; surcease, and try
Your hearts, as on your beds you lie:
Pure gifts present
With pure intent,
And place your hopes on high.

But earthly minds false wealth admire,
And toil with uncontroll'd desire.
With clear aspéct
Thy beams reflect,
And heav'nly thoughts inspire.

O let my joy, exempt from fears,
Their joys transcend when autumn bears
His pleasant wines
On cluster'd vines,
And grain-replenish'd ears.

Now shall the peaceful hand of sleep
In heav'nly dew my senses steep;
Whom Thy large Wings,
O King of kings,
In shades of safety keep.

## PSALM V.

*Tune* 5.

O hear me, Lord, be Thou inclin'd;
My thoughts O ponder in Thy mind,
And let my cries acceptance find.
Thou hear'st my morning sacrifice;
To Thee, before the day-star rise,
My pray'rs ascend with steadfast eyes.

Thou lov'st no vice; none dwells with Thee;
Nor glorious* fools Thy beauty see;
All sin-defil'd detested be.
Liars shall sink beneath Thy hate,
Who thirst for blood and weave deceit,
Thy rage shall swiftly ruinate.

I to Thy temple will repair,
Since infinite Thy mercies are,
And Thee adore with fear and pray'r.
My God, conduct me by Thy grace,
For many have my soul in chase:
Set Thy strait paths before my face.

False are their tongues, their hearts are hollow,
Like gaping sepulchres they swallow;
Fawn and betray ev'n those they follow.
With vengeance girt these rebels round,
In their own counsels them confound;
Since their transgressions thus abound.

Joy they with an exalted voice,
That trust in Thee, Who guard'st Thy choice;
Let those who love Thy name rejoice.
Thy blessings shall in show'rs descend,
Thy favour as a shield defend
All those who righteousness intend.

---

* *i. e.* boasting.

## PSALM VI.

*Tune* 3.

ORD, Thy deservéd wrath assuage,
Nor punish in Thy burning ire;
Let mercy mitigate Thy rage,
Before my fainting life expire.

O heal! My bones with anguish ache;
My pensive heart with sorrow worn;
How long wilt Thou my soul forsake?
O pity, and at length return!

O let Thy mercies comfort me,
And Thy afflicted servant save!
Who will in death remember Thee,
Or praise Thee in the silent grave?

Vex'd by insulting enemies,
My groans disturb the peaceful night;
My bed wash'd with my streaming eyes,
Through grief grown old, and dim of sight.

All you of wicked life depart;
The Lord, my God, hath heard my cry:
He will recure my wounded heart,
And turn my tears to tides of joy.

Who hate me, let dishonour wound,
Let fear their guilty souls affright;
With shame their haughty looks confound,
And let them vanish from my sight.

## PSALM VII.

PART I. *Tune* 6.

THOU that art my confidence,
And strong defence;
From those who my sad fall intend
Great God, defend;
Lest lion-like, if none control,
They tear my persecuted soul.

If I am guilty, if there be
Deceit in me,
If ill I ever to my friend
Did but intend,
Or rather have not succour'd those
Who were my undeservéd foes;

Let them my stainéd soul pursue,
With hate subdue;
Let their proud feet in triumph tread
Upon my head;
My life out of her mansion thrust,
And lay my honour in the dust.

Against my dreadful enemies,
Great God, arise;
Just Judge, Thy sleeping wrath awake,
And vengeance take;
Then all shall Thee adore alone:
O King of kings, ascend Thy throne!

PART II.

Judge Thou my foes; as I am free,
So judge Thou me:
Declare Thou my integrity;
For Thou dost try
The heart and reins; the just defend,
The malice of the wicked end.

God is my shield; He help imparts
To sincere hearts;
The good protects, but menaceth
The bad with death;
Nor will, unless they change, relent;
He whets His sword, His bow is bent.

Dire instruments preparéd hath
Of deadly wrath;
And will at those who persecute
Swift arrows shoot;
Who wicked thoughts conceiv'd, now great
With mischief travail, hatch deceit.

Who digg'd a pit first fell therein,
Caught by his sin;
On his own head his outrage shall
Like ruins fall;
But I, O Thou Eternal King,
Will of Thy truth and justice sing.

## PSALM VIII.

*Tune 7.*

LORD! how illustrious is Thy Name!
Whose pow'r both heav'n and earth proclaim!
Thy glory Thou hast set on high,
Above the marble-archéd sky.
The wonders of Thy pow'r Thou hast
In mouths of babes and sucklings plac'd:
That so Thou might'st Thy foes confound,
And who in malice most abound.
When I pure heav'n, Thy fabric, see,
The moon and stars dispos'd by Thee,

O what is man, or his frail race,
That Thou shouldst such a shadow grace?
Next to Thy angels most renown'd,
With majesty and glory crown'd:
The king of all Thy creatures made,
That all beneath his feet hath laid:
All that on dales or mountains feed,
That shady woods or deserts breed,
What in the airy region glide,
Or through the rolling ocean slide.
Lord! how illustrious is Thy Name!
Whose pow'r both heav'n and earth proclaim.

## PSALM IX.

### PART I. *Tune* 8.

THEE will I praise with heart and voice,
Thy wondrous works aloud resound;
In Thee, O Lord, will I rejoice,
Thy Name with zealous praises crown'd.

My foes fell by inglorious flight,
Before Thy terrible aspect;
Thy pow'rful hands support my right,
Thou judgment justly dost direct.

The proud are fall'n, the heathen fly;
Oblivion shall their names entomb;
Destruction, O thou enemy,
Hath now receiv'd a final doom.

Thou towns and cities hast destroy'd;
Their memory with them decays;
But God for ever shall abide,
And high His throne of justice raise.

A righteous sceptre shall extend,
And judgment distribute to all:
He will oppressèd souls defend,
That in the time of trouble call.

PART II.

Who know Thy Name in Thee will trust,
Thou never wilt forsake Thine own.
Praise Sion's King, O praise the Just,
And make His noble actions known.

Blood 'scapes not His revenging Hand,
He vindicates the poor man's cause;
Lord, my insulting foes withstand,
And draw me from death's greedy jaws;

That I may in the royal gate
Of Sion's daughter raise my voice;
Thy ample praises celebrate,
And in Thy saving health rejoice.

They (fall'n into the pit they made)
Are caught in nets themselves prepar'd;
The Lord His judgments hath display'd,
The wicked in their works insnar'd;

The wicked down to hell shall sink,
And all that do the Lord disdain;
But God will on the needy think,
Nor shall the poor expect in vain.

Lord, let not man prevail; arise,
Th' insulting heathen judge; O then
Let trembling fear their heart surprise,
That they may know they are but men

## PSALM X.

PART I. *Tune* 9.

ITHDRAW not, O my God, my Guide:
In time of trouble dost Thou hide
Thy cheerful Face?
Who want Thy grace,
The poor pursue with cruel pride:
O be they by their own
Inventions overthrown.

The wicked boast of their success;
The covetous profanely bless,
By Thee, O Lord,
So much abhorr'd.
Their pride will not Thy pow'r confess
Nor have Thy favour sought,
Or had of Thee a thought.

They in oppression take delight;
Thy judgments far above their sight:
Their enemies
Scoff and despise,
Who say in heart, No opposite
Can us remove, nor shall
Our greatness ever fall.

Their mouths detested curses fill,
Fraud, mischief; ever prone to ill:
In secret they
Lurk to betray;
The innocent in corners kill:
His eyes with fierce intent
Upon the poor are bent.

PART II.

He like a lion in his den,
Awaits to catch oppressèd men,
Who unaware
Light in his snare.
His couchéd limbs contracts, that then
With all his strength he may
Rush on his wretched prey.

His heart hath said, God hath forgot;
He hides His face, He minds it not.
Arise, O Lord,
Draw Thy just sword,
Nor out of Thy remembrance blot
The poor and desolate:
O shield them from his hate!

Why should the wicked God despise,
And say He looks with careless eyes?
Their well seen spite
Thou shalt requite.
The poor, O Lord, on Thee relies;
Thou help'st the fatherless,
Whom cruel men oppress.

Asunder break the arms of those,
Who ill affect, and good oppose:
Their crimes explore,
Until no more
Lurk in their bosoms to disclose.
Eternal King, Thy Hand
Hath chas'd them from Thy land.

Lord, Thou hast heard Thy servants' pray'r;
Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare:
Thy gracious Ear
Inclin'd to hear.

The fatherless, and worn with care
Judge Thou; that mortals may
No more with outrage sway.

## PSALM XI.

*Tune* 8.

MY God, on Thee my hopes rely:
Why say they to my troubled soul,
Arise, up to your mountain fly;
Fly, quickly, like a chaséd fowl?

For lo! the wicked bend their bows,
Their arrows fit with secret art;
That closely they may shoot at those,
Who are upright and pure in heart.

If their foundation be destroy'd,
What can the righteous build upon?
God in His temple doth abide;
Heav'n is the Great Jehovah's throne.

His Eyes behold, His Eyelids try
The sons of men;[1] allows the best:
But such as joy in cruelty
The Lord doth from His soul detest.

Snares, horrid tempest, brimstone, fire,
(Their portion) on their heads shall light;
Th' entirely just affects th' entire;
For ever precious in His sight.

## PSALM XII.

*Tune* 10.

HELP, Lord, for godly men decay;
From mortals faith, enforcéd, flies:
And with their sins companions, they,
Talk of affected vanities:

[1] *Allows*, approves (Lat. allaudo).

Their flatt'ring tongues abound with lies;
Their double hearts bent to betray.

God shall those flatt'ring lips confound,
And tongues which swell with proud disdain:
Whose boastings arrogantly sound;
Our tongues the conquest shall obtain;
They are our own, who shall restrain?
Or to our wills prescribe a bound?

But for th' oppression of the poor,
And wretches' sighs which pierce the skies,
Who pity at His throne implore,
The Lord hath said, I will arise,
And from their foes who them despise
Deliver all that Me adore.

God's word is pure; as pure as gold
In melting furnace sev'n times tried:
His Arms for ever shall enfold
All those who in His Truth abide.
The wicked range on ev'ry side,
When vicious men the sceptre hold.

## PSALM XIII.

*Tune* 11.

HOW long? Lord, let me not
For ever be forgot?
How long, my God, wilt Thou
Contract Thy clouded brow?
How long in mind perplex'd
Shall I be daily vex'd?

How long shall he control,
Who persecutes my soul?
Consider, hear my cries;
Illuminate mine eyes;

Lest with exhausted breath
I ever sleep in death:

Lest my insulting foe
Boast in my overthrow;
And those who would destroy,
In my subversion joy.
But I, Thou ever just,
Will in Thy mercy trust;

And in Thy saving grace
My constant comfort place;
My songs shall sing Thy praise,
That hast prolong'd my days.

## PSALM XIV.

*Tune* 12.

THE fool hath said in his false heart,
God cares not what to man succeeds.
Abominable are their deeds;
All ill affects from good depart.

Jehovah man's rebellious race
Beheld from His cœlestial throne;
To see if there were any one
That understood, or sought His face.

All from forsaken truth are flown;
Corrupt in body, such in soul,
Defil'd within, without as foul;
None good endeavours, no, not one.

Are all, that work iniquity,
By ignorance so blindly led?
My people they devour like bread;
Nor call on Him who sits on high.

Their consciences with terror quake,
Since God doth with the just abide;
For poor men's counsels they deride,
Who Him for their protection take.

O that unto Thy Israel
Salvation might from Sion spring!
When God shall us from bondage bring,
No joy shall Jacob's joy excell.

## PSALM XV.

*Tune* 13.

WHO shall in Thy tent abide?
On Thy holy hill reside?
He that's just and innocent,
Tells the truth of his intent,
Slanders none with venom'd tongue,
Fears to do his neighbour wrong,
Fosters not base infamies,
Vice beholds with scornful eyes,
Honours those who fear the Lord;
Keeps, though to his loss, his word;
Takes no bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to use his money lends:
Who by these directions guide
Their pure steps, shall never slide.

## PSALM XVI.

*Tune* 7.

PRESERVE me, my undoubted Aid,
To Whom, thou, O my soul, hast said,
Thou art my God; no good in me,
Nor merit can extend to Thee,

But to Thy blessed saints that dwell
On earth, whose Graces most excell,
Those ravish me with pure delight.
Their sorrows shall be infinite,
Who other gods with gifts adore,
Their bloody off'rings I abhor;
Nor shall their names my lips profane,
But God my lot will still maintain;
He is my portion, He bestows
The cup that with His bounty flows.
I have a pleasant seat obtain'd,
A fair and large possession gain'd.
The Lord will I for ever praise,
Whose counsels have inform'd my ways;
And my inflaméd zeal excite
To serve Him in the silent night.
He is my object; by His hand
Confirm'd, immoveable I stand.
Joy hath my heart and tongue possess'd;
My flesh in constant hope shall rest.
Thou wilt not leave my soul alone
In hell; nor let Thy Holy One
Corruption see; but that highway
To everlasting life display.
Thy presence yields entire delight,
At Thy right hand joys infinite.

## PSALM XVII.

*Tune* 16.

HEAR, grant my just request; O hear my cry,
And pray'rs that lips untouch'd with guile unfold!
My cause before Thy high tribunal try,
And let Thine eyes my righteousness behold.

Thou prov'st my heart ev'n in the night's recess,
Like metal tri'st me, yet no dross hast found;
I am resolv'd, my tongue shall not transgress,
But on Thy word will all my actions ground.

So shall I from the paths of tyrants fly;
O, lest I slip, direct my steps by Thine!
I Thee invoke, for Thou wilt hear my cry;
Thine ear to my afflicted voice incline.

O shew Thy wondrous love! Thou from their foes
Preservest all that on Thy aid depend.
Lord, as the apple of the eye enclose,
And over me Thy shady wings extend.

For impious men, and such as deadly hate
My guiltless soul, have compass'd me about;
Who swell with pride, enclos'd with their own fat,
And words of contumély thunder out.

Our tracéd steps entrap as in a toil,
Low-couchéd on the earth with flaming eyes,
Like famish'd lions eager of their spoil,
Or lion's whelps, close lurking to surprise.

Arise! prevent him, from his glory hurl'd;
My pensive soul from the devourer save;
From men which are Thy scourge, men of the world,
Who in this life alone their portion have.

Fill'd with Thy secret treasure, to their race
They their accumulated riches leave;
But I with righteousness shall see Thy face;
And rising, in Thy image, joy receive.

## PSALM XVIII.

### Part I. *Tune* 22.

MY heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength, my Pow'r,
My stedfast Rock, my Fortress, my high Tow'r,
My God, my Safety, and my Confidence,
The Horn of my salvation, my Defence.
My songs shall Thy deservéd praise resound;
For at my pray'rs Thou wilt my foes confound.
Sorrows of death on ev'ry side assail'd,
And dreadful floods of impious men prevail'd;
Sorrows of hell my compass'd soul dismay'd,
And to entrap me deadly snares were laid.
In this distress I cried, and call'd upon
The Lord, Who heard me from His holy throne.
He trembling earth in His fierce anger strook;
Th' unfixéd roots of airy mountains shook;
Smoke from His nostrils flew, devouring fire
Brake from His mouth, coals kindled by His ire.
In His descent bow'd heaven with earth did meet
And gloomy darkness roll'd beneath His feet,
A golden-wingéd cherubin bestrid,
And on the swiftly flying tempest rid.

### Part II.

He darkness made His secret cabinet,
Thick fogs and dropping clouds about Him set;
The beams of His bright presence these expell,
Whence show'rs of burning coals and hailstones fell.
From troubled skies loud claps of thunder brake,

In hail and darting flames th' Almighty spake;
Whose arrows my amazéd foes subdue,
And at their scatter'd troops His lightning threw.
The ocean could not his deep bottom hide,
The world's conceal'd foundations were descri'd
At Thy rebuke, Jehovah; at the blast
Ev'n of the breath which through Thy nostrils past.
He with extended arms His servant saves,
And drew me sinking from th' enragéd waves;
From my proud foes by His assistance freed,
Who swoln with hate no less in strength exceed.
Without His aid I in that stormy day
Of my affliction had become their prey;
Who from those straits of danger by His might
Enlarg'd my soul, for I was His delight.

## Part III.

The Lord, according to my innocence
And justice, did His saving grace dispense;
The narrow path by Him prescrib'd I took,
Nor like the wicked my great God forsook.
For all His judgments were before mine eyes,
I with His statutes daily did advise,
And ever walk'd before Him, void of guile;
No act or purpose did my soul defile.
For this He recompens'd my righteousness
And crown'd my innocence with fair success.
The merciful shall flourish in Thy grace,
Thy righteousness the righteous shall embrace;
Thou to the pure Thy purity wilt show,
And the perverse shall Thy averseness know.
For Thou wilt Thy afflicted people save,
The proud cast down, down to the greedy grave.
Thou, Lord, wilt make my taper to shine bright,

And clear my darkness with celestial light.
Through Thee I have against a host prevail'd,
And by Thy aid a lofty bulwark scal'd.

PART IV.

God's path is perfect, all His words are just;
A shield to those that in His promise trust.
What God is there in heav'n or earth but ours?
What rock but He against assailing pow'rs?
He breath'd new strength and courage in the day
Of battle, and securely clear'd my way.
He makes my feet outstrip the nimble hind,
Up to the mountains where I safety find.
'Tis He that teacheth my weak hands to fight,
A bow of steel is broken by their might.
Thou didst Thy ample shield before me set,
Thy arm upheld, Thy favour made me great.
The passage of my steps on ev'ry side,
Thou hast enlargéd, lest my feet should slide.
I follow'd, overtook, nor made retreat,
Until victorious in my foes' defeat;
So charg'd with wounds that they no longer stood,
But at my feet lay bathéd in their blood.
Thou arm'st me with prevailing fortitude,
And all that rose against me hast subdued;
Their stubborn necks subjected to my will,
That I their blood, who hate my soul, might spill.
They cried aloud, but found no succour near;
To Thee, Jehovah, but Thou wouldst not hear.

PART V.

I pounded them like dust, which whirlwinds raise;
Trod under-foot as dirt in beaten ways;
From popular fury Thou hast set me free,
Among the heathen hast exalted me,

Whom unknown nations serve; as soon obey
As hear of me, and yield unto my sway.
The stranger-born, beset with horror, fled,
And in their close retreats betray their dread.
O praise the living Lord, the Rock whereon
I build, the God of my salvation!
'Tis He who rights my wrongs; the people bends
To my subjection; from my foe defends.
Thou raisest me above their proud control,
And from the violent man hast freed my soul;
The heathen shall admire[1] my thankfulness,
My songs shall Thy immortal praise express.
A great and manifold deliverance
God gives His king; His mercy doth advance
In His Anointed, and will show'r His grace
Eternally on David and his race.

## PSALM XIX.

PART I. *Tune* 7.

GOD'S glory the vast heav'ns proclaim,
The firmament His mighty frame;
Day unto day and night to night
The wonders of His works recite.
To these nor speech nor words belong,
Yet understood without a tongue.
The globe of earth they compass round,
Through all the world disperse their sound.
There is the sun's pavilion set,
Who from his rosy cabinet,
Like a fresh bridegroom shows his face,
And as a giant runs his race.
He riseth in the dawning east,
And glides obliquely to the west;

[1] *Admire*, wonder at.

The world with his bright rays replete.
All creatures cherish'd by his heat.
God's laws are perfect, and restore
The soul to life, ev'n dead before.
His testimonies, firmly true,
With wisdom simple men endue.

PART II.

The Lord's commandments are upright,
And feast the soul with sweet delight.
His precepts are all purity,
Such as illuminate the eye;
The fear of God, soil'd with no stain,
Shall everlastingly remain.
Jehovah's judgments are divine,
With judgment He doth justice join;
Which men should more than gold desire,
Than heaps of gold refin'd by fire;
More sweet than honey of the hive,
Or cells where bees their treasure slive.[1]
Thy servant is inform'd from thence;
They, their observers recompense.
Who knows what his offences be?
From secret sins O cleanse Thou me!
And from presumptuous crimes restrain,
Nor let them in Thy servant reign;
So shall I live in innocence,
Not spotted with that great offence.
My Fortress, my Deliverer;
O let the pray'rs my lips prefer,
And thoughts which from my heart arise.
Be acceptable in Thine eyes.

[1] *Slive.* This appears a provincialism. In Bucks the word is used for "to hide," "to conceal."

## PSALM XX.

*Tune* 6.

THE Lord in thy adversity
Regard thy cry;
Great Jacob's God with safety arm,
And shield from harm;
Help from His sanctuary send,
And out of Sion thee defend.

Thy odours, which pure flames consume,
Be His perfume,
May He accept thy sacrifice,
Fir'd from the skies.
For ever thy endeavours bless;
And crown thy counsels with success.

We will of thy deliv'rance sing,
Triumphant king:
Our ensigns in that pray'd-for day
With joy display;
Ev'n in the Name of God. O still
May He thy just desires fulfill!

Now know I His Anointed He
Will hear and free,
With saving hand and mighty pow'r,
From His high tow'r.
These trust in horse; in chariots those;
Our trust we in our God repose.

Their wounded limbs with anguish bend,
To death descend:
But we in fervour of the fight
Have stood upright.
O save us, Lord; Thy suppliants hear:
And in our aid, great King, appear.

## PSALM XXI.

*Tune* 13.

ORD, in Thy salvatión,
In the strength which Thou hast shown,
Greatly shall the king rejoice.
How will joy exalt his voice!
Thou hast granted his request;
Of his heart's desire possess'd;
Blest with blessings manifold;
Crown'd with sparkling gems and gold.
Pray'd-for life Thou granted hast;
Length of days which never waste;
By Thy safeguard glorious made;
With high majesty array'd:
Of resistless pow'r possess'd;
By Thy favours ever bless'd.
Lo! his joys are infinite;
Joy reflected from Thy sight:
For the king in God did trust.
Through the mercy of the just,
He shall ever fixéd stand.
For thy hand, thy own right hand,
Shall thy enemies destroy,
Who would in thy ruin joy.
When thy anger shall awake,
Them a flaming furnace make.
God shall swallow in His ire,
And devour them all with fire.
From the earth destroy their fruit;
Never let their seed take root.
Mischievous was their intent;
All their thoughts against me bent;
Thoughts, which nothing could perform.
Let Thy arrows, like a storm,

Put them to inglorious flight;
On their daunted faces light.
Lord, aloft Thy triumphs raise,
While we sing Thy pow'r and praise.

## PSALM XXII.

PART I. *Tune* 14.

MY God! O why hast Thou forsook,
Why, O so far withdrawn Thine aid,
Nor when I roaréd pity took?
My God, by day to Thee I pray'd,
And when night's curtains were display'd;
Yet wouldst not Thou vouchsafe a look.

Yet Thou art holy, thron'd on high,
The Israelites Thy praise resound;
Our fathers did on Thee rely,
Their faith with wreaths of conquest crown'd:
They sought, and Thy deliv'rance found;
They trusted, and Thy truth did try.

But I, a worm, no man, am made
The scorn of men, despis'd by all;
Who shake their heads, make mouths, upbraid.
Let God, say they, redeem from thrall,
On whom thy hopes so vainly call,
Now let Him His belovéd aid.

Thou drew'st me from the womb, by Thee
Confirméd at my mother's breast,
When born, Thou took'st the charge of me,
Ev'n from my birth my God profess'd;
O succour me, with fear distress'd,
Thou canst alone Thy servant free!

PART II.

Incenséd bulls about me stare;
Strong bulls of Bashan girt me round,
Who their inflaméd mouths prepare,
Like rav'nous lions, to confound;
I'm spilt like water on the ground,
And all my bones disjointed are.

My heart like wax within me thaws;
My vigour as a pot-sherd dried;
My thirsty tongue cleaves to my jaws,
In dust of death Thou dost me hide;
Dogs compass me on ev'ry side,
And multitudes who hate Thy laws.

My hands and feet transfixéd are,
Bones, to be told, with anguish waste;
This seen with joy, my robes they share,
Lots on my seamless garment cast.
My Strength, to my redemption haste!
Nor O be deaf to my sad pray'r!

Let not the sword Thy servant wound,
My dearling from the dog protect;
From lions that in rage abound,
From unicorns guard Thy elect.
I then my brethren will direct;
Among the saints Thy praise resound.

PART III.

O praise Him you who fear the Lord,
You sons of Jacob, God adore;
Let Israel's seed His praise record,
For from their cries who help implore
His Face he hides not, nor the poor
In their affliction hath abhorr'd.

I in the great assembly shall
  Declare His works, which words exceed;
And pay my vows before them all.
  The meek abundantly shall feed,
  The faithful praise their Help at need,
Nor by the stroke of death shall fall.

All who behold the sun's uprise,
  Shall God profess, and serve alone;
And all the heathen families
  Shall cast themselves before His throne,
  Because the kingdom is His own;
For over all His empire lies.

Who in prosperity abound,
  Nor undeservéd honours gain;
Who poorly creep upon the ground,
  And scarce their needy lives sustain,
  Shall eat, and to His easy reign
Submit, with joys eternal crown'd.

Their sanctified posterity
  Shall ever celebrate His name;
Adopted sons of the Most High,
  They shall His righteousness proclaim,
  And works of everlasting fame,
To their believing progeny.

## PSALM XXIII.

*Tune 7.*

THE Lord my shepherd, me His sheep
  Will from consuming famine keep.
  He fosters me in fragrant meads,
  By softly-sliding waters leads;

My soul refresh'd with pleasant juice,
And lest they should His name traduce,
Then when I wander in the maze
Of tempting sin, informs my ways.

No terror can my courage quail,
Though shaded in death's gloomy veil;
By Thy protection fortifi'd,
Thy staff my stay, Thy rod my guide.

My table Thou hast furnishéd,
Pour'd precious odours on my head:
My mazer[1] flows with pleasant wine,
While all my foes with envy pine.

Thy mercy and beneficence
Shall ever join in my defence;
Who in Thy house will sacrifice,
Till aged time close up mine eyes.

## PSALM XXIV.

*Tune 7.*

THE round and many-peopled earth,
What from her womb extract their birth,
And whom her foodful breast sustains,
Are His, Who high in glory reigns,
The land in moving seas hath plac'd,
By ever-toiling floods embrac'd.
Who shall upon His mountain rest?
Who in His sanctuary feast?
Ev'n he whose hands are innocent;
His heart unsoil'd with foul intent;
Whom swoln ambition, avarice,
Nor tempting pleasures can entice;

[1] *Mazer.* A cup made of maple,—hence any cup, and the term is applied generally.

Who only their infection fears ;
And never fraudulently swears,
The Lord his Saviour him shall bless,
And clothe him with His righteousness.
Such are of Jacob's faithful race,
Who seek Him, and shall find His Face.
You lofty gates, your leaves display ;
You everlasting doors, give way ;
The King of Glory comes. O sing
His praise ! Who is this glorious King ?
The Lord in strength, in pow'r complete,
The Lord in battle more than great.
You lofty gates, your leaves display ;
You everlasting doors, give way ;
The King of Glory comes. O sing
His praise ! Who is this glorious King ?
The Lord of Hosts, of victory,
Is King of Glory ; thron'd on high.

## PSALM XXV.

### PART I. *Tune* 2.

ON Thee with confidence I call,
To Thee my troubled soul erect ;
Lord, let not shame my look deject,
Nor malice triumph in my fall.
Thy servants save ; but those confound,
Who innocence with slander wound.

In Thy disclosèd paths direct ;
Thy truth, that leading star display,
O my Redeemer ! ev'ry day
My dangers Thy relief expect.
Think of Thy mercies shown of old ;
Thy mercies more than can be told.

The sins of my unbridled youth,
Nor frail transgressions call to mind:
Let those that seek, Thy mercy find,
Ev'n for the honour of Thy truth.
God, ever just and good, the way
Of life will shew to such as stray.

The meek in righteousness shall guide;
To such His heav'nly will express,
Which shall with truth and mercy bless
All such as in His laws abide.
My sins so numeroús and great
O for Thy honour, Lord, forget!

PART II.

What's he who fears the Ever-bless'd?
To him shall He His paths disclose;
His soul refresh'd with calm repose,
The land by his fair race possess'd:
To him His counsels shall impart,
And seal His cov'nants in his heart.

On Thee with fixéd eyes I wait,
My feet enlarge Thou from their snares.
O pity me, so worn with cares,
Despiséd, poor, and desolate!
The troubles of my mind increase,
Lord, from their galling yoke release!

Behold Thou my afflictión,
The toil and straits wherein I live;
My sins so infinite, forgive.
Behold my foes, how potent grown!
How are they multiplied of late,
Who hate me with a deadly hate.

Deliver, O from shame protect;
Since from my faith I never swerve,
Let innocence and truth preserve,
Who constantly Thy aid expect.
Redeem Thy chosen Israel,
And sorrow from his breast expell.

## PSALM XXVI.

*Tune* 4.

LORD, judge my cause: Thy piercing eye
Beholds my soul's integrity.
How can I fall:
When I, and all
My hopes on Thee rely?

Examine, try my reins and heart;
Thou, mercy's source, my object art;
Nor from Thy truth
Have I in youth,
Or will in age depart.

Men sold to sin offend my sight,
I hate the two-tongued hypocrite;
Those who devise
Malicious lies,
And in their crimes delight.

But will, with hands immaculate,
And off'rings, at Thy altar wait;
Thy praise disperse
In grateful verse,
Thy noble acts relate.

Thy house, in my esteem excells;
The mansion where Thy glory dwells.
My life O close
Not up with those,
Whose sin Thy grace expells!

Who guiltless blood with pleasure spill,
Subverting bribes their right-hands fill;
Bold in offence;
But innocence
And truth shall guard me still.

Redeem; O with Thy grace sustain!
My feet now stand upon the plain.
Thy justice I
Will magnify,
With those who fear Thy Name.

## PSALM XXVII.

PART I. *Tune* 10.

GOD is my Saviour, my clear Light;
Who then can my repose affright?
Or what appear
Worth such a fear,
My life protected by His might?
Vain hatred, vain their pow'r,
That would my life devour.

These fell, when they against me fought.
The wicked suffer'd what they sought.
Though troops of foes
At once enclose,
Of fear I would not lodge a thought:
Should armies compass me,
So confident in Thee.

One thing I have, and shall request,
That I may in Thy mansion rest,
Till death surprise
My closing eyes;

That they may on Thy beauty feast:
That in Thy temple still
I may inquire Thy will.

When storms arise on ev'ry side,
He will in His pavilion hide:
How ever great,
In that retreat
I shall conceal'd and safe abide.
He, to resist their shock,
Hath fixt me on a rock.

Now is my head advanc'd, renown'd
Above my foes, who gird me round;
That in my tent
I may present
My sacrifice with trumpets' sound;
There I Thy praise will sing,
Set to a well-tun'd string.

PART II.

O hear Thou my afflicted cry;
Extend Thy pity, and reply.
When thus the Lord
In sweet accord;
Seek thou My Face with searching eye.
Directed by Thy grace,
Lord, I will seek Thy Face.

Thy Face O therefore never hide,
Nor in Thine anger turn aside
From him that hath
Serv'd Thee with faith.
Forsake me not, my ancient Guide;
So oft in dangers known,
O leave me not alone.

Although my parents should forsake,
Yet, Lord, Thou would'st to harbour take.
O, lest I stray,
Teach me the way,
And in Thy precepts perfect make;
Because my enemies
Watch like so many spies.

Expose me not to their desire,
For lying witnesses conspire,
Who in their breath
Bear wrath and death.
My soul had sunk beneath their ire,
But that I did rely
On Thy benignity;

In hope to see (within the land
Of those that live) Thy saving hand.
He shall impart
Strength to thy heart.
Wait on the Lord, undaunted stand;
His heav'nly will attend,
Who timely aid will send.

## PSALM XXVIII.

*Tune 5.*

Y God, my Rock, regard my cry,
Lest I unheard, like those that die,
In shades of dark oblivion lie.

To my ascending grief give ear,
When I my hands devoutly rear
Before Thy mercy-seat with fear.

With wicked men mix not my fate,
Nor drag me with the reprobate,
Who speak of peace, but foster hate.

Such as their works, their dire intent,
And practices to circumvent;
Such be their dreadful punishment.

Since they will not Thy choice renown,
But hate whom Thou intend'st to crown;
O build not up, but pull them down.

He hears! His Name be magnifi'd!
My strength secur'd on ev'ry side,
Since all my hope on Him relied.

These seas of joy my tears devour,
My songs shall celebrate Thy pow'r,
O Thou that art to Thine a tow'r.

O Thou my strong deliverance,
Thy people, Thine inheritance,
Bless, feed, preserve, and still advance.

## PSALM XXIX.

*Tune* 15.

OU that are of princely birth,
Praise the Lord of heav'n and earth;
Glory give, His pow'r proclaim,
Magnify and praise His name.
Worship; in the beauty bless,
Beauty of His holiness.
From a dark and show'ring cloud,
On the floods that roar aloud,
Hark! His voice with terror breaks:
God, our God in thunder speaks.
Pow'rful is His voice on high,
Full of pow'r and majesty:
Lofty cedars overthrown,
Cedars of steep Lebanon,

Calf-like skipping on the ground;
Lebanon and Sirion bound,
Like a youthful unicorn.
Lab'ring clouds with lightning torn.
At His voice the desert shakes;
Kadish, thy vast desert quakes.
Trembling hinds then calve for fear;
Shady forests bare appear:
His renown by ev'ry tongue
Through His holy temple sung.
He the raging floods restrains,
He a King for ever reigns.
God His people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

## PSALM XXX.

### PART I. *Tune* 12.

MY verse shall in Thy praises flow,
Lord, Thou hast rais'd my head on high;
Nor suffer'd the proud enemy
To triumph in my overthrow.

I cried aloud: Thy arm did save,
Thou drew'st me from the shades of death,
Repealing my exiléd breath,
When almost swallow'd by the grave.

You saints of his, O sing His praise,
Present your vows unto the Lord;
His perfect holiness record,
Whose wrath but for a moment stays.

His quick'ning favour life bestows,
Tears may continue for a night;
But joy springs with the morning light,
Long-lasting joys, soon-ending woes.

PART II.

In my prosperity I said,
My feet shall ever fix'd abide;
I, by Thy favour fortifi'd,
Am like a steadfast mountain made.

But when Thou hid'st Thy cheerful Face,
How infinite my troubles grew;
My cries then with my grief renew,
Which thus implor'd Thy saving grace.

What profit can my blood afford,
When I shall to the grave descend?
Can senseless dust Thy praise extend?
Can death Thy living truth record?

To my complaints attentive be,
Thy mercy in my aid advance;
O perfect my deliverance,
That have no other hope but Thee!

Thou, Lord, hast made th' afflicted glad;
My sorrow into dancing turn'd:
The sack-cloth torn wherein I mourn'd,
And me in Tyrian purple clad:

That so my glory might proclaim
Thy favours in a joyful verse;
Incessantly Thy praise rehearse,
And magnify Thy sacred Name.

## PSALM XXXI.

### Part I. *Tune* 16.

HO trusts in Thee, O let not shame deject!
Thou ever just, my chaséd soul secure;
Lord, lend a willing ear, with speed protect;
Be Thou my rock, with Thy strong arm immure.

My rock, my fortress, for Thy honour aid,
And my engagéd feet from danger guide;
Pull from their subtle snares in secret laid,
O Thou my only strength so often tried.

To Thy safe hands my spirit I commend,
O my Redeemer, O Thou God of truth.
Who lies invent or unto idols bend,
I have abhorr'd; but lov'd Thee from my youth.

I will rejoice and in Thy mercy boast,
That in his trouble wouldst Thy servant know;
Deliver, when in expectation lost,
Nor yield him to the triumph of his foe.

### Part II.

Now help the comfortless: my sight decays,
My spirits faint, my flesh consumes with care;
My life is spent with grief, in sighs my days,
My strength through sin dissolves, my bones impair.

To all my foes I am become a scorn,
Nor least to those who seem'd in love most near;
By all my late familiar friends forlorn,
Who when they meet me turn aside for fear.

Forgot like those who in the grave abide,
And, as a broken vessel past repair;
Traduc'd by many (fear on ev'ry side)
Who counsel take and would my life ensnare.

But, Lord, my hopes are on Thee fix'd; I said,
Thou art my God, my days are in Thy hand;
Against my furious foes oppose Thy aid,
And those who persecute my soul withstand.

O let Thy face upon Thy servant shine;
Save for Thy mercies' sake, from shame defend.
Shame cover those who keep no laws of Thine,
And undeploréd to the grave descend.

## Part III.

The lying lips in endless silence close,
That with despite and pride traduce the just.
What joy hast Thou reserv'd, what wrought for those,
(In sight of all) who fear, and in Thee trust!

Those shalt Thou in Thy secret presence hide
From their oppressors' violence and wrongs;
They in Thy close pavilion shall abide,
Securéd from the strife of envious tongues.

Blest He! who in a walléd city hath
To me His wonderful affection shown;
I rashly said, I am the food of wrath,
Cut off, for ever from His presence thrown.

Yet Thou, O Ever Blessed, heard'st my pray'r,
When to Thy mercy I address my cry;
O love the living Lord, all you that are
His chosen saints, and on His aid rely;

For He the faithful ever will preserve,
And render to the proud their full deserts;
Courageous be all you who hope and serve
The Lord of Life who will confirm your hearts.

## PSALM XXXII.

*Tune* 17.

BLESS'D, O thrice bless'd, is he,
Whose sins remitted be:
And whose impieties
God covers from His eyes.
To whom his sins are not
Imputed, as forgot;
His soul with guile unstain'd.
While silent I remain'd,
My bones consum'd away,
I roaréd all the day,
For on me day and night
Thy hand did heavy light.
My moisture dried throughout,
Like to a summer's drought.
I then my sins confess'd,
How far I had transgress'd;
When all I had reveal'd,
Thy Hand my pardon seal'd.
For this who godly are
Shall seek to Thee by pray'r;
Seek, when Thou mayst be found;
In deluges undrown'd.
Thou art my safe retreat,
My shield, when dangers threat;
Shalt my deliverance
With songs of joy advance.
I will instruct and show
The way which thou shouldst go,
The way to piety,

And guide thee with Mine eye.
Be not like mule and horse,
Whose reason is their force,
Whose mouth the bit and rein,
Lest they rebel, restrain;
Innumerable woes
The wicked shall enclose,
But those who God affect,
His mercy shall protect.
O you who are upright
In God your God delight.
You just, His blessed choice,
In Him with songs rejoice.

## PSALM XXXIII.

*Tune 7.*

O God, you just, your voices raise,
It you beseems to sing His praise.
O celebrate the King of kings
On instruments strung with ten strings;
To harp and lute new ditties sing;
Sing loud with skilful fingering.
His words are crown'd by their event,
And all His works are permanent.
Justice and judgment He affects,
His bounty upon all reflects,
His word the archéd heav'ns did frame,
His breath the stars' eternal flame;
He the collected seas confines,
And folds the deep in magazines.
The Lord, O all you nations, fear;
All whom the earth's round shoulders bear.
He spake, 'twas done as soon as said,
At His commandment stedfast made.
The people counsel take in vain,

The projects no success obtain.
The counsels of the Lord are sure,
His purposes no change endure;
Bless'd they whose God Jehovah is,
The nation set apart for His.
The Lord looks from the lofty skies,
On careful[1] mortals casts His eyes;
The Lord looks from His residence,
The sons of men beholds from thence.
He fashionéd their hearts alone,
To Him their thoughts and deeds are known.
No king is savéd by an host,
No giant in his strength should boast,
There rests no safety in a horse,
None are deliver'd by his force.
God's Eyes are ever on the just,
Who fear, and in His mercy trust;
To free their souls from swallowing earth,
And keep alive in time of dearth.
Our fervent souls on God attend,
Our Help, Who only can defend;
In Whom our hearts exult for joy,
Because we on His Name rely.
Great God, to us propitious be,
As we have fix'd our hopes on Thee.

## PSALM XXXIV.

*Tune* 18.

THE Lord I will for ever bless,
My tongue His praises shall profess,
In Him my soul shall boast;
The meek shall hear the same and joy;
His name with me, O magnify;
Extol the Lord of Hosts.

[1] *Careful*—i. e. anxious, full of care. Cf. Philipp. vi. 6.

My pray'rs ascending pierc'd His ear,
Who snatch'd me from those storms of fear.
The meek who God expect,
Who flow to Him like living brooks,
Shame never shall distain their looks,
Nor with foul guilt infect.

This wretch in his adversity
(Then men shall say) to God did cry,
Whose mercy him secur'd.
The angels of Jehovah those
Who fear Him with their tents enclose,
By strength Divine immur'd.

How good our God, O taste and see!
Who trust in Him thrice happy be;
You saints, O fear Him still;
Such feel no want; the lions roar
For hunger, but who God implore,
He shall with plenty fill.

Come, children, with attention hear,
I will instruct you in His fear.
What man delights in life?
Seeks to live happily and long?
From evil guard thy wary tongue,
Thy lips from fraud and strife,

Do good, and wicked deeds eschew;
Seek sacred peace, her steps pursue.
God's eyes are on the just,
Their cries His open ear attends,
But on the bad His wrath descends,
Their names reduc'd to dust.

He hears the righteous and their cry,
Preserv'd in their adversity;
A broken heart affects,

And souls contrite which in Him trust.
Great are th' afflictions of the just,
But He in all protects;

Keeps ev'ry bone of theirs entire,
The wicked swallows in His ire,
And who the righteous hate.
The Lord His servants shall redeem,
Those ever dear in His esteem,
Who on His promise wait.

## PSALM XXXV.

### Part I. *Tune* 3.

LORD, plead my cause against my foes,
With such as fight against me, fight;
Arise, Thy ample shield oppose,
And with Thy sword defend my right.

Address Thy spear, those in their way
Encounter, who my soul invade;
To her O let Thy Spirit say,
I am Thy God and saving aid.

Let those who my disgrace contrive,
Hang down their heads, for flight design'd;
Who seek my fall, let angels drive
Like chaff before the blust'ring wind.

Obscure and slipp'ry be their path,
Let wingéd troops pursue their foil,
Since they for me with causeless wrath
Have digg'd a pit, and pitch'd a toil;

Let sudden ruin them destroy,
Mesh'd in the nets themselves had laid;
Then in the Lord my soul shall joy,
And glory in His timely aid.

My bones shall say, O who like Thee,
That arm'st the weak against the strong,
That dost the poor and needy free
From outrage, and too pow'rful wrong?

PART II.

False witnesses against me stood,
Who unknown accusations brought;
That evil renderéd for good,
And closely my confusion sought.

I in their sickness did condole,
Unfeignedly in sackcloth mourn'd;
With fasting humbled my sad soul,
And often to my pray'rs return'd;

Him visited both night and day,
As if an ancient friend or brother;
In black upon the earth I lay,
And wept as for my dying mother.

Yet these rejoicéd in my woe,
False comforters about me crowd;
And lest I should their cunning know,
They rent their clothes and cried aloud.

Like hypocrites at feasts they jeer,
Whose gnashing teeth their hate profess;
O Lord, how long wilt Thou forbear,
And only look on my distress?

O save from those who smile and kill,
My dearling from the lion's jaws;

I in the great assembly will
Then praise Thy name with full applause.

PART III.

Let not my causeless enemies
Rejoice in my afflicted state:
Nor wink at me with scornful eyes,
Who swell with undeservéd hate.

Of peace they speak not, rather they
The peaceable with fraud pursue;
Who wry their mouths at me, and say,
Ha! ha! our eyes thy ruin view.

This seen, O stand no longer mute,
Nor, Lord, desert my innocence;
Awake, arise! O prosecute
My cause, and plead in my defence.

With justice judge; nor let them say
In triumph: We our wish possess;
Nor in their mirthful hearts, ha! ha!
We've swallow'd him in his distress.

Wrath and confusion seize on those
Who in my tribulation joy,
Let them who glory in my woes
Be cloth'd with shame and infamy.

Let those eternally rejoice
Who favour and assist my right;
For ever with exalted voice
The goodness of our God recite;

And say: O magnify His Name,
Who glories in His servants' peace;
My tongue His justice shall proclaim,
Nor ever in His praises cease.

## PSALM XXXVI.

*Tune* 18.

WHEN I the bold transgressor see,
My thoughts thus whisper unto me:
He never fear'd the Lord;
He smooths himself in his own eyes,
Till his secure impieties
Become of all abhorr'd.

Their words are vain and full of guile,
They wisdom from their hearts exile,
Forsaken virtue hate;
Who mischief on their beds contrive,
Through byeways to bad ends arrive,
And vices propagate.

Thy mercy, Lord, is thron'd on high,
And Thy approv'd fidelity
The lofty sky transcends;
Thy justice like a mountain steep,
Thy judgments an unfathom'd deep;
Who man and beast defends.

O Lord, how precious is Thy grace!
The sons of men their comfort place
Beneath Thy shady wings;
They with Thy household dainties shall
Be fully satisfied, and all
Drink of Thy pleasant springs.

For O! from Thee the fountain flows,
Which endless life on Thine bestows,
Enlighten'd with Thy light.
On such as know Thee show'r Thy grace;
O let Thy justice those embrace
Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of pride defeat,
Nor such as are in mischief great
My guiltless soul surprise;
The workers of iniquity
Are fall'n like meteors from the sky,
Cast down no more to rise.

## PSALM XXXVII.

### Part I. *Tune* 1.

EX not thyself at the impiety
Of wicked men, nor their frail height envy;
For they shall soon be mow'd like summer's hay,
And as the verdure of the herb decay.
Trust thou in God; do good, and long in peace
Possess the land, refresh'd by her increase.
Be He thy sole delight, He shall inspire
Thy raiséd thoughts, and grant thy heart's desire.
Rely, and to His care thy ways commend,
Who will produce them to a happy end.
He shall thy justice like the light display,
And make thy judgment as the height of day.
Rest on the Lord, and patiently attend
His heav'nly will; nor let it thee offend,
Because the wicked in their courses thrive,
And prosp'rously at their desires arrive.
Abstain from anger, heady wrath eschew;
Nor fret thou, lest ill deeds ill thoughts pursue.
God will cut off the bad, the faithful bless;
Who shall the ever-fruitful land possess.

### Part II.

After a while th' unjust shall cease to be;
Thou shalt his place consider, but not see.

The meek in heart shall reap the land's increase,
And solace in the multitude of peace.
Against the godly wicked men conspire,
Gnash their malicious teeth, and foam with ire;
But God shall laugh at their impiety,
Because He knows their day of doom is nigh.
They draw their bloody swords, their bows are bent
To kill the needy, poor, and innocent.
But their proud hearts shall perish by the stroke
Of their own steel, their bow's asunder broke.
That little which the righteous hath, excells
Th' abundant wealth wherein the wicked swells.
For God the arms of violent men will break,
But shield the righteous, and support the weak.
His Eyes behold the suff'rings of the poor,
Their firm possessions ever shall endure.
They in the time of danger shall not dread,
But shall in famine's rage be fill'd with bread.
When vicious men shall speedily decay,
And those who slight Jehovah melt away
As fat of lambs, which sacred fires consume,
And forthwith vanish like the rising fume.

PART III.

The wicked borrow never to restore,
The just are gracious and relieve the poor.
Whom God shall bless, they shall the land enjoy;
Whom God shall curse, them vengeance shall destroy.
The steps of righteous men the Lord directs,
For He, ev'n He, their order'd paths affects.
Although they fall, yet fall to rise again;
For His His care and pow'rful Hand sustain.
I have been young, am old, yet never saw
The just abandonéd, nor those who draw

From him their birth with beggary oppress'd.
He lends in mercy, and his seed are bless'd.
Do good, shun evil, and remain unmov'd,
For righteous souls are of the Lord belov'd:
His undeserted saints protecting still,
Their plants uprooting who transgress His will.
Just men inherit shall the promis'd land,
And dwell therein, while mountains steadfast stand.

### Part IV.

The righteous soul of sacred judgment speaks,
And from his lips a spring of wisdom breaks.
God's law is in his heart, his light, his guide,
Nor shall his feet in slipp'ry places slide.
Men seek his blood, but God defends, nor shall
He by the sentence of the wicked fall.
Wait on the Lord, nor His straight paths transgress;
And evermore this pregnant soil possess.
But those who in iniquity delight
Shall be cut off, and perish in thy sight.
The wicked I have seen in wealth to flow,
Exceed in pow'r, and like a laurel grow,
Yet vanish hence, as he had never been;
I sought him, but he was not to be seen.
Observe the perfect and the pure of heart,
They die in peace, and happily depart,
But the ungodly are at once cut down,
And perish without pity or renown.
The Lord is the salvation of the just,
Their strength in trouble, since in Him they trust:
Will those assist who on His aid depend,
Deliver, and from impious foes defend.

## PSALM XXXVIII.

*Tune* 4.

NOT in Thy wrath against me rise,
Nor in Thy fury, Lord, chastise:
Thy arrows wound,
Nail to the ground,
Thy Hand upon me lies.

No limb from pain and anguish free,
Because I have incenséd Thee:
Nor rest can take,
My bones so ache,
Such sin abounds in me.

Like billows they my head transcend;
Beneath their heavy load I bend;
My ulcers swell,
Corrupt and smell;
Of folly the sad end.

Perplex'd in mind I pine away,
And mourning waste the tedious day;
My flesh no more
Than all one sore;
All parts at once decay.

Much broken, all my strength o'erthrown,
Through anguish of my soul I groan.
Lord, Thou dost see
My thoughts and me;
My sighs to Thee are known.

My sad heart pants, my nerves relent,
My sight grows dim; and to augment
My miseries,
All my allies
And friends themselves absent.

PART II.

Who seek my life their snares extend,
Their wicked thoughts on mischief bend,
Calumniate,
And lie in wait
To bring me to my end.

But I as deaf to them appear,
As mute as if I tongueless were:
My passion rul'd,
Like one that could
At all not speak nor hear.

Because my hopes on Thee rely,
My God, I said, O hear my cry,
Lest they should boast
Who hate me most,
And in my ruin joy.

For O! I droop, with struggling spent,
My thoughts are on my sorrows bent.
My sins' excess
I will confess;
In show'rs of tears repent.

My foes are full of strength and pride;
Who causeless hate are multiplied;
Who good with ill
Repay, would kill,
Because I just abide.

Depart not, Lord! O, pity take!
Nor me in my extremes forsake!
Salvatión
Is Thine alone;
Haste to my succour make.

## PSALM XXXIX.

*Tune* 19.

I SAID, I will my ways observe,
Lest I should swerve:
With bit and reins my tongue keep in,
Too prone to sin.
Nor to their calumny reply,
Who glory in impiety.

I like a statue silent stood,
Dumb ev'n to good:
My sorrows boiling in my breast
Exil'd my rest:
But when my heart, incens'd with wrong,
Grew hot, I gave my grief a tongue.

Of those few days I have to spend,
And my last end,
Inform me, Lord, that I may so
My frailty know.
My time is made short as a span,
As nothing is the age of man.

Man nothing is but vanity,
Though thron'd on high;
Walks like a shadow, and in vain
Turmoils with pain:
He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knows not who shall prove his heir.

Lord, what expect I? Thou the scope
Of all my hope.
Him from his loath'd transgressions free,
Who trusts in Thee:
Nor, O, subject me to the rule
And proud derision of a fool!

With silence, since Thy will was such,
I suffer'd much:
O now forbear, lest instant death
Force my faint breath.
When Thou dost with Thy rod chastise
Offending man, his courage dies.

His beauty wasted like a cloth
Gnawn by the moth:
Himself a short-liv'd vanity,
And born to die.
Lord, to my pray'rs incline Thine ear,
And Thy afflicted servant hear.

Nor these salt rivers of mine eyes,
My God, despise;
A stranger as my fathers were,
I sojourn here;
O let me gather strength before
I pass away and be no more.

## PSALM XL.

*Tune 2.*

FOR God I patiently did look;
He to my cries inclin'd His ear:
And when environéd with fear,
From that abyss of horror took,
Drew from the mud, and on a rock
Establish'd, to endure the shock.

Then did into my mouth convey
Songs of His praise, unsung before.
Many shall see, with fear adore;
And, trusting in th' Almighty, say,
Who on the Lord depend are blest;
Who liars and the proud detest.

Many, and full of wonder, are
The works, O Lord, which Thou hast wrought;
What Thou to raise our joys hast thought,
O who in order can declare?
'Twere lost endeavour to express
Their number that are numberless.

Thou gifts nor off'rings dost desire;
But piercéd hast Thy servant's ear:
To Thee oblations are not dear,
Nor sacrifice consum'd with fire.
Then said I, Lo, I come; thus it
Is of me in Thy volume writ.

Thy laws are written in my heart,
My joy Thy pleasure to fulfill;
I in the great assembly still
Thy righteousness to all impart.
My lips are unrestrain'd by me,
Which, Lord, is only known to Thee.

Thy justice I have not conceal'd
Within the closure of my breast;
But Thy fidelity profest,
And saving health at large reveal'd;
Amidst the congregatión
Thy constant truth and mercy shown.

Withdraw not, Lord, Thy long'd for aid,
With truth and mercy still inclose;
For O! innumerable woes
On ev'ry side my soul invade;
So changéd with iniquities,
That they ev'n blind my fearful eyes.

In number they my hairs exceed,
My fainting heart pants in my breast.
Be pleas'd to succour the distrest,

And, Lord, deliver me with speed.
Let shame at once confound them all,
That seek my soul, and plot my fall.

Be they repuls'd with infamy,
Who persecute with deadly hate;
Deservedly left desolate,
Who, Ha! ha! in derision cry.
Let all who seek Thy help, rejoice
And praise Thee with a cheerful voice.

Let them, who Thy salvation love,
Still say, The Lord be magnified!
Though I be poor, and cast aside,
Yet He regards me from above.
My Safety, my Deliverer,
No longer Thy relief defer.

## PSALM XLI.

*Tune* 6.

WHO duly shall the poor regard,
Hath his reward;
The Lord, in time of trouble, shall
Prevent his fall;
He shall among the living rest,
And with the earth's increase be blest.

Lord, render him not up to those
Who are his foes;
When he in sorrow languisheth,
Near unto death;
Let him by Thee be comforted,
And in his sickness make his bed.

I said, O Lord, Thy mercy show,
And health bestow;

For O! my soul the loathsome stains
Of sin retains.
My foes have said, When shall he die,
And yet outlive his memory?

If any visit, they devise
Deceitful lies;
Their hollow hearts with mischief load,
Divulg'd abroad;
Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,
How they may swallow me alive.

Behold, say they, this punishment
From heav'n is sent;
He from the bed whereon he lies,
Shall never rise.
Yea, ev'n my friend, my confident,
My guest, his heel against me bent.

But, Lord, Thy mercy I implore,
My health restore;
O raise me, that forthwith I may
Their hate repay.
In this Thy love Thou dost express,
That none triumph in my distress.

For Thou art of my innocence
The strong defence.
I shall, enlighten'd by Thy grace,
Behold Thy face.
Jehovah, Israel's God, be blest,
While day and night the world invest.

*Amen, Amen.*

# A PARAPHRASE

## UPON THE SECOND BOOK OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

### PSALM XLII. *Tune* 18.

LORD, as the hart, imbost [1] with heat,
Brays after the cool rivulet,
So sighs my soul for Thee.
My soul thirsts for the Living God;
When shall I enter His abode,
And there His beauty see?

Tears are my food both night and day,
While, Where's thy God, they daily say.
My soul in plaints I shed,
When I remember, how in throngs
We fill'd Thy house with praise and songs;
How I their dances led.

My soul, why art thou so depress'd?
Why O thus troubled in my breast?
With grief so overthrown?
With constant hope on God await:
I yet His name shall celebrate,
For mercy timely shown.

[1] *Imbost*, a hunting term. When the hart foamed at the mouth, through fatigue, it was said to be *imbossed*.

My fainting heart within me pants :
My God, consider my complaints ;
My songs shall praise Thee still :
Ev'n from the vale where Jordan flows ;
Where Hermon his high forehead shows,
From Mitsar's humble hill.

PART II.

Deeps unto deeps enragéd call,
When Thy dark spouts of waters fall,
And dreadful tempest raves :
For all Thy floods upon me burst,
And billows after billows thrust
To swallow in their graves.

But yet by day the Lord will charge
His ready mercy to enlarge
My soul, surpris'd with cares ;
He gives my songs their argument ;
God of my life, I will present
By night to Thee my pray'rs ;

And say : My God, my Rock, O why
Am I forgot, and mourning die,
By foes reduc'd to dust ?
Their words like weapons pierce my bones ;
While still they echo to my groans,
Where is the Lord thy trust ?

My soul, why art thou so deprest ?
O why so troubled in my breast ?
Sunk underneath thy load ;
With constant hope on God await,
For I His name shall celebrate ;
My Saviour, and my God.

## PSALM XLIII.

*Tune* 18.

MY God, Thy servant vindicate:
O plead my cause against their hate,
Who seek my utter spoil!
Deliver from the merciless,
Who with bold injuries oppress,
And prosper in their guile.

For of my strength Thou art the Lord,
Why like to one by Thee abhorr'd
Dost Thou my soul expose?
Why wander I in black array'd,
My body worn, my mind dismay'd,
Pursu'd by cruel foes?

Thy favour and Thy truth extend,
Let them into my soul descend,
Conducted by their light,
Conducted to Thy holy hill
And house, blest with Thy presence still,
There to enjoy Thy sight.

Then will I to Thy altar bring
An acceptable offering,
That dost such joys afford;
There on a tuneful instrument,
With songs that join in sweet consent,
Thy sacred praise record.

My soul, why art thou so deprest?
Why, O, thus troubled in my breast?
Sunk underneath thy load;
With constant hope on God await;
For I His Name shall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

## PSALM XLIV. *Tune* 3.

ORD! We have heard our fathers tell
The wonders wrought by Thee of old,
To them by their great grandsires told,
How by Thy Hand the heathen fell;

Of fruitful Canaan dispossess'd,
And Israel planted in their room,
They perish'd by a fearful doom,
While ours in growth and strength increas'd.

Not their own swords that pleasant land
Did conquer, and their foes eject;
Nor did their arms their lives protect:
It was Thy Arm and pow'rful Hand;

It was the splendour of Thy Face;
And by Thy favour they o'ercame:
My King, my God, O still the same,
Salvation send to Jacob's race.

For by Thy aid our enemies
Lay bleeding on the stainéd ground;
And in Thy Name we did confound
Who ever durst against us rise.

Our sword's unable to defend,
We will not trust in our weak bows;
Thou, Lord, hast sav'd us from our foes,
And brought them to a shameful end.

### Part II.

For this with praises we adore,
And ever celebrate Thy Name:
But now Thou casts us off to shame,
Nor lead'st our armies as before.

Our faces from our foes revers'd,
A spoil to such as hunt for blood;
Thou giv'st us up as sheep for food,
Among th' uncircumcis'd dispers'd.

For nought Thou dost Thy people sell,
Nor art enrichéd by their price;
Our neighbours in our fall rejoice,
A scorn to all that near us dwell.

A by-word to the heathen grown,
Who shake their heads in our disgrace;
My shame is still before my face;
My eyes to earth with blushes thrown.

Sprung from the bold blasphemer's taunts,
And proud avenger's threat'ning look,
Yet, Lord, we have not Thee forsook,
Nor falsified Thy covenants.

### Part III.

Our hearts have not their faith dissolv'd,
Our steps the path prescribéd keep;
Though Thou hast crush'd us in the deep,
And with the shades of death involv'd.

For should we from the Lord depart,
Or to strange gods our hearts uprear;
O would not this to Him appear,
Who knows the secrets of our heart?

Yet for Thy sake are daily slain,
For slaughter mark'd like butcher'd sheep;
Awake, O Lord, why dost Thou sleep?
Rise, nor for ever us disdain.

O to Thy own at length return:
Why dost Thou hide Thy cheerful Face?

Withdrawing Thy accustom'd grace
From such as in affliction mourn?

For lo! our souls are wrapt in dust;
Our bellies to the centre cleave:
O for Thy mercies' sake receive
And succour those who in Thee trust.

## PSALM XLV.

*Tune* 7.

WITH heat divine inspir'd, I sing
A panegyric to the King:
High raptures in a num'rous style
I with a ready pen compile.
Much fairer than our human race;
Whose lips like fountains flow with grace;
For this the Lord thy soul shall bless
With everlasting happiness.
Gird, O most Mighty, on Thy thigh
Thy sword of awe and majesty:
In triumph, arm'd with truth, ride on;
By clemency and justice drawn.
No mortal vigour shall withstand
The fury of Thy dreadful Hand.
Thy piercing arrows in the kings
Opposers' hearts shall dye their wings.
Thy throne no waste of time decays;
Thy sceptre sacred justice sways.
Thou virtue lov'st; but hast abhorr'd
Deformèd vice: for this the Lord
Hath thee alone preferr'd, and shed
The oil of joy upon thy head.
Thy garments, which in grace excell,
Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia smell,
Brought from the ivory palaces,

Which more than other odours please.
Kings' daughters to augment Thy state,
Among Thy noble damsels wait;
The queen enthron'd on Thy right hand,
Adorn'd with Ophir's golden sand.

PART II.

Hark, daughter! and by me be taught;
Thy country banish from thy thought,
Thy house and family forget,
His joy upon thy beauty set.
He is thy Lord; O bow before,
And Him eternally adore!
The daughters of sea-circled Tyre
Shall bring their purple, and desire
(Ev'n they whom wealth and honour grace)
To see the sweetness of thy face.
Her mind all beauties doth enfold;
Her fair limbs clad in purfled[1] gold,
She shall unto the king be brought,
In robes with Phrygian needle wrought:
While virgins on her train attend,
Whose faith and friendship know no end:
Whom they with joy shall lead along,
Eterniz'd in a nuptial song,
And with renew'd applauses bring
Unto the palace of the king.
Thou in thy royal father's place,
Of sons shalt see a num'rous race,
Who over all the earth shall sway,
While the clear sun directs the day.
My song shall celebrate Thy name,
And to the world divulge Thy fame.

[1] *Purfled*, embroidered, flowered.

## PSALM XLVI.

*Tune* 20.

OD is our refuge, our strong tow'r,
Securing by His mighty pow'r,
When dangers threaten to devour.

Thus arm'd no fears shall chill our blood,
Though earth no longer steadfast stood,
And shook her hills into the flood.

Although the troubled ocean rise
In foaming billows to the skies,
And mountains shake with horrid noise.

Clear streams purl from a crystal spring,
Which gladness to God's city bring,
The mansion of th' Eternal King;

He in her centre takes His place,
What foe can her fair tow'rs deface,
Protected by His early grace?

Tumultuary nations rose,
And arméd troops our walls enclose,
But His fear'd Voice unnerv'd our foes.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
The God by Jacob magnified,
Our Strength, on Whom we have relied.

Come, see the wonders He hath wrought;
Who hath to desolation brought
Those kingdoms which our ruin sought.

He makes destructive war surcease,
The earth, deflower'd of her increase,
Restores with universal peace.

He breaks their bows, unarms their quivers,
The bloody spear in pieces shivers,
Their chariots to the flame delivers.

Forbear, and know that I the Lord
Will by all nations be ador'd,
Prais'd with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
The God by Jacob magnified,
Our Strength on Whom we have relied.

## PSALM XLVII.

*Tune* 21.

ET all in sweet accord
Clap hands, their voices raise,
In honour of the Lord;
And loudly sing His praise,
Who from above
Dire lightning flings;
The King of kings,
Of all that move.

Whole nations of our foes
Beneath our feet hath thrown,
A fair possession chose
For us that are His own;
The dignity
Of Israel
Belov'd so well
By the Most High.

In triumph God ascends,
With trumpets shrill, and shalms,
Praise Him who His defends;
O praise our King with psalms!

For God is King
Of all the earth,
With sacred mirth
His praises sing.

God o'er the heathen reigns,
Sits on His holy throne;
All whom the earth sustains
Shall worship Him alone.
His shield extends
In their defence,
His excellence
All height transcends.

## PSALM XLVIII.

### PART I.

*Tune* 7.

THE Lord is most majestical,
Most highly to be prais'd by all
Within the city of our God,
And mansion blest by His abode.
Fair Sion hath a pleasant site,
Of earth the beauty and delight;
Upon the north-side bordering,
The city of the mighty King.
God dwells within her lofty tow'rs,
Secur'd from all assailing pow'rs.
Conspiring kings her ruin sought,
Who arméd troops before her brought.

### PART II.

At once they saw, admir'd,[1] and fled;
Their hearts surpris'd with sudden dread.
Such fear, such pangs possess'd our foes,
As women suffer in their throes.

[1] *Admired*, i. e. wondered.

At Thy command black Eurus roars,
And spreads his wrecks on Tharsian shores.
We, what we heard our fathers tell,
Have seen, who in this city dwell,
The city of our God, which He
Shall ever from destruction free.
Thy favours, Lord, with thankfulness
We in Thy temple still profess.
As is Thy Name Thou God of Might,
So are Thy praises infinite,
And stretch to earth's remotest bound,
Thy Hand for justice far renown'd.
O Sion, Judah's diadem,
You daughters of Jerusalem,
Unite your joys, and glory in
His judgment, which your eyes have seen.
Go, walk the round of Sion, tell
Her tow'rs, observe her bulwarks well;
On her fair buildings cast thine eye;
Declare it to posterity.
For God will still our God remain,
And us unto our last sustain.

## PSALM XLIX.

PART I. *Tune* 1.

ALL you who dwell upon the foodful earth,
Both rich and poor, of base and noble birth,
Attend; my tongue deep wisdom shall impart,
And knowledge from the fountain of my heart.
I unto light dark parables will bring,
And to my solemn harp enigmas sing.
In misery and age why should I fear,
When sin pursues my steps and death draws near?

O you, who riches as your god adore,
And glory in your scarce possessèd store,
Who can redeem his brother for one day,
Or to the Lord his high-prais'd ransom pay?
(For O, not all the gold which streams conceal,
Or hills enclose, can banish'd life repeal,)
That he might live unto eternity,
Nor in the earth's corrupting entrails lie.
They see the wise, and fools, to death descend,
While others their congested[1] treasures spend:
Yet hoping to perpetuate their fame,
Proud structures raise, and call them by their name.

PART II.

But man in honour is a vanity
That fleets away and as a beast must die;
In this vain course they circularly move,
And their posterity their words approve;
Death shall as sheep devour them in the dust,
Till that great day subject them to the just.
Their strength and beauty shall to nothing waste,
All naked from their sumptuous houses cast.
But God shall from the greedy sepulchre
My soul redeem, and to His joys prefer.
Despair not when a man grows opulent,
And that the glories of his house augment.
For with his thread of life his riches end,
Nor shall his honours with his soul descend.
Though here he live in luxury and ease,
And those are prais'd, who their own genius please,
Yet as his fathers he shall set in night,
Nor ever rise to see the cheerful light.
Man high in honour, whose ignoble breast
No knowledge holds, shall perish like a beast.

[1] *Congested*, i. e. heaped together.

## PSALM L.

### Part I.

*Tune* 1.

HE God of gods, Jehovah, shall convent
All from the orient to the sun's descent.
From Sion's tow'rs (of beauty the divine
And full perfection) shall His glory shine.
Nor silent comes: devouring flames before,
And round about Him horrid tempests roar.
The righteous Judge, to judge His people, shall
High heav'n and conscious earth to witness call.
Assemble all My saints, who with one mind
My testaments with sacrifice have sign'd.
Then thund'ring skies shall make His justice known,
When He our God ascends His judgment's throne.
My people, hear: Thy God, O Israel,
Will thee convince, and thy transgressions tell.
I blame not thy unfrequent sacrifice,
Nor fumes which rarely from My altars rise.
I from thy stall will take no well-fed steer,
Nor from thy folds a male-goat of that year.
For all are Mine that woods or deserts breed,
And herds which on a thousand mountains feed.
I know all fowl which hills or valleys yield,
And number all the cattle of the field.

### Part II.

Will I, if hungry, unto thee complain,
When all is Mine which sea and land contain?
Will I eat flesh of bulls? or canst thou think,
That I the blood of shaggy goats will drink?
A thankful heart upon My altar lay,
And righteous vows to high Jehovah pay.

Then call on Me in trouble, I will raise
Thy soul from death, and thou My Name shalt praise.
But O, thou hypocrite! dar'st thou explain
My law? My cov'nants with thy lips profane?
That scorn'st instruction, dost My Word despise,
Consent'st with thieves, and hast adult'rous eyes?
Deceit and slander tip thy impious tongue,
Thy brother wound'st with infamy and wrong.
Thus did'st thou; this did I with silence see,
So as thou thought'st that I was like to thee.
But I will thy hypocrisy uncase,
And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.
Consider this, O you, who God neglect,
Lest I destroy you when none can protect.
Who praise for incense offer honour Me,
And upright souls shall My salvation see.

## PSALM LI.

### PART I. *Tune* 3.

LORD, to a sinner mercy show;
Which since in Thee so infinite,
Let all Thy streams of mercy flow,
And purify me in Thy sight.
O wash Thou my polluted soul,
O cleanse me from my bloody deed,
That to myself appear so foul,
And now in true contrition bleed.
My sins unmask'd before Thee lie,
Who have deserv'd Thy wrath alone,
Which I confess, to testify
Thy truth, and make Thy justice known.
In sin conceiv'd, brought forth in sin,
Sin suck'd I from my mother's breast.

Thou lov'st a heart sincere within,
Where wisdom is a constant guest.
With hyssop purge, from blemish clear,
O wash than falling snow more white!
Lord, let me Thy remission hear,
The bones which Thou hast broke unite.
Blot out my crimes; O separate
My trembling guilt far from Thy view.
A clean heart in my breast create,
A mind to Thee confirm'd renew.

PART II.

Nor cast me from Thy presence, Lord,
Nor O Thy Holy Spirit withdraw,
But Thy life-quick'ning grace afford,
Enlarge my will t'embrace Thy law.
Then sinners I with heav'nly food
Will feed, directed in Thy ways.
O my Redeemer, cleanse from blood
The soul that will Thy mercy praise.
Give Thou my verse an argument,
And they Thy goodness shall resound.
No sacrifice will Thee content,
Nor altars with oblations crown'd,
Else I would hecatombs impart,
True sorrow is Thy sacrifice.
A broken and a contrite heart,
My God, Thou never wilt despise.
Thy Sion with accustom'd grace,
Lest my foul crimes her shame procure,
In Thy protecting arms embrace,
And fair Jerusalem immure.
Then we, with due solemnity,
To Thee our grateful vows will pay,
And bulls, which never yoke did try,
Upon Thy flaming altar lay.

## PSALM LII.

*Tune* 17.

THOU in mischief great,
Why boast'st thou in deceit?
God's greater mercy will
Protect His servants still.
Thy tongue with fraud abounds,
And like a razor wounds;
All evil dost affect,
All that is good neglect.
Lies are thy low delight,
To virtue opposite;
Thy words with treachery
The innocent destroy.
God shall repay thy hate,
Thy structures ruinate,
And make thee curse thy birth,
Then tear thee from the earth.
The just thy fall shall see,
Fear Him and laugh at thee:
Lo, he who God forsook,
Nor for his refuge took,
Self-strength'ning with excess
Of wealth and wickedness.
But I shall planted be,
Like a green olive-tree,
In God's own House; and will
Trust in His mercies still.
For this, I evermore
Shall Thy great Name adore,
Thy promises expect,
The joy of Thine elect.

## PSALM LIII.

*Tune* 10.

FOOLS, flatt'ring their own vices, say
Within their hearts, God is a name
Devis'd to make the strong obey,
To fetter nature, quench her flame;
When all this universal frame
The hands of potent fortune sway.

Secure[1] and prosperous in ill,
The fear and thought of God exile,
To follow their rebellious will;
Think nothing that delights them vile;
Their souls with wicked thoughts defile,
And all their foul desires fulfill.

God from the tow'r of heav'n His eyes
On men and their endeavours threw;
Not one beheld beneath the skies,
That sought Him, or His statutes knew;
All vice with wingéd feet pursue,
But none forsaken virtue prize.

O deaf to good, in knowledge blind,
By sin through clouds of error led,
Dull sensual forms without a mind,
Not slow,[2] though certain, vengeance dread!
The righteous they devour like bread,
All piety at once declin'd.

These, idle terrors shall affright;
Their sleeps disturb'd by guilty fear.
God shall their bones asunder smite,
Who impious arms against Him bear;
Nor they their infamy out-wear,
Since déspisable in His sight.

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[1] *Secure.* i. e. void of care.

[2] The folio *nor slow.*

O that unto Thine Israel
The Day-star might from Sion spring,
And all the shades of night expell!
When Thou shalt us from bondage bring,
How would we, Lord, Thy praises sing!
No joy shall Jacob's joy excell.

## PSALM LIV.

*Tune* 4.

ORD, for Thy promise' sake defend,
And Thy all-saving shield extend.
O hear my cries,
Which with wet eyes
And sighs to Thee ascend!

For cruel men my life pursue,
And who Thy statutes never knew.
Suppress my foes,
O side with those
Who to my soul are true!

With vengeance recompense their hate,
And in an instant ruinate.
Then will I bring
My offering,
And Thy great acts relate.

Thy Name for ever praiséd be,
Who from those snares hast set me free,
For lo! these eyes
My enemies'
Desir'd subversion see.

## PSALM LV.

PART I. *Tune* 19.

ORD, to my pray'rs incline Thine ear,
Th' afflicted hear.
Nor be Thou deaf to my complaint,
For O, I faint!
Regard the sighs, the groans, the cries,
Which from my pensive soul arise.

Rais'd by the threat'nings of my foe,
Which storm-like grow,
And by bloodthirsty violence,
Truth my offence.
Who slander with their wounding tongues,
And press me unto death with wrongs.

My heart, a stranger unto rest,
Throbs in my breast.
The terrors of approaching death
Exhaust my breath.
My sinews trembling fear dissolves,
And horror all my pow'rs involves.

O that with dove-like wings I might
Take my swift flight
To calm retreats of rest, where I
Conceal'd might lie!
Then would I find some wilderness,
Removéd far from man's access.

Then all these tempests, which arise
With hideous noise,
And with their dreadful tumults make
My heart to quake,
I would, far swifter than the wind,
Or wingéd lightnings, leave behind.

PART II.

Lord, swallow those who swell with pride;
Their tongues divide.
For strife and violence, bent to kill,
The city fill.
Both day and night they walk the round;
Rape, mischief, tears, within abound.

Wild outrages her streets profane,
And boldly reign.
Fraud, lurking in her palaces,
Conspires with these.
For I, had he his hate profest,
Had shunn'd, or should his wrongs digest.

But thou, my friend, ev'n of my heart
The better part;
To so entire a union grown,
As if but one;
God's House we daily visitéd,
Both sweetly by one counsel led.

Let death devour them; let them dive
To hell alive.
With mischief their proud roofs abound,
Their hearts unsound.
But God my soul shall dis-enthrall,
For I upon His Name will call.

PART III.

My pray'rs shall with the sun's uprise
Ascend the skies;
Renew'd, when he at noon displays
His fervent rays,
When he behind the earth descends,
And day, out-worn with labour, ends.

My cries shall penetrate the spheres,
And pierce His ears.
He shall my captive soul release,
And crown with peace.
For in the fervour of the fight
His angels shall protect my right.

Th' eternal Judge, Jehovah, shall
Confound them all,
Who only change from bad to worse,
Nor fear His curse.
Sweet peace he violated hath,
And broken his obligéd faith.

His words than butter smoother far,
His thoughts of war.
Words softer than the fluent oil,
Yet bent to spoil.
But thou, my soul, thy cares impose
On God, Who will redress thy woes.

The just He shall confirm with joy,
Th' unjust destroy.
Those who in blood and fraud delight
Shall set in night,
Before their noon of life be past.
But I on God my hopes have plac'd.

## PSALM LVI.

*Tune* 4.

LORD, protect me by Thy pow'r
From such as would my life devour,
Who merciless
Strive to oppress,
Nor grant me truce one hour.

That would devour me ev'ry day,
And make my chaséd life their prey.
Yet, Lord, will I
On Thee rely,
When dangers most dismay.

Thy promise I will celebrate,
In constant hope Thy pleasure wait,
With patience bear
Thy stay; nor fear
Frail man, or his vain hate.

My words and deeds they daily wrest,
And in their thoughts my fall digest;
Unite in ill,
And lurk to kill;
My feet can find no rest.

O shall they with impunity
Escape, and thus their sins enjoy?
Let death Thy rage
Alone assuage,
Them in their guilt destroy.

My wand'rings Thou hast numberéd,
Ev'n ev'ry tear mine eyes have shed
Thy vial holds,
All in the folds
Of Thy large volume read.

Assur'd that, when on God I call,
My foes shall by His fury fall,
His promise I
Will magnify,
His truth divulge to all.

To Him my ready vows will pay,
My vows of thanks, both night and day,
In Whom I trust;
Nor shall th' unjust
My stedfast hopes dismay.

For He hath snatch'd me from the night
Of death, and kept my foot upright,
That I may still
Observe His will,
And see the cheerful light.

## PSALM LVII.

*Tune* 9.

THOU, from Whom all mercy springs,
Compassionate my sufferings,
And pity me
That trust in Thee.
O shelter with Thy shady Wings
Until these storms of woe
Clear-up, or overblow.

Thee I invoke, O Thou Most High,
Thou All-performer! from the sky
Thy angels send;
Let them defend
My soul from him that would destroy.
O send Thy mercy down,
With truth Thy promise crown.

For salvage lions girt me round,
And they whose malice knows no bound,
Their cruel words
More sharp than swords,
Their teeth like spears and arrows wound.
To heav'n Thy glory raise,
Let earth resound Thy praise.

They subtle snares preparéd have,
And bow'd my soul ev'n to the grave;
With wicked wit
Have digg'd a pit,

From which themselves they could not save,
But justly fell therein
Entrapp'd by their own sin.

My ravish'd heart flames with desire;
I to the music of my lyre,
Eternal King,
Thy praise will sing.
Awake my glory! zeal inspire!
Awake my harp and lute,
Nor in His praise be mute!

To Thee, before the morning rise,
My lips their calves shall sacrifice.
Thy mercy far
The highest star,
Thy truth transcends the lofty skies.
To heav'n Thy glory raise,
Let earth resound Thy praise.

## PSALM LVIII.

*Tune* 20.

PERNICIOUS counsellors! give you
Sincere advice, to justice true?
Or virtue but in show pursue?

Your hearts are still on mischief bent,
Your hands impure and violent,
Nor favour truth, nor wrong prevent.

Ev'n from the womb they blindly stray,
Born and perverted in one day,
Lie, slander, flatter, and betray.

Like serpents with black poison swell,
And, charm th' enchanter ne'er so well,
More deaf than asps his charms repell.

Lord, slit their tongues before they speak,
Strike out their teeth which tear the weak,
And the young lions' grinders break.

As sun-beat snow so let them thaw,
And, when their weak'ned bows they draw,
Let their crack'd arrows fly like straw.

Let them like snails consume away,
And as untimely births decay,
Which never saw the cheerful day.

Before their pots can feel the brier,
God, in the whirlwind of his ire,
Shall blast alive, and burn with fire.

Sin with revenge at length shall meet,
The godly shall rejoice to see't,
And in their blood shall wash their feet.

Then erring mortals shall confess,
There are rewards for righteousness,
And plagues for such as do transgress.

## PSALM LIX.

*Tune* 18.

LORD, save me from mine enemies,
From those who thus against me rise,
Like an incenséd flood;
From those who in impiety
Place their delight, and long to dye
Their hands in guiltless blood.

Lo! for my soul they lie in wait,
The mighty join their pow'r and hate,
Without my blame or crime.
Without my crime they weapons take,
And persecute my soul. Awake
My God! assist in time.

Great God of hosts, of Israel,
These all-oppressing tyrants quell,[1]
Nor be to mercy won.
At night their mischief they begin,
Incens'd, like snarling dogs they grin,
And through the city run.

Behold! they vomit bitter words,
Between their lips they brandish swords,
Yet say, Can these be known?
But, Lord, Thou shalt their threats deride,
The empty terror of their pride,
And malice vainly shown.

PART II.

I and my strength are in Thy pow'r,
In Thee I trust, my shield, my tow'r,
Thy mercy, Lord, how great!
My foes subjectest to my will;
Subdue and scatter, but not kill,
Lest we Thy truth forget.

O be they in their pride surpris'd,
Ev'n for the lies they have devis'd,
Their curses and close arts.
Consume them, from the land expell,
To shew, God reigns in Israel,
To earth's remotest parts.

Hopeless let them return with night,
Like grinning dogs bark, but not bite,
About the city roam;
Pale, meagre, and half-famishéd,
Like vagabonds howl they for bread,
Without or food or home.

[1] The old editions print *quest*, but *quell* is evidently the true reading.

But I, before the day-star spring,
Will of Thy pow'r and mercy sing,
My safety in distress.
Thou art my rock, my strong defence,
My living verse Thy excellence
And bounty shall express.

## PSALM LX.

*Tune* 2.

CAST off, and scatter'd in Thine ire,
Lord, on our woes with pity look.
The land's enforc'd foundations shook,
Whose yawning ruptures sighs expire.[1]
O cure the breaches Thou hast rent,
And make her firmly permanent.

Our souls Thou hast with sorrow fed,
And mad'st us drink of deadly wine.
Yet now Thy ensigns giv'st to Thine,
Ev'n when beset with trembling dread,
That we Thy banner may display,
Whilst truth to conquest makes our way.

O hear us, who Thy aid implore,
Lord, with Thy own right hand defend,
To Thy belovéd succour send.
God by His sanctity thus swore:
I Succoth's valley will divide,
In Shechem's spoils be magnifi'd.

Mine Gilead is, Manasseh Mine,
Ephraim My strength in battle bold,
Thou, Judah, shalt My sceptre hold,
I will triumph on Palestine,
Base servitude shall Moab waste,
O'er Edom I my shoe will cast.

[1] *Expire*, breathe out.

Who will our forward troops direct
To Rabbah strongly fortifi'd,
Or into sandy Edom guide?
Lord, wilt not Thou, that did'st reject,
Nor would'st before our armies go,
Now lead our host against the foe?

O then, when dangers most affright,
Do Thou our troubled souls sustain,
For lo! the help of man is vain.
Through Thee we valiantly shall fight,
Our flying foes Thou shalt tread down,
And Thine with wreaths of conquest crown.

## PSALM LXI.

*Tune* 11.

MY God, Thy servant hear,
O lend a willing ear.
In exile my sad heart
From earth's remotest part,
O'erwhelm'd with miseries,
To Thee for succour cries.
To that high Rock, O lead,
So far above my head,
That wert and art my tow'r,
Against oppressing pow'r.
For to Thy sacred court
I ever shall resort,
Secure beneath Thy wings
From all their menacings.
Ev'n Thou my suit hast sign'd,
A king by Thee design'd,
To govern such as will
Thy holy law fulfill.

Whom Thou long life wilt give,
His ages shall outlive;
His throne shall stand before
Thy Face for evermore.
Thy mercy, Lord, extend,
Him for Thy truth defend.
Then I in cheerful lays
Will celebrate Thy praise,
And to Thee ev'ry day
My vows devoutly pay.

## PSALM LXII.

*Tune* 13.

LORD, Thou art the only scope
Of my never-fainting hope,
My salvation, my defence,
Refuge of my innocence.
Thou the rock I build upon,
Not by man to be o'erthrown.
How long will you machinate,
Persecute with causeless hate?
You shall like a tott'ring wall,
Like a batter'd bulwark, fall.
All conspire to cast me down,
From my brows to tear my crown.
Full of fraud, they bless in show,
When their thoughts with curses flow.
Yet my soul on God attends,
All my hope on Him depends.
He the rock I build upon,
Not by man to be o'erthrown.
He my glory, He my tow'r,
Guards me by His saving pow'r.
You, who are sincere and just,
In the Lord for ever trust.

Pour your hearts before His throne,
His, Who can protect alone.
All that are of high descent,
To the poor and indigent,
Nothing are but vanity,
Nothing but deceive and lie.
Balanc'd, altogether they
Lighter than a vapour weigh.
In oppression trust thou not,
Nor in wealth by rapine got.
If thy riches multiply,
See thou prize them not too high.
God said once, twice have I heard,
Pow'r is His, by Him conferr'd.
His is mercy, He rewards,
And, as we deserve, regards.

## PSALM LXIII.

*Tune* 18.

O Thee, O God, my God, I pray
Before the dawning of the day.
My soul and wasting flesh
With thirsty ardour Thee desire,
In soils scorch'd with ætherial fire,
Whose drought no show'rs refresh.

That in Thy sanctuary I
May see Thy pow'r and majesty
Once more with ravish'd eyes.
My lips shall celebrate Thy praise,
Thy goodness more than length of days
Or life itself I prize.

Extoll'd while I have utterance,
To Thee will I my palms advance,
That wilt with marrow feast.

My verse Thy wonders shall recite,
Remember'd in the silent night,
As on my bed I rest.

Secur'd beneath Thy shady wing,
I will in sacred raptures sing,
And to Thy promise cleave.
Thy Hand upholds : but who with hate
My soul seek to precipitate
Hell's entrails shall receive.

The raging sword shall shed their blood,
A prey for wolves, for foxes food.
Yet God His king shall bless,
And such as swear by His great Name ;
But those whose tongues the just defame
Confusion shall suppress.

## PSALM LXIV.

*Tune* 9.

HOU Great Protector, hear my cry,
Save from my dreadful enemy.
O vindicate
From their close hate
Who for my soul in ambush lie.
From their blind rage protect
Who truth and Thee reject.

Who whet their tongues more sharp than swords.
Their arrows draw, e'en bitter words,
To wound th' upright
With fierce delight,
When time to their desire accords ;
Then on a sudden shoot,
Nor fear divine pursuit.

Confirm'd in skilful malice, they
Conspire, their nets in secret lay,
And say, What eye
Can this descry?
First counsel take, and then betray,
On mischief set their hearts,
Pursued by wicked arts.

But God shall let His arrows fly,
Wound in the twinkling of an eye;
Each deadly stung
By his own tongue
Shall with that fatal poison die.
Who this behold or hear
Shall tremble with cold fear.

Men shall their eyes with wonder raise,
Rehearse His deeds and sing His praise.
Eternity
Shall crown their joy
Who walk in His prescribéd ways.
He to the pure of heart
His glory shall impart.

## PSALM LXV.

### Part I. *Tune 7.*

DUE honours, Lord, on Thee attend,
Where Sion's sacred tow'rs ascend.
There Thy devoted Israelites
Shall pay their vows with solemn rites.
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
Since Thou vouchsaf'st to hear our pray'r.
Our sins Thy mercies expiate,
When burthen'd with their loathéd weight.

Thrice happy he of whom Thou mak'st
Thy choice, and to Thy service tak'st;
That may within Thy courts reside,
There with Thy goodness satisfied,
And taste of that sincere delight
Which never cloys the appetite.
From Thee, O God, our safety springs,
Thy judgment threatens dreadful things.
Their hope whom soils remote sustain,
Who float upon the toiling main.
Great is Thy pow'r; propp'd by Thy Hand
Cloud-touching mountains steadfast stand.
Thou with Thy sceptre dost appease
The roaring of the high-wrought seas,
And the tumultuary jars
Of people breathing blood and wars.

PART II.

Who dwell upon the earth's confines,
They tremble at Thy fearful signs.
Where first the sun his beam displays,
And where he sets his golden rays,
They triumph in the fruits of peace,
Enrichéd by the earth's increase.
He rain upon her bosom pours,
His swelling clouds abound with show'rs,
And so prepares the lusty soil
To recompense the reapers' toil.
Mellows the glebe with fatt'ning juice,
Whose furrows hopeful blades produce.
With plenty crowns the smiling years,
Shed from the influence of the spheres.
The desert with sweet claver[1] fills,
And richly shades the joyful hills.

[1] *Claver*, the old and etymological spelling of *clover*.

Flocks cover all the higher plain,
The ranker valleys cloth'd with grain.
These, in abundance solacing,
Without a tongue Thy praises sing.

## PSALM LXVI.

### Part I.

*Tune* 15.

HAPPY sons of Israel,
Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,
Fill the air with shouts of joy,
Shouts redoubled from the sky!
Sing the Great Jehovah's praise,
Trophies to His glory raise.
Say, How wonderful Thy deeds!
Lord, Thy pow'r all pow'r exceeds!
Conquest on Thy sword doth sit,
Trembling foes through fear submit.
Let the many-peopled earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Worship our Eternal King,
Hymns unto His honour sing.
Come and see what God hath wrought,
Terrible to human thought.
He the billows did divide,
Wall'd with waves on either side,
While we passéd safe and dry,
Then our souls were rapt with joy.
Endless His dominion,
All beholding from His throne.
Let not those who hate us most,
Let not the rebellious boast.
Bless the Lord; His praise be sung
While an ear can hear a tongue.
He our feet establisheth,
He our souls redeems from death.

PART II.

Lord, as silver purified,
Thou hast with affliction tried.
Thou hast driv'n into the net,
Burthens on our shoulders set.
Trod on by their horses' hooves,
Theirs whom pity never moves.
We through fire, with flames embrac'd,
We through raging floods have pass'd,
Yet by Thy conducting Hand
Brought into a wealthy land.
I will to Thy house repair,
Worship, and Thy pow'r declare.
Off'rings on Thy altar lay,
All my vows devoutly pay,
Utter'd with my heart and tongue
When oppress'd with pow'rful wrong.
Fatlings I will sacrifice,
Incense in perfumes shall rise,
Bullocks, shaggy goats and rams,
Offer'd up in sacred flames.
You who Great Jehovah fear,
Come, O come, you blest, and hear
What for me the Lord hath wrought,
Then, when near to ruin brought.
Fervently to Him I cried,
I His goodness magnified.
If I vices should affect,
Would not He my pray'rs reject?
But the Lord my pray'rs hath heard,
Which my tongue with tears preferr'd.
Source of mercy, be Thou blest,
That hast granted my request!

## PSALM LXVII.

*Tune* 21.

ORD, show'r on us Thy grace,
Enrich with gifts divine.
Let Thy illustrious Face
Upon Thy servants shine.
That all below
The archéd sky
May Thee and Thy
Salvation know.

Let all Thy praise rehearse
With one united voice.
Sing in melodious verse,
Eternally rejoice.
Thy pow'r obey,
Whose justice shall
Dispose of all,
All sceptres sway.

Let all extoll Thy worth;
Then shall the smiling earth
Her pleasant fruits bring forth,
Nor ever mourn in dearth.
We who implore
Thy blessings find;
And all mankind
With fear adore.

## PSALM LXVIII.

### Part I.

*Tune 7.*

ET God, the God of battle, rise
And scatter His proud enemies.
O let them flee before His Face,
Like smoke which driving tempests chase.
As wax dissolves with scorching fire,
So perish in His burning ire.
But let the just with joy abound,
In joyful songs His praise resound,
Who, riding on the rolling spheres,
The Name of Great Jehovah bears.
Before His Face your joys express,
A Father to the fatherless.
He wipes the tears from widows' eyes,
The single plants in families,
Enlarging those who late were bound,
While rebels starve on thirsty ground.
When He our num'rous army led,
And march'd through deserts full of dread,
Heav'n melted, and earth's centre shook,
With His majestic presence strook.
When Israel's God in clouds came down,
High Sinai bow'd his trembling crown.

### Part II.

He in th' approach of meagre dearth
With show'rs refresh'd the fainting earth;
Where His own flock in safety fed,
The needy unto plenty led.
By Him we conquer. Virgins sing
Our victories, and timbrels ring.

He kings with their vast armies foils,
While women share their wealthy spoils.
You, who among the pots have lain
In soot and smoke, shall shine again
Bright as the silver-feather'd dove,
Whose wings with golden splendour move.
When He the kings had overthrown,
Our land like snowy Salmon shone.
God's mountain Bashan's mount transcends,
Though he his many heads extends.
Why boast you so, ye meaner hills?
God with His glory Sion fills;
This His belovéd residence,
Nor ever will depart from hence.

## Part III.

His chariots twenty thousand were,
Which myriads of angels bear;
He in the midst, as when He crown'd
High Sinai's sanctifiéd ground.
Lord, Thou Thyself hast rais'd on high,
Thou captivat'st captivity.
Deck'd with the trophies of His foes,
The gifts receiv'd on His bestows.
Reducing those who did rebell,
That both might in His Sion dwell.
O praiséd be the God of gods,
Who His with daily blessings loads;
The God of our salvation,
On Whom our hopes depend alone.
The controverse of life and death
Is arbitrated by His breath.
He on their heads His foes shall wound,
Their hairy scalps, whose sins abound,

And in their trespasses proceed.
Thus spake Jehovah: Jacob's seed
I will from Bashan bring again,
And through the bottom of the main,
That dogs may lap their enemies' blood,
And they wade through a crimson flood.

### Part IV.

We in Thy sanctuary late,
My God, my King, behold Thy state.
The sacred singers march'd before;
Who instruments of music bore
In order follow'd; ev'ry maid
Upon her pleasant timbrel play'd.
His praise in your assemblies sing,
You, who from Israel's fountain spring.
Nor little Benjamin alone,
But Judah from his mountain throne;
The far removéd Zebulun;
And Naphtali which borders on
Old Jordan, where his stream dilates;
Join'd all their pow'rs and potentates.
For us His wingéd soldiers fought.
Lord, strengthen what Thy Hand hath wrought.
He that supports a diadem,
To thee, divine Jerusalem,
Shall in devotion treasure bring,
To build the temple of his King.

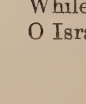
### Part V.

Break through their pikes, the multitude
Of bulls with savage strength indu'd,
Till they with gifts sweet peace invite;
But scatter those whom wars delight.

Far off from sunburnt Meroë,
From falling Nilus, from the sea
Which beats on the Egyptian shore,
Shall princes come, and here adore.
You kingdoms, through the world renown'd,
Sing to the Lord, His praise resound,
He who heav'n's upper heav'n bestrides,
And on her aged shoulders rides.
Whose Voice the clouds asunder rends,
In thunder terrible descends.
O praise His strength Whose majesty
In Israel shines, His pow'r on high.
He from His sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on His foes,
While us His pow'r and strength invest.
O Israel, praise the Ever-blest.

## PSALM LXIX.

### Part I. *Tune* 14.



ORD, snatch me from the raging flood,
Now in deep eddies almost drown'd,
That struggle in the yielding mud,
There, where no bottom can be found.
The rising waves my head surround,
And with their terrors chill my blood.

Tir'd with complaining, hoarse and sore,
Sight fails my long-expecting eyes.
My hairs are not in number more
Than my uninjur'd enemies.
The great-in-wrong against me rise;
I what I never took restore.

My God, Thou know'st my innocence;
Let not the faithful blush for me,

Traduc'd by sland'rous impudence.
Nor O! let those that call on Thee
Their shame in my confusion see,
Since Thou art our profess'd defence.

For Thee I suffer calumnies,
To men become a gen'ral scorn,
Deserted by my near allies,
By children of my mother born.
Through zeal unto Thy honour worn,
While Thy reproach upon me lies.

I fasted, wept, in sackcloth mourn'd,
My anguish in my looks express'd;
Yet this to my derision turn'd,
By drunkards sung at ev'ry feast;
Ev'n judges at my sorrow jest;
My innocence by slander spurn'd.

PART II.

Yet shall my pray'rs and sighs ascend
Ev'n in an acceptable hour.
Thy mercy, gracious Lord, extend,
And save by Thy almighty pow'r.
Let not the swallowing mud devour,
Preserve from such a shameful end.

Deliver from th' insulting foe,
My struggling feet from sinking keep;
Let not the billows overflow,
Nor whirl-pits suck into their deep.
O pity Thou the eyes that weep,
And Thy transcendent mercy show.

Hear, and redeem without delay,
Nor in my trouble hide Thy Face,
Lest I become a wretched prey
To such as have my soul in chase.
My shame, indignities, disgrace,
And all their crimes before Thee lay.

Reproach my bleeding heart hath pierc'd.
  Was ever sorrow half so great?
Compassion hath her eyes avers'd;
  My grief no comfort could intreat.
  They gave me bitter gall to eat,
And vinegar to quench my thirst.

O be their board a snare to those,
  Prosperity itself a bait;
Their eyes in clouds of darkness close,
  And let them fall by their own weight;
  Pour on them Thy eternal hate,
With vengeance multiply their woes.

## Part III.

In ruins let their houses lie,
  None in their silent tents be found,
That would whom Thou has smit destroy,
  And wounded souls with slander wound.
  Let their iniquities abound,
Nor ever in Thy mercy joy.

Their names out of Thy volume blot,
  Nor with the just enthrone their days.
Though poor, to misery begot,
  Yet Thou shalt my dejection raise.
  Then will I celebrate Thy praise;
My thankful heart no time shall spot.

This will Jehovah more delight
  Than bulls prepar'd for sacrifice,
Their gilded horns with garlands dight.
  This shall the meek with pleaséd eyes
  Behold, and centuple their joys;
Their day shall never set in night.

For God the poor regards, and those
  Who for His sake affliction try.
Round earth, deep seas, what seas enclose,
  You orbs that move so orderly,
  Our great Jehovah magnify,
Who crowns His saints with sweet repose.

For God His Sion shall immure,
  And Judah's cities build again,
Where they shall ever live secure,
  And fair inheritance obtain.
  There shall their blesséd seed remain,
And safely that rich soil manure.

## PSALM LXX.

*Tune* 5.

HASTE, Lord, from such as would devour,
  Defend by Thy almighty pow'r;
  Delay not in so fear'd an hour.

But let confusion seize on those
Who seek my soul; to shame expose;
Be sudden in their overthrows.

Let those with infamy return,
Dejected and unpitied mourn,
Who laugh and blast me with their scorn.

Who love Thy Name with joy invest,
Let them in shades of safety feast,
And ever say, The Lord be blest.

But I am poor and full of need,
Haste, Lord, deliver me with speed,
Our strength, our help from Thee proceed.

## PSALM LXXI.

### PART I.

*Tune* 18.

TO Thy wing for refuge fly,
Protect me from foul infamy,
Lord, in Thy justice save.
Deliver from their treach'rous snares,
O, favourably hear my pray'rs,
Snatch from the yawning grave.

Be Thou my fortress of defence,
There let me fix my residence,
O Thou, my rock, my tow'r!
Who hast Thy angels giv'n in charge,
That they Thy servants should enlarge
From circumventing pow'r.

Deliver from their cruel might
Whose wicked hands in blood delight,
Lest I their prey become.
Thou art my hope; ev'n from my youth
Have I relied upon Thy truth,
By Thee kept in the womb.

From thence extracted by Thy care,
Though as a prodigy they stare
On me with wond'ring eyes;
Yet Thee, my strength, my song shall praise,
And to the stars Thy glory raise,
While suns shall set and rise.

### PART II.

O cast not off when full of days,
Forsake not when my strength decays,
Watch'd by conspiring foes.
God hath abandon'd him, say they,
Now let us make his life our prey,
Who shall our pow'r oppose?

My God, close to Thy servant stand,
And help him with a speedy hand;
Those in their pride confound
Who persecute my wretched soul,
Let death their impious rage control,
And with dishonour wound.

But I will ever hope, and raise
My voice to multiply Thy praise;
Thy righteousness display,
Thy manifold deliveries,
Which O no number can comprise;
Thus spend the harmless day.

I in Thy strength, though old and weak,
Will walk, and of Thy justice speak,
Of Thine, ev'n Thine alone.
Thou hast inform'd me from my youth;
I, to this hour, with single truth,
Thy wondrous works have shown.

PART III.

Now in the winter of my years,
When time hath snow'd upon my hairs,
Abandon not, O Lord;
Till I unto this age proclaim
Thy mighty pow'r, in songs the same
Unto the next record.

Thy counsels' depth our search exceeds,
How admirable are Thy deeds!
O who is like to Thee?
Thou hast afflictions on me lain,
Yet shalt Thou quicken me again,
And from earth's entrails free.

Still Thou my glory wilt increase,
And comfort with the joys of peace.
I, in a living verse,

Unto my warbling harp will sing
Thy praises, O Eternal King,
Thy noble acts rehearse.

Unto my voice and instrument
Shall my exalted soul consent,
By Thee redeem'd from death;
Thy justice ev'ry day proclaim,
That now hast cloth'd my foes with shame,
Dispersèd by Thy breath.

## PSALM LXXII.

PART I. *Tune* 22.

HE king, Jehovah, with Thy justice crown,
And in a Godlike reign his son renown.
He shall with equity Thy people sway,
And judgment in the scales of justice weigh.
Then little hills shall riot with increase,
And mountains flourish in the fruits of peace.
He shall the poor from violence protect,
Exalt the humble and the proud deject.
They, while the restless sun directs the year,
While moons increase and wane, Thy Name shall fear.
He shall descend like plenty-dropping show'rs,
Which clothe the earth and fill her lap with flow'rs.
The just shall flourish in his happy days,
And peace abound while stars extend their rays.
He shall from sea to sea enlarge his reign,
From swift Euphrates to the farthest main.
The wild inhabitants that live by prey
In scorchéd deserts shall his rule obey.

His foes shall lick the dust, rich with their spoils.
Kings of the ocean, and sea-graspéd isles,
Shall orient pearl and sparkling stones present,
Gold from the sun-burnt Ethiopians sent.
The swart Sabæans and Panchaia's king
Shall cassia, myrrh, and sacred incense bring.

PART II.

All kings shall homage to this king afford,
All nations shall receive him for their lord.
He shall th' oppresséd hear, the poor defend,
The needy save, and such as have no friend,
Redeem their souls from fraud and violence,
And shall with blood revenge their blood's expense.
For this he long and happily shall live,
To him they shall the gold of Sheba give.
The people for their king shall hourly pray,
His praises sing, and bless him day by day.
Rank crops of corn shall on high mountains grow,
And shake like cedars when rough tempests blow.
The citizens shall prosper and abound,
Like blades of grass which clothe the pregnant ground.
His name shall last to all eternity,
Ev'n while the sun illuminates the sky.
All nations shall in him be blest; him all
The habitable earth shall blesséd call.
O praiséd be our God! that King of kings
Who only can accomplish wondrous things!
For ever celebrate His glorious Name,
And fill the world with His illustrious fame.

*Amen, Amen.*

HERE END THE PRAYERS OF DAVID THE SON OF JESSE.

PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

# THE TUNES

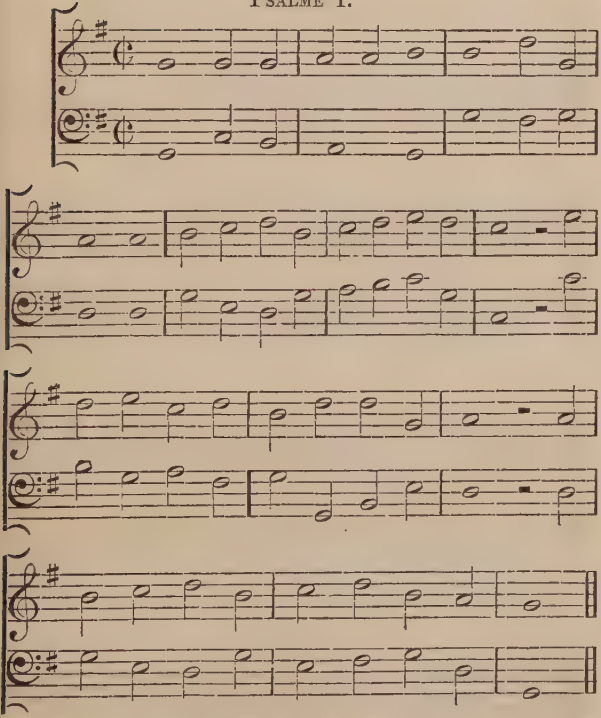
TO

# SANDYS' PARAPHRASE UPON THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

## COMPOSED BY HENRY LAWES.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1637. *

PSALME 1.



* These Tunes are given from the first edition, with a few obvious corrections. The edition of 1675 professes to give the musical text "carefully revised and corrected from many errors, which passed in former impressions." But these *corrections* are the alterations of the musical editor (John Playford); indeed, in one instance, he has displaced a tune for one of inferior merit. The text of the first edition is the only reliable one. E.F.R

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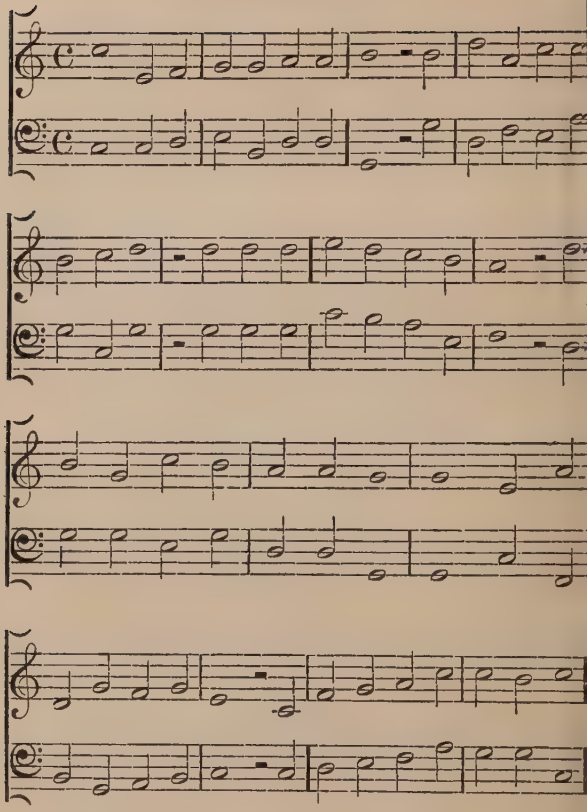

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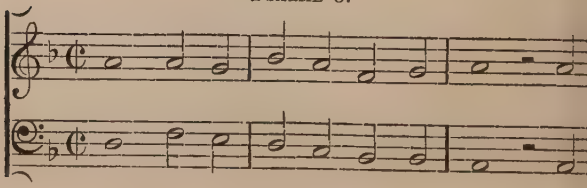

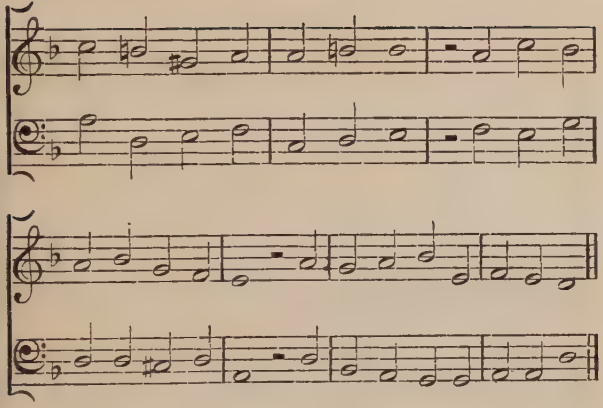

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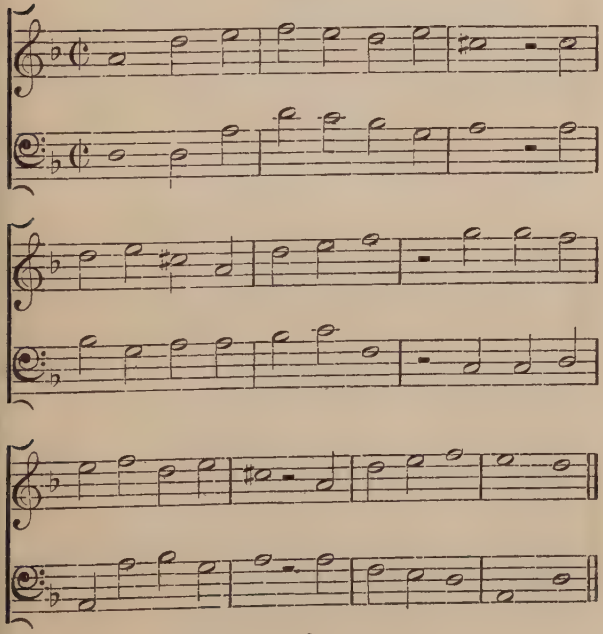

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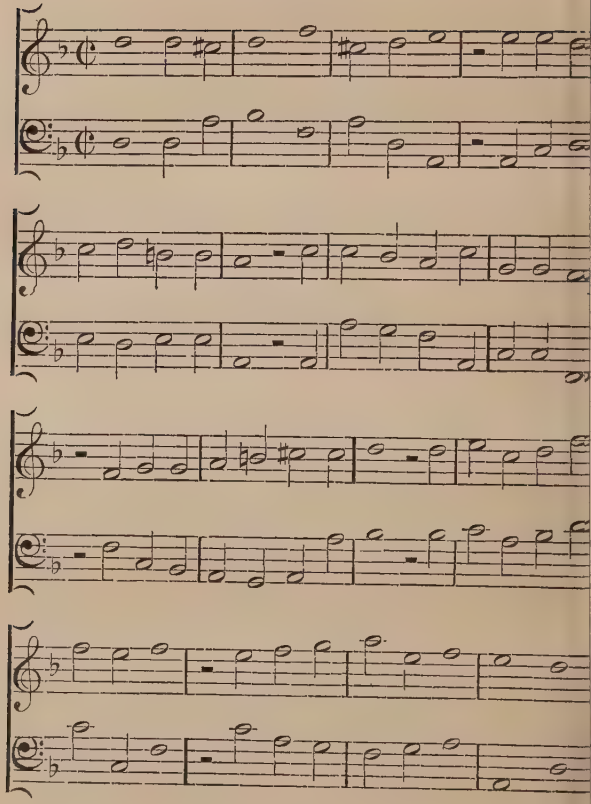

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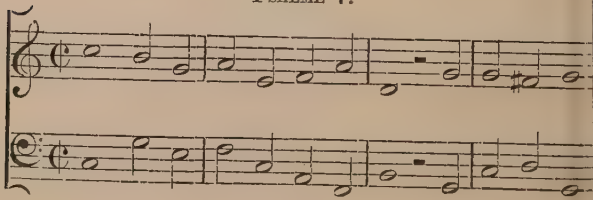

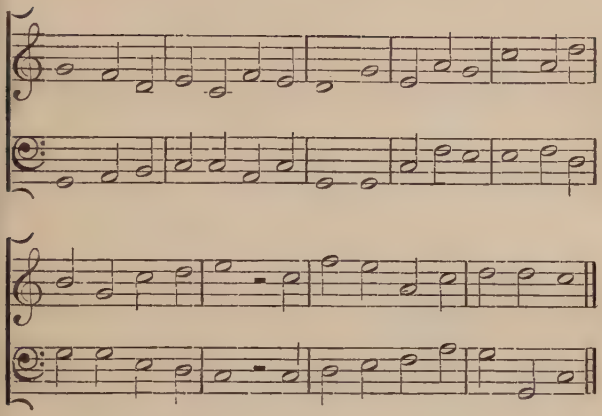

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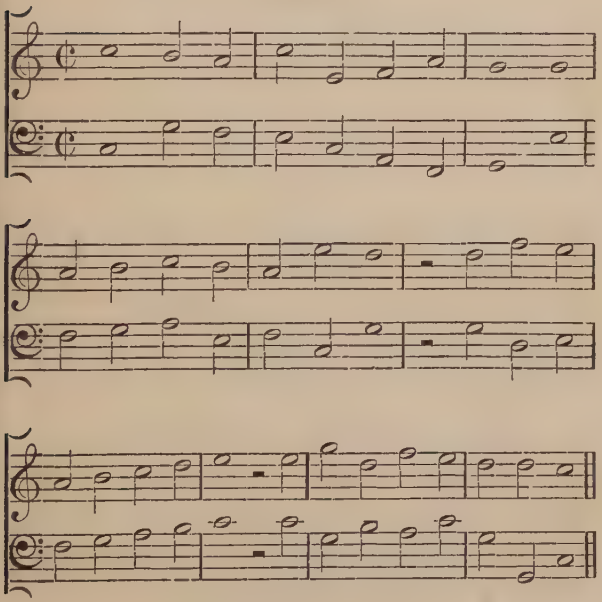

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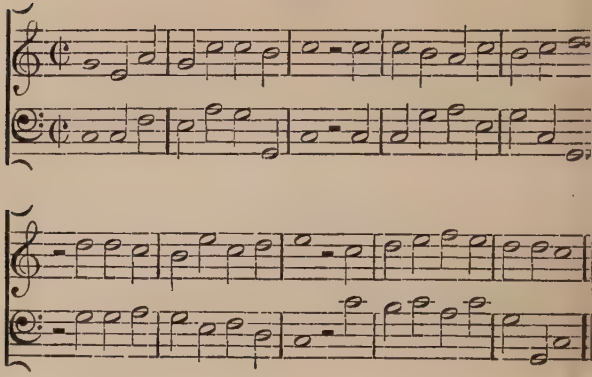

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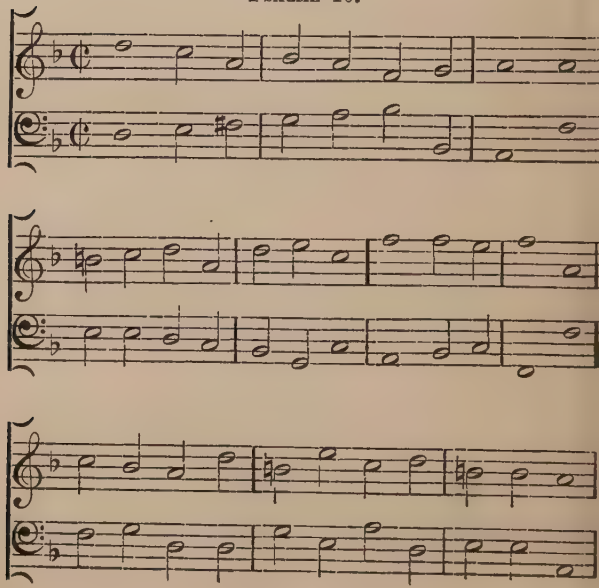

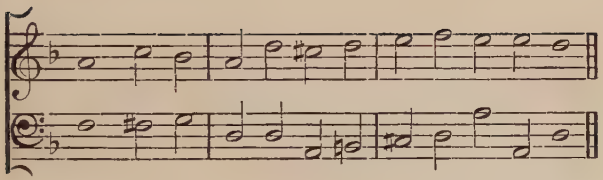

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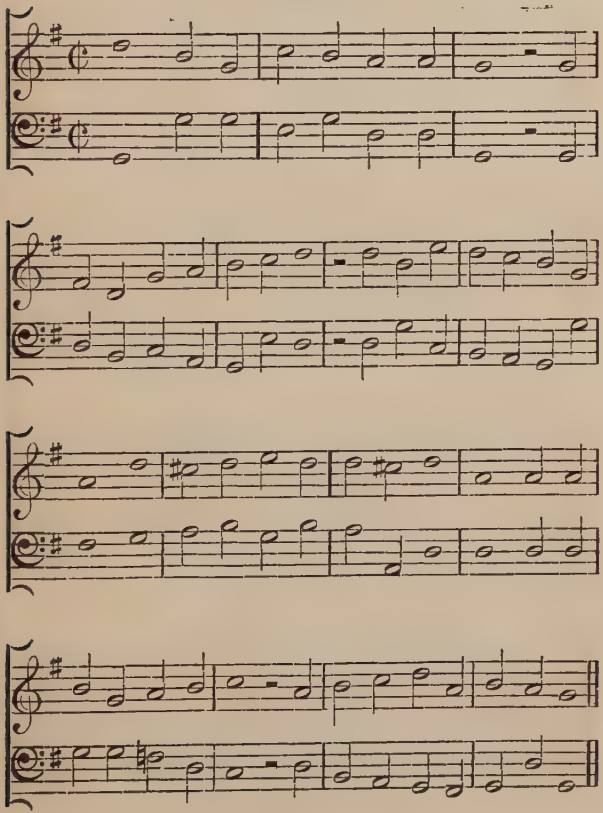

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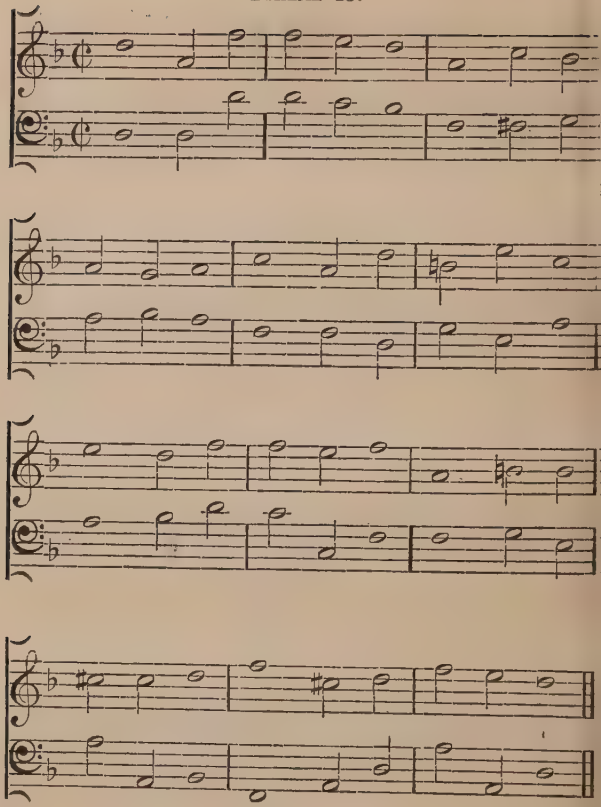

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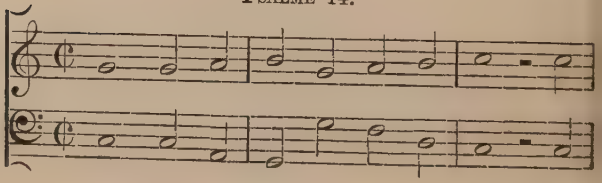

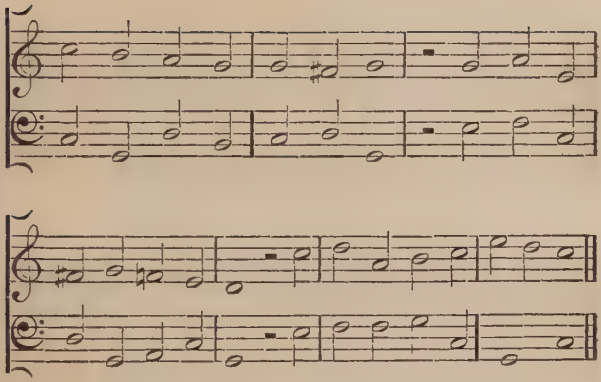

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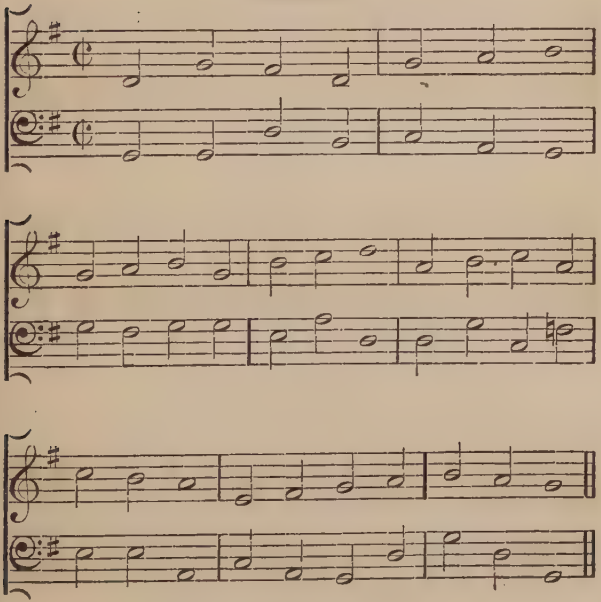

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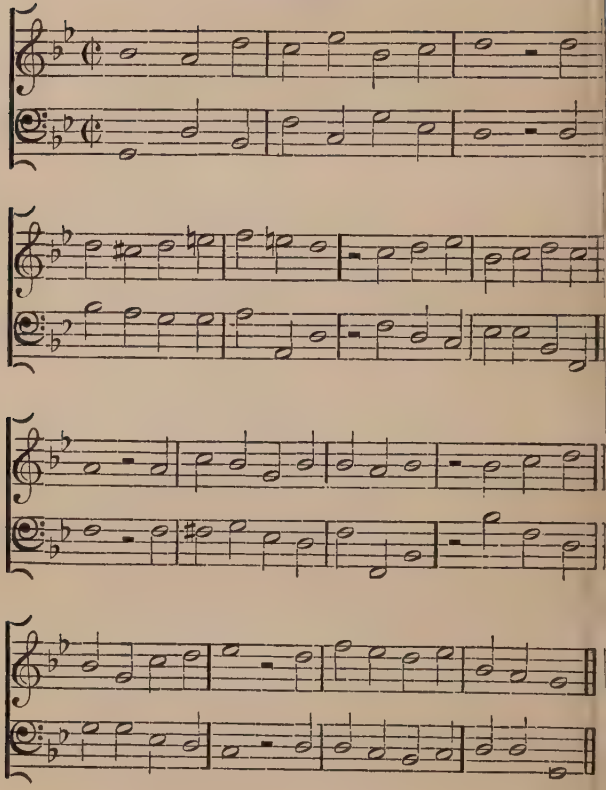

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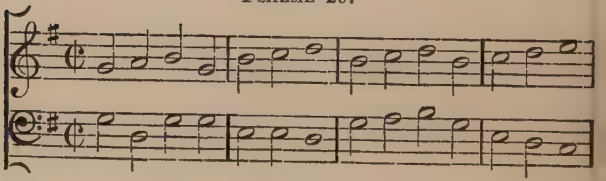

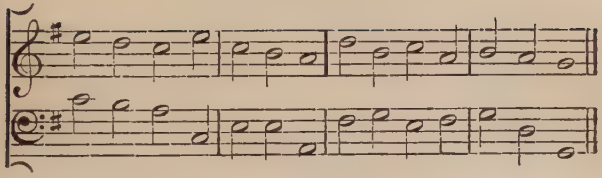

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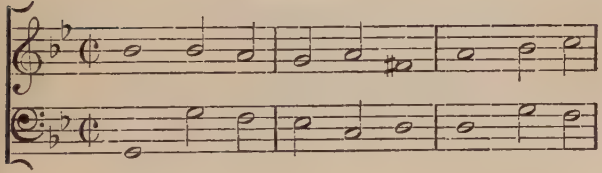

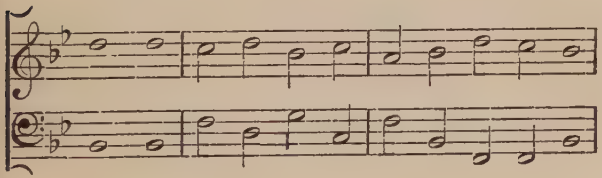

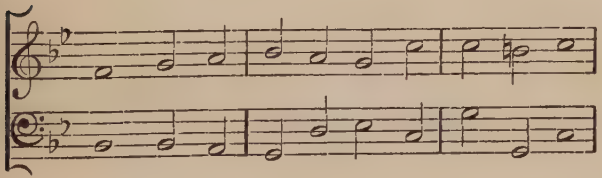

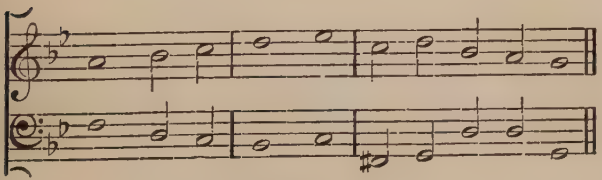

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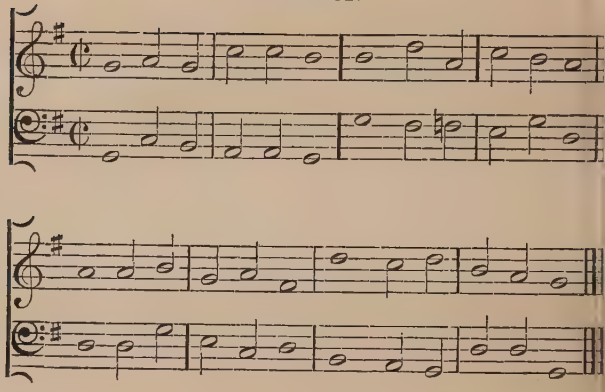

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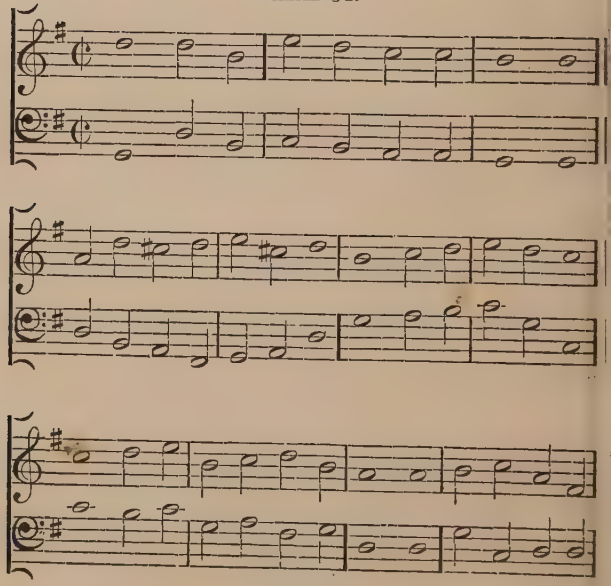

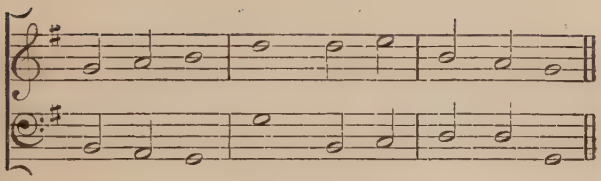

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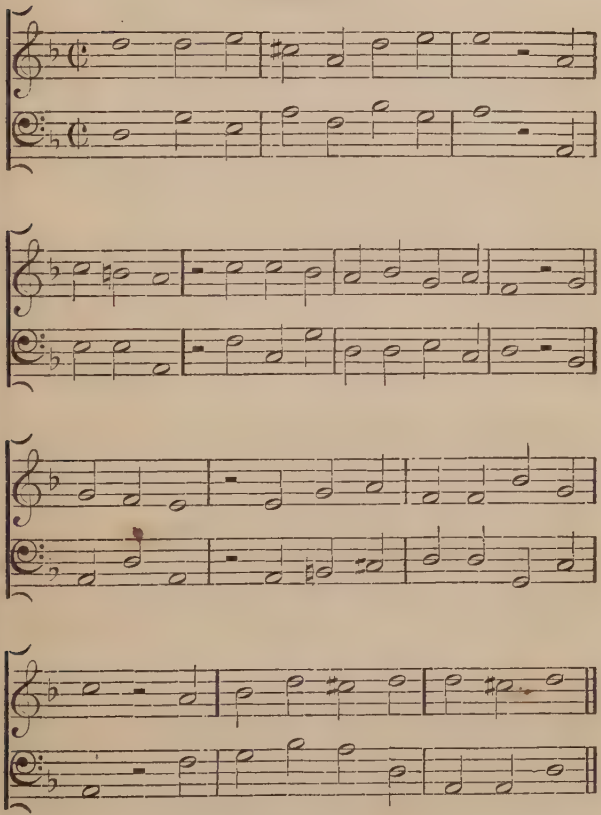

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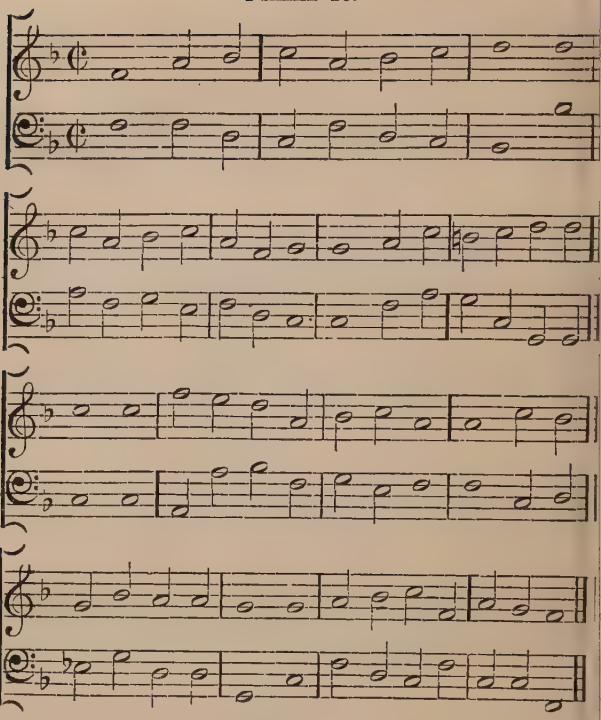

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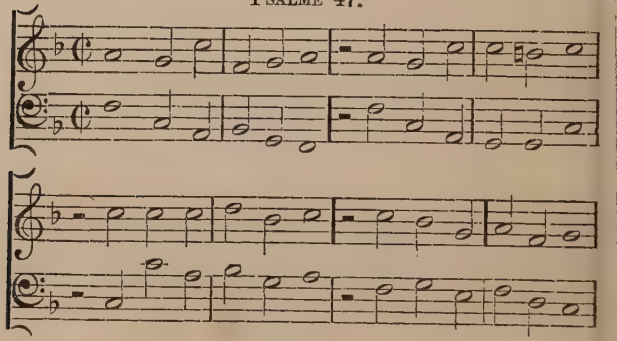

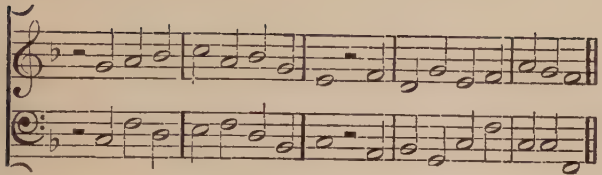

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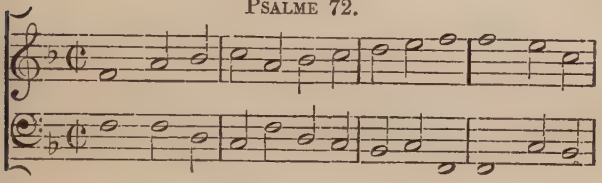

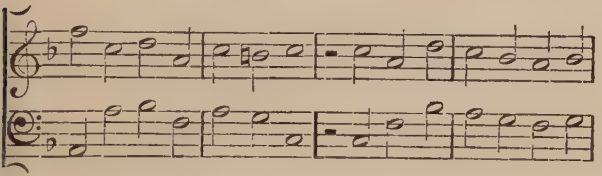

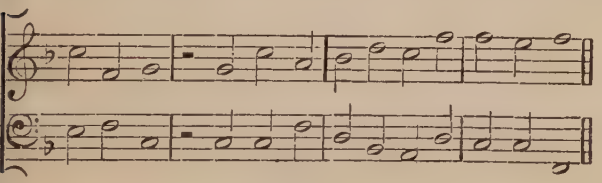

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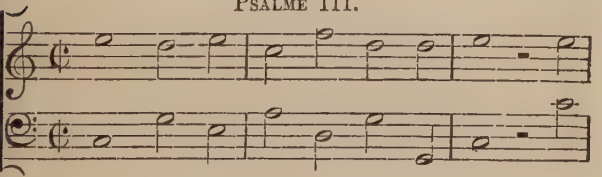

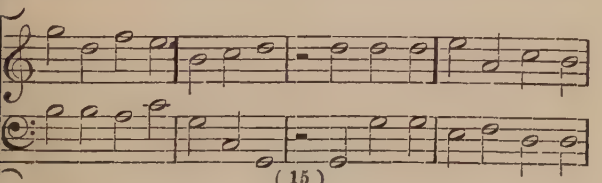

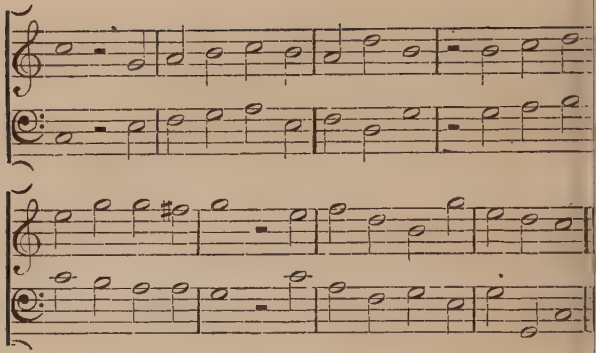

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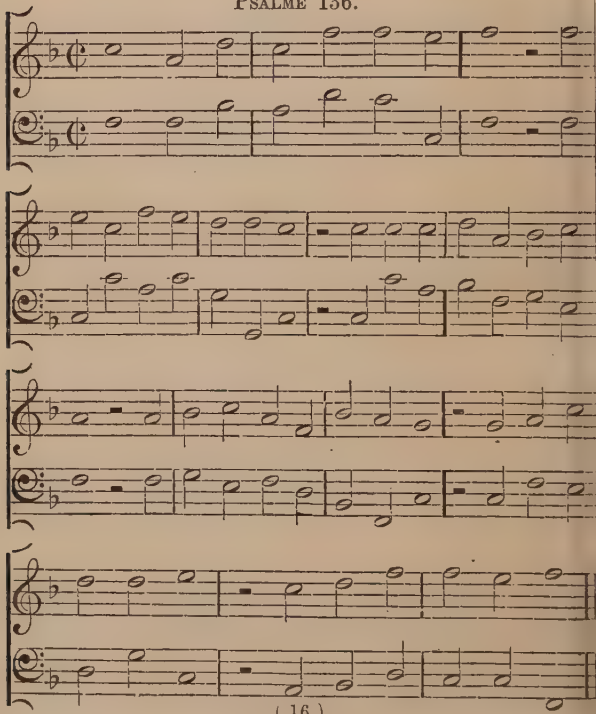

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